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Woodenware

(Bread Boards, Rolling Pins, Chopping-Bowls, etc.)

Is Kept Sweet & Clean

By Scrubbing With

Old Dutch Cleanser

Because this pure Cleanser is absolutely hygienic. There is no caustic, acid or alkali in it. Avoid dangerous chemical cleansers in the kitchen.

Sprinkle a little Cleanser on a brush, and scrub the utensil carefully. Then wash in clean water. This removes every trace of stale dough or meat juices and leaves the woodenware clean and sweet-smelling.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XII. **Published Monthly** **No. 10**

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

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Don't let insomnia get the upper hand. By all means in your power try to break up the habit; sleeplessness is sometimes caused by unconscious hunger, and a cup of water or hot milk or a biscuit will induce sleep. Go to bed later—some people need but six hours rest.

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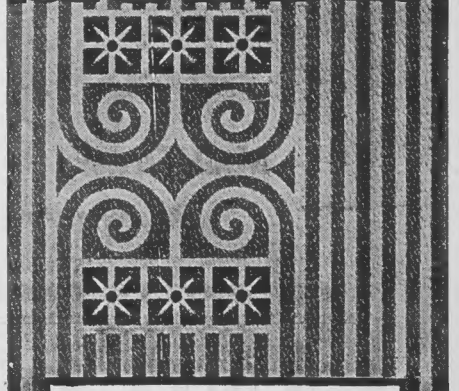

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Write us your needs fully, and we will send you samples and sketches and tell you how to be quickly, satisfactorily supplied.

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USE MERITAS -- the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you ½ dozen handsome Meritas doilies.

SANITAS
THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

The Choice.

By H. G. Fernald.

All the folks in our house had to tell one day
In which one of all the rooms they like best to stay.
Mother chose the living room, where we mostly sit;
Sister likes the parlor nights, with the big lamp lit;
Grammy said her ownty room's better'n all the rest;
Jack (he's always studying) likes the lib'ry best;
I just love the attic where there's room to swing,
Or roller-skate, or spin a top, or play 'most anything:
But when I asked my father, he laughed and said that he
Guessed he'd choose what ever place Mother chanced to be!

Trekking Homewards.—Scenes on Berens River, Lake Winnipeg. Going up, sixty odd portages are made; returning, half the rapids are run.

Household Suggestions.

The Fudge Party. By K. E. M.

One of the jolliest entertainments the young people of our village had last winter was a fudge party, which is really but the modern rendition of the once popular taffy pull of former times, the twentieth century sweet being substituted for the toothsome taffy, with the result that some of the stickiness is eliminated but none of the fun.

The invitations, written on chocolate-tinted paper, which in color was suggestive of the motive of the entertainment, were sent out a few days in advance, and read as follows:

"Miss Mary Coyner requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday evening at seven o'clock. Fudge."

Promptly at the appointed hour the young people arrived, each of the girls carrying a mysterious looking bundle which she deposited on a table in the hall. When the usual greetings had been exchanged, slips of paper, each containing the recipe for some particular variety of fudge, were distributed among all the girls, save three, who were told that they were reserved for other work than candy-making. The next general distribution was of boys, who were assigned as helpers (?) to the girls. As the hostess was in a position to recognize kindred spirits, this pairing off gave universal satisfaction.

At this juncture the mysterious looking bundles were brought in by the maid, claimed by the owners, then opened. Each contained two gingham aprons of generous dimensions. As no girl wants to wear two aprons at the same time, a generous division was made with the helpless, who donned the garments awkwardly enough and amidst much merriment.

Mary then ordered all to fall into line and led the way to the kitchen, which gave evidence of having been made ready for their visit, for in addition to the range and the "blue flame" oil stove, several chafing-dishes had been provided, and on a table in the pantry was a row of buttered cooking-pans.

Each couple was assigned to a position, the hostess taking possession of the cabinet table and constituting herself distributor of stores and necessary cooking utensils.

"I think it better," said Mary, when she could make herself heard above the chatter "that I should give you a few general directions for fudge making before you set to work, for some of you I know are about to make your first attempt." This last sentence was directed at the helpers, but they looked very wise, and in looks if not in words disclaimed their ignorance.

Then Mary went on to say that the foundation for all kinds of fudge is prepared in the same manner. Variety is obtained by the addition of nuts, fruit, flavoring and the like in proportions to suit the taste. To make plain fudge, which is the basis of all other sorts, two cups granulated sugar, one-half cup sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of an English walnut and two teaspoons flavoring, preferably vanilla, are required. The milk, sugar and butter, so Mary said, should be put over the fire in a clean granite or other lined saucepan and cooked briskly until the mixture "balls" between the fingers when a little of it is dropped into ice-cold water. "It is better," continued Mary, "to stir slowly all the time the syrup is cooking. When it comes off the fire, let it stand a moment, then add the flavoring and beat steadily with a spoon until firm grained, though still soft enough to pour into the cooking pan. Before it hardens, mark off into lengths."

Mary further explained that some fudge-makers preferred working the mixture with the hands to beating it with a spoon. In such case, as soon as the flavoring is added, the mixture must be poured out on a marble slab and the kneading be begun at once. This method results in a more creamy product than is obtained by the one commonly employed, but Mary very sensibly advised those who were not adepts to stick to the spoon.

Following this harangue, the ingredients called for in the various recipes were distributed, also spoons, saucepans and other necessary utensils. Then the work and fun began, and that it was genuine fun goes without saying.

Meanwhile, the girls and their partners who had been detailed for other work were taken into the dining room by Mary's sister and stationed at a table which contained, besides a well-stocked work basket, a goodly supply of cardboard, tissue and crepe paper, baby ribbon, several bottles of mucilage and a box of water colors. They were than informed that they were to turn the cleverness they were known to possess to useful account, and manufacture boxes in which to pack the output of the "candy factory" newly established in the kitchen.

When the fudge making had progressed as far as the cooling pan stage and all was poured, each pan was labeled with the names of the makers, aprons laid aside, and the workers adjourned to the parlor, where various games were indulged in for an hour or so, when dainty refreshments were served.

Meantime, an impartial committee, specially invited for the purpose passed judgment upon the candy, then packed it in assorted lots in the boxes, taking the precaution to first line the latter with oiled paper.

To the couple whose candy, in the judgment of the committee, was the most savory and the most inviting in appearance, a prize was awarded. The maker of the prettiest box also received a prize.

The boxes of candy were distributed at the door by the maid as the guests said their good-byes.

Cream or White Sauce.—One tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, one cup hot milk or cream, one-third teaspoon of salt. Melt the butter; when it bubbles put in the flour and rub till smooth; then put in the hot milk, a little at a time, and stir and cook without boiling till the sauce is perfectly smooth and free from lumps. For what is called thick white sauce use two tablespoons of flour and two of butter and a cup of milk.

Creamed Oysters.—One pint oysters, one large cup cream sauce. Make a cup of cream sauce and keep it hot. Drain off the oyster liquor and wash each one. Then put them on the fire in the juice and let them just simmer till they grow plump and the edges curl; then drain them and drop them into the sauce, with a little more salt and a very little pepper. You can serve them on nice squares of buttered toast, or put them into a large dish with bread crumbs over the top and bits of butter and brown in the oven. Or you can serve them just as they are in small dishes.

Creamed Lobster.—One lobster, or the meat from one can, one large cup cream sauce, one pinch red pepper, one-half teaspoon salt, one squeeze of lemon. Take the lobster out of the shell and clean it; Bridget will prepare it for you and show you how for the next time; or, if you are using the canned lobster, pour away all the juice and pick out the bits of shell and black string from the meat; cut it in pieces as large as the end of your finger and heat it in the sauce till it steams. Put in the seasoning and serve at once. Do not put this in a large dish and do not put crumbs on it, but use in small dishes, and stand a little claw up in each one.

Creamed Chicken or Turkey.—Two cups of cold chicken, one large cup cream sauce, one-half teaspoon chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper. Pick the chicken off the bones and cut it in even bits before you measure it. Heat it in the sauce till very hot,, but do not let it cook. Put in the seasoning and serve in a large dish or in small ones as you wish, and either with bread crumbs or without. Cold turkey may be prepared in the same way.

Scalloped Eggs.—Six hard cooked eggs, one cup cream sauce. Cook the eggs twenty minutes, and while they are cooking make the cream sauce and butter a large baking dish or six small dishes. Peel the eggs and cut them in bits as large as the end of your finger. Put a layer of bread crumbs on the bottom of your dish, then a layer of egg, with a sprinkling of salt, pepper and six tiny bits of butter and cover all with a thick layer of the sauce. Then more crumbs, eggs and seasoning, till the dish is full, with the crumbs on top. Put bits of butter over all and brown in the oven.

Creamed Eggs.—Six hard cooked eggs, one cup thick, sweet cream, paprika. Heat the cup of cream, and cut the eggs up as before. Mix together gently and add salt and a teaspoon of paprika, which is sweet red pepper. Serve on thin triangles of buttered toast, with parsley around. It makes the dish prettier if you cook an extra egg and put it through the potato ricer and cover the dish with this. Or you can keep out the yolk of one of the six eggs for this finishing touch. Do not put crumbs on these eggs or put them in the oven, but put them in small dishes if you like.

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MOONEY'S BISCUITS
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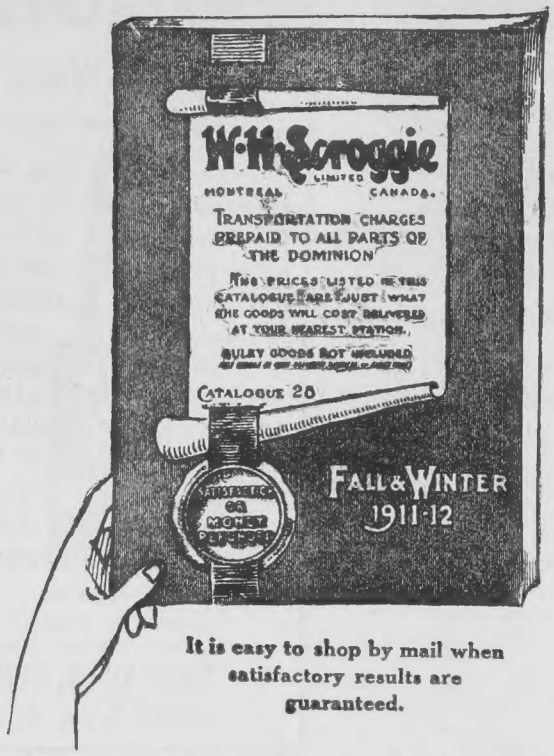

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For Husbands Only.

We hate the man who is brutal—who uses his power to insult, maltreat or tyrannize over those who are powerless to retaliate. Whether it be a Nero gloating over the miseries of his victims, or a Jeffries bullying the witnesses in the courts of justice, or a teacher flogging some innocent children or a teamster thrashing his overloaded horses, or only a thoughtless boy teasing a smaller companion or one of his little pets, when we see the thing we lose patience, even as did Lincoln when he saw the slave-torture in the southern market-place, or as did Mrs. Browning when she saw the children at work in the factories and mines of Britain. Above all, do we hate the thing if we see it in a strong, able-bodied man, when the object of his oppression and cruelty is his own wife. Nor are we thinking of the wives of the semi- civilized races that have come to make their homes with us. With them woman is as yet but a slave—a docile servant and a sorry drudge. But we are thinking of those women—good and true, faithful and kind, scattered up and down this broad land—farmers' wives, if you will—who are toiling, toiling, toiling, day in and day out, living in fear and sometimes in terror, hoping against hope, and anxiously waiting for release from a burden that is too great to bear,—all because they are tied to brutal, unfeeling husbands —who are no husbands at all, but rather greedy, selfish, cruel taskmasters, who have lost all sense of honor, and who are incapable of either pity or gratitude. Are the terms too harsh? Then let us call it by a milder term—criminal thoughtlessness.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

In the old school-house debates a favorite diversion was to contrast the pleasures of anticipation with those of realization. There are not a few wives who could illuminate a discussion of this nature with sketches from personal experience. When a young man of passable appearance and good manner and owner of a choice homestead gives his attentions to a young lady, picturing the possibilities in store for her as mistress of his home, it is no wonder if she is lured by the prospects. But when a few years later, after she has wrought early and late and is no nearer a home than she was when she entered the little shack which was to be a temporary shelter, when she sees money going into barns and stables and stock, when she sees new acres added year by year and new responsibilities thus placed upon her, as cook, as housekeeper and as mother, when she sees the wrinkles growing deeper and more numerous, and the dresses growing shabbier and more antiquated, when, above all, she finds herself cut off from all human friendships, including that of her husband, and when she thinks that in spite of her work, her worry, and her devotion, there is no consideration for her needs and comforts, and no hope but that of a future more depressing than the past—well, it is not surprising if she grows despondent, and becomes callous and resentful.

A PRONOUNCED TYPE.

These words are suggested by many letters that have come to us. We shall not say that the complaint is general. Probably, on the whole, the wife in the Western home is treated as kindly as the wives in other lands; but there are exceptional cases and we hope that this page will be brought to the notice of any husbands who are in the class described in the following letter:

"I was very much impressed by Winulla's letter. She tells the truth when she says that the farmer's wife has a monotonous life, and sometimes we try to break up the monotony by going to town with 'Dear John.' What a privilege! Some morning when you have bread set and a lot of work planned for the day, he will say at breakfast, 'I think that I will go to town to-day. I want to get some repairs for the binder. Do you want to go?' First you think. No! Then you say yes! And he says, 'You will have to hurry, because I want to get away pretty soon.' You mildly suggest that he milk one cow to help you a little, to which he consents with a growl. You milk the other and feed the calves and chickens and hurry to get things cleared away. Just as soon as you begin to snatch your clothes off the hooks, he comes in. 'Get me a clean shirt and some socks.' You stop and get the articles and then hurry to be ready in time. The result is that he drives up before you are quite ready. So you slam your four-year-old hat on sideways, tie a veil over your weather-beaten face and straggling locks and you are ready for the road. Pretty soon a person, looking a little like the young man who used to come for you in a nice, shining buggy on Sunday afternoons a few years ago and was never crowded for room, looks at you sideways and says, 'Are you sitting over as far as you can? This buggy seems awful narrow, I must say.' You sit over till your ribs grate against the buggy top. You must be good; you are being taken to town. (So is the horse.)

"After you get to town and get out of the rig—a tumbled heap—he stops and says, Do you want to get anything? Have you any money?' You say, 'No! where would I get it?' He plunges his hand into his trousers pocket and hands you a fist full of change—three or four dollars. With that and the eggs you get what you can, and do without a lot of things you need, and would love to get, if you had the money, after working hard for a whole year. You don't see 'Dear John' again till you meet him at the hotel for dinner. After that you get rested a little and get home about dusk—to be met by a chorus of bawling cows, bleating calves and squealing pigs, all demanding immediate attention. You have to hustle out of your glad rags and first get supper for 'darling John,' swallow a cup of tea, and go out and milk, feed calves, and do a lot of other things, while he feeds the horses and pigs and goes to bed. And you are up till eleven o'clock washing up and putting things away. You fall into bed at last, to waken in about five hours, to take up the burden of life again, and when you find two of your young turkeys in the well and several chickens missing with the hawks, you begin to think it were better that you had not gone to town.

"I have no children, I don't know how a woman with young children ever can get to town without help. I have worked on a homestead for seven years, and I have no more right to anything on the place than the horses in the barn. I think the farms in the West for women are a disgrace to a seemingly civilized country. It is a good thing that there is a law against knocking us in the head when we have out-lived our usefulness. I have seen farmers' wives laid out in satin-lined coffins with their poor, worn hands folded over a white satin shroud, who, when they were alive, could not get themselves white satin neckwear. Yes, girls, 'Darling John,' does change quite a bit after marriage, especially on a farm. It is every word true. Sincerely yours, Ann Jemimia."

Now, this is pretty strong, and it is the more so since it is from one who is evidently a good housewife and earns her salt. It will be a good thing for all the "Dear Johns" in the country to read such a pitiful tale. Of course, there may be another side to the question, but we are not dealing with that just now.

ANOTHER PIECE OF TESTIMONY.

Here is an extract from another letter. What must we think of this? "We are told that it is the men who have the hard work, and, therefore, need the hired help, but I know all about that. Only a few days ago a neighbor came over to borrow a tooth for his binder. He was in an awful hurry. Yet these two men stood there talking politics for three-quarters-of-an-hour, while I milked the cows. And when they go to town it is the same thing, but we never get a chance to go visiting and are busy all the time. Yet because they sell the grain and handle all the money they think they are 'It.' They swell out as if they had done everything with their own hands, but they know that the hired man did most of it, and the women worked harder than any of them, although they don't happen to handle the stuff that sells. Mighty little would they have if the women were not there to keep things straight. They do the dirtiest, meanest work all the time, but they get small thanks, and as for money to spend———."

FAIR PLAY.

How much should a woman have to spend as she pleases? Surely the answer is very simple. In all big expenditures there should be mutual agreement. The buying of a new piece of land, the erection of a building, the purchase of a piano, or a piece of machinery, even the purchase of clothes and food—it is a good thing to consult on all these points, because it binds the husband and wife more closely to each other, and tends to eliminate all selfishness. Outside of this there is little need for quarreling, but certainly the wife should receive dollar for dollar as spending money. It is as reasonable for her to carry the purse and dole out nickels to her husband as for him to hand out chicken-feed on a Fair day or the day before Christmas.

But the money is a small thing after all. What a woman is entitled to is reverence, affection, and kindness. And the woman who gets these usually returns the same with interest. It is absolutely impossible for a man to be too kind and generous to his wife, and he cannot be too free with his words of appreciation. An exchange puts it well:

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING.

"Flowers for the living, yes, and not flowers only, but all that flowers stand for, of grace, kindliness, and sweet meaning. We fancy that if the dead could hear us, they would very often be astonished to find how noble we thought them, how full of loveliness and of every virtue, how great and profound had been our esteem. We never told them our opinion. We kept our admiration to ourselves. What a good thing it would be for us, every one, to make it our rule each day to say some complimentary word to our next of kin, to praise where now we are silent, to show our love where now we conceal it.

Flowers for the living, while they are here for us to love. Out with the stones that cumber too many a path. Let us make it smooth for toil-worn feet. Let the wife, the husband, the parent, the brother, the sister, the child, know that we care for them, that we prize them, that we have nothing else in the world so valuable as the sweet home love."

THE WAY OUT.

One of the finest stories we have heard for a long time is that of a couple who found themselves as they grew older becoming self-centred and selfish. He was lost in his pipe and his dreams of land and barns, she became discontented because she was neglected and because she had no companionship. One Sunday morning they frankly faced the situation. They agreed that they had no interest outside of themselves, and that it was even getting worse than this, for the husband was lost in himself and the wife was forced to be her own solace and her own centre of affection. Then they made the wisest of all possible resolves. They sent to the Children's Home and got a little girl. She became the centre of their interests. A new joy was added to their lives. They got out of self. The whole tone of their existence was altered. The added burden was a blessing. They entertained an angel unawares. And herein is a moral. The clean division of labor on a farm tends to sever the relations between husband and wife. The common interests are few unless there are children. Hence in the childless home the husband has a special responsibility, and for that matter so has the wife. It is very easy for them to forget one another. The only way in which a man will find his wife to be ever young is for him to treat her as a real companion. Where hearts are true to one another, wrinkles and grey hairs are never noticed, but where there is no friendship it is easily possible for all shortcomings to be magnified. It may safely be stated that where man and wife do not show more consideration for each other as years go by, he had better inquire if he is guilty of thoughtless neglect, and she should ask herself if she is as careful to please in all those things which make a husband's heart rejoice.

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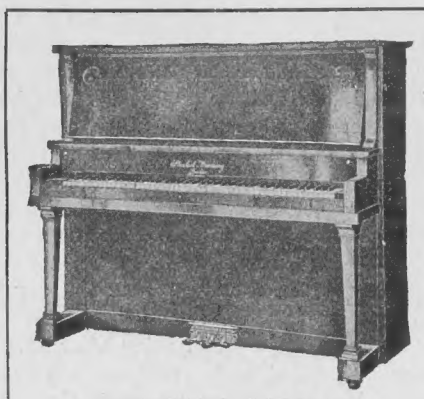

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If you are not using them---try them.

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Blackwoods, Ltd., Winnipeg

Be Ye Wise as Serpents.

By H. W. Hemingstone, Wapella. Specially Written for W. H. M.

The loud, assertive voice rose to a shout in a final unctuous crescendo, the whirling arms gesticulated for a moment even more furiously,—then silence.

Producing a large red handkerchief, the Rev. James MacDuff mopped his perspiring face; then, with a furtive glance around, waddled slowly across the road. Replacing his black clerical hat upon his scantily thatched head, and grasping his stick by the middle in his right hand, while with the left he caught up his bag, he moved off deliberately down the hot, dusty trail.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the minister had just been rehearsing tomorrow's sermon.

On these occasions he was accustomed to seek a retired spot; and there, after carefully reconnoitering the surrounding country to make sure that no boys, who were the plague of his life, were lying in ambush, he drove the point of his walking-stick into the ground, and hung his hat upon it; and then, retiring to a suitable distance delivered his discourse in full to this curious audience.

The afternoon was terribly hot, not a breeze stirred to temper the rays of the scorching sun, and the minister was not built to stand heat easily His patchey and shiny suit of navy blue cloth was tighty buttoned over a short, very rotund figure, surmounted by a rubicund and not unkindly face, and added to an almost entire absence of neck, gave him somewhat the appearance of a cottage-loaf on two stumpy legs.

For twenty-five years he had been a familiar figure upon a trail which wound over thirty miles of varied country:—from the railway through regions where thickly scattered poplar bluffs afford a grateful shelter from the biting winds, and then ceasing abruptly give place to leagues of rolling prairie, where the early frosts run a close race with the ripening crops, sometimes winning by a neck, onward up to the wooded slopes of the Long Mountain.

Usually on foot, and at the rate of some two miles an hour, he travelled from house to house, bearing in one hand the familiar stick, while the other grasped a strap which encircled a small brown leather bag —its mouth gaping full three inches wide with a miscellaneous stuffing of manuscripts, clothes and literature.

The minister's thoughts as he moved slowly onward were perplexing and tinged sometimes with sadness.

Twenty-five years previously, a young man whose lack of scholarship was atoned for by a boundless enthusiasm, he had accompanied to these parts a hardy band of settlers from the far north of Scotland.

These latter, a mixed company of men and women, by the help of a benevolent landlord, had been able to exchange their barren holdings for the wider and more fruitful West. Those early years had been a hard struggle, but the canny Scot had won through; and the Rev. MacDuff had watched the settlement's gradual growth, from the first rude huts of sod and pole stables banked with manure, then the more substantial clay-chinked whitewashed log dwellings, to the pretentious frame houses and lofty barns now dotting the countryside.

But his scrip and staff were still the minister's sole earthly possessions and whatever might be the store of riches awaiting him above, here below he felt himself no longer wanted. A younger generation, "which knew not Joseph," was arising, and cleverer and more brilliant men from the recognized organizations were invited to fill the posts at the new churches continually springing up.

Amongst some of the older people, those who still clung to the Gaelic, he was still sure of a hearty welcome ; and it was a small tribute to his tact and discernment, that though inevitably mixed up in the various quarrels and feuds that at times disturb all rural communities, he had made very few enemies. Indeed his capacity for sitting on the fence, dealing out well worn platitudes to each faction and finally landing with a "plop" on the winning side, was remarkable.

It was at the old-timers' houses then that he held his weekly services, sometimes in Gaelic, and at others in English.

On these occasions, he was wont, after first carefully dusting it and removing any stray articles from the interior, to pass around his hat, with the words, "We will now proceed to worship the Almighty by taking the collection!"—*and this he did.* The few small coins the hat gathered sufficed for his personal needs; transferring these deftly to his left hand, and tilting himself at a dangerous angle, he shot the lot into his trouser's pocket.

Once only had he been known to possess a whole $5 bill; but this extraordinary occurrence had such an effect upon him, that with a truly regal generosity, he straightway presented it as a christening present to an infant whom he happened to be baptizing.

When warned by a shabbiness no longer to be ignored, that a new wardrobe was absolutely necessary, the Rev. James was accustomed to draw up a wondrous document, upon which each member of his flock put down his name for a small sum. To obtain these signatures was a long and arduous process, entailing a complete tour of the district and no little persuasion, so that the minister's garments were usually perilously near the line of decency ere its accomplishment.

The list being then presented at the local store with due form and much ceremony and the signatures honored, he was rigged out afresh from top-to-toe.

He was now upon his way to the widow McBains', where he never failed to arrive every two weeks. Here his welcome was warmest and here, if he could be said to possess one, was his home.

Mrs. McBain and her husband had not accompanied the original party of settlers, but had followed them two years later—"at our *own* expense," as she never failed to impress upon her hearers when speaking of that time: thus as she considered permanently assuring her social status. The husband, "honest man," had barely patented his homestead when a bad blizzard, which caught him returning from a too enthusiastic celebration of Scotland's patron saint, prematurely closed his career; and the young wife found herself a widow with a few cattle, a farm "in embryo" and three small children.

After the first shock, she had set her shoulder to the wheel, and with the occasional help of the neighbors, managed to make both ends meet, until her two boys were old enough to take over the task. The eldest child, a girl, had lately married and soon the two boys also were to leave home, one to the machine shops in Montreal and the other to a homestead in the far West. So that the widow was again to be left desolate.

She had never taken a second husband and until lately it was thought she never would: all designs on the part of eligible suitors having been effectually quashed by the fate of Red Kenneth McNeil. Now "Kenny," as he was called, was as good natured a fellow as ever stepped, though a trifle slow in maturing his ideas; and was therefore an easy mark for any chaff that might be flying round.

On one occasion when Kenny was getting his horses shod, the blacksmith had related to him an exceedingly funny anecdote.

Kenny listened with a solemn and attentive face, but never a smile.

"Oh Aye," he remarked ponderously at its close. Two days later the blacksmith, walking up the street of the little town, met Kenny, whose face was radiant with smiles, while his body shook with laughter. "What's up now, Kenny?" said he. 'I was just thinking o' that story you told me the other day" was the guileless reply.

So it was after long and profound reflection that Kenneth McNeil, having caught the widow in the cowshed, haltingly made his proposal. "I was thinking Mrs. McBain," said he scratching the back of his head, I was thinking it would be good if you and I was marrit." To which the widow had made the historic answer—"No, Kenny, No I was marrit *once* and that was enough for me."

But lately it had become common gossip in the neighborhood that Angus McRae, a shrewd and prosperous farmer, was paying serious attentions to the widow, and it was thought not unlikely that he would be successful.

Now Angus McRae was a tall, broad shouldered man of some forty years, with a large black beard and bushy eyebrows, from under which peered a pair of piercing dark eyes, which gave an expression of hardness to an otherwise rather handsome face. In addition to physical advantages he was one of the largest farmers in the district and employed several men. But what most impressed the community and probably the widow in particular, was a large new brick house, steam-heated throughout and surrounded by a substantial balcony.

It was not so much her personal attractions that made Mrs. McBain a desirable object in his eyes, as the financial advantages that would accrue from such a union. Her modest acres adjoined his land: above all she was a prudent manager and could be trusted to keep a sharp eye on the household expenditure, which had grown considerably since his youngest daughter, the only one unmarried, had gone into a training college: and besides there was no better hand at the butter making than the widow.

His first marriage, which laid the foundation of his fortunes, had occasioned no little scandal and heartburning in the district.

Now Angus McRae had been in some wise the acknowledged leader of the little band of emigrants. It was to him therefore that their original benefactor wrote,

Strange Playmates.

about one year after their arrival, offering $500 to the first couple to be wed.

In those days, when money was very scarce and payment usually made in kind, this sum represented a small fortune. Therefore Angus, who deemed it sheer wickedness to fling so much good "siller" away, went off post-haste and interviewed Flora McPherson. Finding that both she and her parents were of the same way of thinking, he married her by special license and applied for and obtained the promised dowry.

When the facts leaked out, it was MacDuff who voiced the popular indignation and a coolness had arisen between them in consequence.

His wife had died after bearing him four children, all girls, a state of things which caused him much chagrin. He would much have preferred boys who in time would have saved him so much hired help. Indeed when the kindly old woman who acted as mid-wife smilingly announced the sex of the last arrival, he fairly scandalized that good soul by exclaiming in disgust—"Och! Anither dish-wiper!"

Now the Rev. MacDuff was well aware that if once the widow removed to the large house on the hill, the comfortable armchair by the fire where he dozed for hours and the substantial meals at which he presided as host, would be but a sweet memory.

On one occasion—though several years ago the preacher still tingled with shame and indignation at the recollection—McRae had left him in no doubt of his hostility.

On just such a day as this the minister, feeling terribly hot and thirsty, turned aside to drink at the farmer's well. Surrounded by trees it lay hidden in a small hollow some distance from the house and buildings. For some little space around the spring the earth lay cool and moist even on the hottest day.

It so happened that McRae, having filled a large barrel for drinking purposes, had gone to fetch a horse to haul it up to the house. It rested upon a small sledge made for that purpose. The minister had a weakness for bathing and hitherto the muddy waters of the shallow sloughs had been the only means of gratifying it. Therefore the sight of a clean tub brimful of clear water was altogether too much for his discretion. Taking a hurried look round, he quickly undressed: then presenting the appearance of an enlarged prize-baby, tried laboriously to clamber into the barrel. This was no easy task and it was at the expense of a badly scraped shin that he finally lowered himself into its cool depths.

Long and luxuriously he splashed and was just thinking of getting out when the appearance of a dog from the path leading to the house startled him. At the strange apparition in the tub the animal ran forward barking and growling alarmingly.

The minister tried to pacify it and made hurried efforts to get out of the barrel: but the animal showing a formidable set of fangs made a sudden dive forward, which caused him to drop swiftly back again.

It was at this juncture that McRae appeared leading a harnessed horse by the halter. The sight of MacDuff bathing in his drinking water roused an anger which banished all respect for the cloth. Coming to a dead stop he surveyed the scene with a darkening countenance which boded the unhappy bather no good.

"Hoot! MacDuff mon!," he exclaimed, "What in the name o' guidness are ye doing theer?" Turning at the sound, MacDuff realized that the worst had befallen him and that it would take all his diplomacy to weather the storm gathering on the farmer's brow. However, he decided to put a bold face on the matter and answered—"If you will kindly call off your ferocious animal I will endeavor to explain."

Now Angus McRae was a violent man and upon any other but the minister would have used his stick. However, he saw in the present situation a grand opportunity for paying off his old score. So it was with a grim smile that he replied:—

"Dinna fash yersel, MacDuff: the dog'll

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Children's—Sizes 6½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

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no harm ye if ye bide wheer ye be."

And turning his back upon the astonished and indignant bather he carefully fastened his horse to a tree. This accomplished to his satisfaction, he seated himself upon the well-top in a position which commanded an uninterrupted view of that portion of the minister's anatomy which appeared above the barrel-top.

"Now Mr. MacDuff," said he, "I'll juist trouble ye for that wee bit explanation."

The minister now realized that bluster was no use, so calling up an apology for a smile he tried another tack:—

"Of course, Angus, you must have your little joke ha! ha! well, you know, the flesh is weak and the—er—temptation to—er perform my ablutions in your barrel overcame me ha! ha! Cold water is remarkably refreshing this hot weather."

"Aye MacDuff," replied McRae, "I'll see ye get weel refreshit: and I'm no denying cold water is a fine thing—in moderation, though I never held muckle wi' it ma'sel. However I dinna just fancy a body washing in the drinking water."

"I assure you," answered MacDuff in a horrified tone, "it never crossed my mind: it is really most unfortunate: but I beg you will call off your dog at once." For even on the warmest day spring water chills in time and the minister was beginning to shiver unpleasantly.

"It certainly is maist unfortunate," re-

(Continued on page 60)

"On the Trail of Knowledge."

Specially written for W.H.M. by Francis, Port Morien, C.B.

"WHAT is a feller?" I asked of Aunt Bet, spinning at her wheel.

"What's got into you, child?" she said, stopping with her long, white roll of carded wool stretched out from the spindle.

"What is a feller?" I repeated. "I heard Eliza telling someone the other day that our Mary Rose had one."

Aunt Bet gave a snort and sent her wheel around with a buzz that made me jump. "A feller is a humbug!" and her black eyes snapped as she caught up another roll and deftly joined it to her thread; "and if you live to grow up remember what I said."

I went down the wide stairs and out to the kitchen. Eliza knew what a "feller" was; I would wrest this dark secret from her in some way. She was "shinning" the cooking stove, and there was a scrowl upon her face, but "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" and so I asked for the second time: "Eliza! What is a feller?"

She glared at me for a minute, then thinking, no doubt, of the marked attentions of a young bricklayer, and imagining that I had been sent to ask impudent questions, she instantly boxed my ears with her "smeary" hands. It was very discouraging. I wandered out into the garden, and encountered Father spading up a bit of ground.

"Father, what is a 'feller'?" I asked, sitting down upon the sod beside him.

He paused, with his spade uplifted, and regarded me with an anxious look.

"Feel well, Pettie?" he said.

Now, I hated to be called "Pettie" (and Father called me "Pettie" until I was fourteen, when I flatly rebelled and declared "if he called me that once again I would leave home never to return" at which Father pretended to snivel and wipe his tearful eyes on my white ruffly apron). So I answered him very crossly.

"Yes, of course, I do, but I want to know what a 'feller' is? Mary Rose has one."

Father's spade fell out of his hands, his knees wobbled, and he weakly sat down beside me and laughed and laughed.

Then he suddenly pointed towards the front path and said, "There goes one now."

I looked in that direction to see a nicely dressed, dapper young man run up the steps and knock at the front door.

"Poof!" I said, scornfully, "that's only Norman McFadden."

"Nevertheless," answered Father, gravely, "that is one specimen of a 'feller'."

I regarded him in wrathful silence. Father always acted like some great overgrown boy, with us children, and I felt sure he was only making game of me now.

"Go ask your Mother," he commanded, rising to his feet, with an airy flirt of his hand towards the house, "she knows all about it."

And in silence I went on to follow my quest.

"Mother," I cried, bursting into the dining room, "what is a 'feller'?"

Mother was standing before the large, bare table; a piece of cloth was spread upon it and the pattern of some kind of a garment was carefully laid thereon. Her fingers were full of pins and tailor's chalk, she turned at my entrance, and gazed at me with the "far-away," vacant expression of a sleep-walker.

I repeated my question in a louder tone, and she came back slowly from her calculating dreams, and said.

"Whatever do you mean by that, Jen?"

I then poured forth the tale of my fruitless search for information; but she took up her chalks and turned to her work, while a curious smile played over her lips.

"How silly your Father is. Well, he was a 'feller' himself once, if you want to know."

"I don't believe it," I burst out indignantly, but Mother motioned me to the door.

"Run away, dear," she said, "can't you see how very busy I am?"

I stood outside, in the hall, and pondered my next move, then I heard voices proceeding from the front room, the door of which stood partly open.

"That is Norman and Mary Rose," I said to myself. "I'll go in and ask Norman, perhaps he might tell me, he is always nice and kind."

I had learned not to ask obtruse questions of Mary Rose, and although this was so closely related to her personal welfare I never dreamed of tempting providence in such a high-minded manner.

Now, I just walked boldly into the room and Norman and Mary Rose did not look to be in the least pleased to see me, but I did not mind that.

I went right up to Norman and said, "What is a feller, Norman? Nobody will tell me."

Well, if I had thrown cold water into the face of this very self-possessed, fine-mannered, young man he could not have behaved worse. He opened his mouth as though something was strangling him. His lips moved, but if he said anything I could not understand it. I caught a look on the distressed face of Mary Rose that foretold disaster to me at some future time.

Fear clutched me then. A "feller" must be a demon. Tales of "ogres" and "goblins" flitted through my poor, worried head, and I commenced to howl as loud as I could.

Choas enveloped me for a minute, then my hands were being filled with candy, my eyes were dried with Norman's nice scented handkerchief, and I sat upon his knee so cuddled and comforted that in my childish heart I decided to lay that horrible "feller" to rest forever and forever, as a mystery too deep, for me to unravel.

* * * * *

The old spinning wheel lies idle now, and it is covered thickly with dust.

To-day we differ from the Lilies of Solomon's time, in this way, we "toil" but we do not "spin."

Aunt Bet lived and died an "old maid" but she gloried in it. It was her boast that she never had a "beau."

Father Time has sprinkled the heads of my Father and Mother with his "old

reliable" powder, but I think their hearts are as young as ever.

Norman took Mary Rose "unto himself" some years ago. I think we were all pleased with the match; I speak for myself anyhow, I know that Norman never flirted his handkerchief to better advantage than the day he wiped my tears away.

Eliza now "shines" the stove of the "bricklayer," and no doubt boxes the ears of his offspring with grimmy fingers.

Mary Rose's children come and swarm over the old house and garden. They shrilly call for "Auntie," but they never ask what a "feller" is. I suppose they know already, from the oldest down to the babe of one year just learning to toddle. The children of today are aged and worn, before they leave off their swaddling clothes.

Tonight, walking home with handsome John Adams under all the little, winking stars, with summer's subtle breath floating about us; the warm night-wind blowing softly, a caress in its touch, I thought of that dreadful day, now in the far past, when I worried myself and everybody else to "rags and tatters" trying to find out what a "feller" was. I told him the story as we loitered through the shadowy path.

John is an awful man to laugh, and, when he could speak again, without choking, he said, "Jen, you blessed idiot, how you must have tortured Norman. Do you think you are any wiser now?"

"Yes, indeed, John," I answered, "I guess I am."

Aunt Bet was righ—A "feller" is a humbug.

The Story of the Post Office.

From Edward IV to Edward VII.

The first we know of the Post Office is the record we have handed down from Edward IV. We were then at war with Scotland, and Edward instituted a service of couriers to ride posthaste between London and the Scottish frontier. They were not allowed to ride their horses more than twenty miles at a time.

In the reign of Henry VIII. this system of couriers to carry the King's despatches was elaborated, and a Master of the Posts was appointed, with an office in London.

The First P.M.G.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the first Chief Post Master was appointed, for by that time the Master of the Posts set up by Henry had given place to several masters. By a proclamation of Charles I. it was laid down as follows: "Whereas to this time there has been no certain intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the King now commands his Post Master of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days."

The rate of payment was to be 8d. per letter over the Scottish border, but for any distance up to eighty miles the fee for carrying a communication was 2d.

Cromwell increased this service of couriers, and opened a place in London where communications could be left. This was in Lombard Street. It was laid down by Act of Parliament that the service was to "benefit commerce, to convey the public despatches, and to act as the best means to discover and prevent many dangerous, wicked designs against the Commonwealth by the inspection of correspondence."

During the period of Charles I. and Cromwell, the business of carrying letters was let by contract. The first contractor paid £18,000 to the Exchequer, and made a fortune by the service.

The First Penny Post.

It may interest a good many to know that a penny post was set up in London and the suburbs as long ago as 1681. An enterprising gentleman of the name of Murray started this service, but he was brought to the bar of the King's Bench, and it was held by the judges of that period that he had no right to conduct a service. The Government then confiscated his business.

By 1720 the postal service was much improved, although transit was very slow. Twopence was then charged for the carriage of a letter anywhere in England.

Mail coaches did not start running until 1774. Before that date all letters were carried on horse back, "poste-haste."

The penny post within the United Kingdom was brought is as a result of the efforts of Rowland Hill in 1840. Since then, the alteration in the charge for postage has been constant. Originally, we were only allowed to send one half-ounce for a penny. Now we are able to send four ounces.

It will surprise you perhaps to know that two hundred years ago there existed an ocean penny postage which greatly aided trade. It used to be accomplished in this way: Masters of ships about to sail to America and other foreign parts hung up bags in the City coffee-houses and inns. Into these bags merchants, and those wishing to communicate with such lands as these captains traded with, placed their letters and paid a fee of a penny. For this fee the captains undertook to deliver the communication to the agents or person named on the other side. It is necessary to say that a great many of these letters never reached their destination. However, it was soon known whether captains fulfilled their promises. When they earned a bad reputation, merchants would not entrust any communication to them.

Up to 1846 London letters were collected by messengers standing at various points and ringing a bell. Previously to this, the sender of a communication had to take his letter either to the General Post Office, Lombard Street, or to such other post offices as were from time to time established. Even up to as late as 1859 the practice of collecting letters by the ringing of a bell held good in Dublin.

Up to the year 1800 there were no house-to-house deliveries, and those expecting a communication had to call for it at the local post office.

The first steam packets carrying mails crossed the Irish Channel in 1821, and went over to France in 1824. The Post Office was removed to St. Martin's-le-Grand in 1829.

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My Gardener---a study.

By W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

I wanted a really first class jobbing gardener. Not that I had altogether failed at my garden, though, to quote the partner of my joys and sorrows, my attentions, to say the least, were spasmodic, and were perhaps a little discounted by the boy who did not clean the boots and knives; but the truth is, I felt that my neighbor Dibbler was getting ahead of me, and heard that he was boasting of it accordingly; so I had determined to beat him all along the line, in fact from early asparagus to late autumn flowers and fruits, and have a garden that should be the glory of our household and a source of envy to my neighbors.

I had just determined to advertise my want in the Herald, when I was informed by the before mentioned boy that I was wanted by a gentleman. At first glance I should not have taken my visitor for a gentleman, but still it is not always the coat which makes the man. On enquiring of what service I could be, my visitor informed me he "'Ad just arove from Bristol," wanted

work, and was a first class gardener, and finished up by giving me a glowing account of his perfections. Concealing my delight at having the chance of securing such a treasure, and incidentally putting friend Dibbler out of conceit, I said, "I do require a gardener who thoroughly understands his business, so that I need not be always at his elbow." "I ought to understan' it," he said; "seein' as 'ow you might say I was 'ead gardener to Lord Newman for five an' thirty year. Five an' thirty men under me, 'ad as yer might say winter an' summer, in a manner o' speaking. Five an' thirty shillin' a week I used to git; an' a 'ouse ar worth five an' thirty pound a year, besides percusites."

"And why did you leave?" I asked.

"Oh, why, his ludship broke up 'is establishment, as you might say. He'd ha' broke it up long before, if it 'adn't bin 'e didn't want to part with me, years an' years before 'e would. Besides fac' is, I gives 'is ludship such crops o' fruit every year as 'e couldn't stan' it no longer. It regular overwhelmed 'im, it did—'ad to store the plums an' peaches an' pineapples an' pertaters in the droring room, 'e 'ad, and 'adn't room to move. Strorberries! Why, honly the last year I was with 'im, we 'ad to store 'em in the libr'ry, piled up seven foot six on the floor, they was, to keep to Christmas. 'E 'ad to give the place hup!"

"Grew pines, too, did you?" I said, thinking of the bulge I was getting on Dibbler.

"Ar," he said; "pines? Rayther. Why all along one side o' the kitching garden we 'ad a row o' pine trees fifty feet 'igh if they was a hinch. Used to 'ave to give 'em to the pigs.

"But I thought pines had to be grown under glass?" I said, surprised. "Them 'as don't thoroughly understan' 'em may 'ave to," he explained. "Everybody can grow 'em hunder glass. That's jist what 'is ludship used to say to me. He said, 'John,' he sez, sez he, 'your'e the honly gardner I hever see as could grow pines in the hopen hair in a heast wind; and here's a five and thirty pun note for yer."

I noticed that he ran much to the figures five and thirty, but at that time I concluded that it was a whim of his lordship's.

So my "find" came to work, accompanied by a very large tin bottle. He must have noticed my casual glance at the bottle; for he explained that it contained a "noo kind of patient manoor for roses as 'e 'd bin begged to give a trial to by the manufacturers, in a way o' speaking."

Being interested, I smelt it, and said it seemed to smell strongly of rum; and he replied now he comed to notice it, it did, didn't it now; and there was no knowin' what queer thigs they shoved in these 'ere patient manoors.

Then he opened his chest, and looked round and said the place would "want a goodish bit of tickling with a gentle hand, an' no end of philanderin' with, in a way o' speakin'. And he must begin with a bit of manoor—seven or eight loads would do for the present." This seemed a good deal, as the garden is only an eighth of an acre, but I was determined not to starve it. He then explained that manure was very scarce on account of the green fly, but he thought he could obtain some as a favor at three dollars a load.

It was planting out time, and he set to work. His methods surprised me; but he always explained he had his own system.

For instance, when he took his seedlings out of the boxes and left them on a dry path in the blazing sun for several hours, while he dug up the beds for which they were intended, I certainly wondered, and my wife smiled, such a smile— all married men know that superior smile. When I came down to see how he was getting on, I could hardly see those seedlings until I knelt down and closely examined the path.

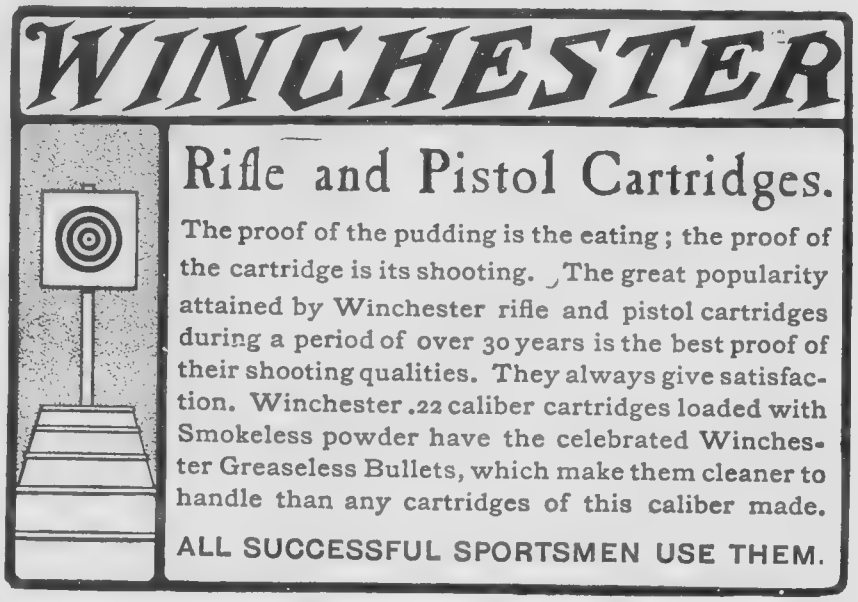
He was making a thorough job of preparing the beds for them; in fact he had dug up all the lillies and bulbs he come across. It struck me vaguely that as some of these were showing for bloom, his methods were drastic ones, until he explained "that it improved 'em so much to take 'em out and lay their roots in the sun to callous like a bit, and then put 'em in agen." Then he put them all in, in unadulterated new manure—the three feet plants in the front of the beds, the two feet plants in the second row, and the dwarf plants at the back. This was part of his system, as he said the tall plants being in front "give the dwarf 'uns a chance by shadowing them so nicely."

This did not work well; but this may have been owing to his planting the foremost row first; then walking on them while he planted the second row; then walking on these to plant the dwarf row, and finally standing on the dwarf row, while he picked off the broken stems of the more forward rows.

Shortly after, I said to him, "Dear me, Loafer, why all these seedlings are quite dead."

"Dead are they?" he said much concerned. "Well now they ain't a doin' as well as they ought, are they?" It's that there blight—that there south wind always brings that there blight."

The blight atoms had evidently banded themselves together to uproot most of the plants, and lay them about on the



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bed he had been pruning. He had cut back the rose trees, buds and all, severely, leaving only the upright stick. This he explained to me was to give them strength. He had pruned everything—apples, pears, plums, raspberries; and the twigs with the green fruit on them, made a handsome show on the rubbish heap. In fact his rubbish heap was his specialty, and seemed to be the end and aim of his system. It had grown enormously since his arrival, so much so, that he had established branch rubbish heaps at all corners of the garden. They were beginning to dwarf the garden by their proportions.

It dimly came to me, like a far off whisper, that this was more or less the wrong time of the year for pruning, and I asked him.

"Why bless yer," he replied; "that was just whot his ludship was most pleased at. He used to say to me, 'John, he used to say, one thing I will say and maintain agen heverybody—you do proon. You don't skulk it, like other gardeners does—that I will say.'"

"Let me see," I said; "what was his lordship's name?"

"Lord Elpus," he replied.

"Where was his place?"

"Why that's jest it. P'raps you knows Guildford."

"Yes," I said, "I know Guildford very well."

"Ar—well—ar—it weren't at Guildford," said my gardener. "Praps you might know Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, and all o' them parts. Well it laid right atween them, as it did, as you might say, as the crow flies. When you was a-standin' with your back to Bristol it was right in front of you o' your left 'and, down in the valley, not arf a mile from Gloucester."

I rummaged my memory, but could not localise the spot, but I confess my memory is defective.

I had to own, notwithstanding my great faith in his lordship's gardener, that I was a good deal disappointed with my garden that summer; in fact, that beastly Dibbler, frequently looked over the fence and grinned. His rose trees were a picture of blooms and his fruit trees bore a splendid crop; while mine were mere sticks. And my wife, too—but no my feelings are still too tender, I must draw a veil over our useless recriminations.

I remonstrated with my gardener, expressing a belief that his system of pruning off the twigs with the fruit on was partially responsible for our failure.

"It's this way," he said; "it ud ha bin allright but for that there blight—it's that there west wind as always brings it. Them trees should ha' made new branches and fruit—far stronger than wot was cut orf—in about a week arter, honly that there blight ketch'd 'em jest at the wrong moment, as you might say."

And he retired to his bed to look after the bottle of "patient manoor," no doubt to see whether that would bring the fruit on again.

Keenness of observation was not one of the strong points of my new gardener. I had been away from home for about a fortnight, and returned. The roses and palm trees were surrounded by a forest of suckers three feet high; half a dozen recently planted trees had blown down, and lay across the path; a few of the plants had been blown out of the window boxes; the grass was a foot high and seeding; and the flower border was buried in flowering thistle.

I led my gardener round, and pointed out these unconsidered trifles.

He shaded his eyes and looked closely at the tall suckers, and then a great light of cognition came into his eyes, showing that he had noticed them.

"Well, now, bless my soul, they are suckers, I do believe!" he said cheerfully. "Must ha' come up ther' when my back was turned."

Then I gently led him to the fallen trees, which lay across the path. By a great effort of sight and deduction, he recognized those too.

"Why, now you come to speak about it, as one might say, they do seem to ha' blown down. I'll tell you what—it must ha' been that there wind. To think o' them a doin' it, and me a keepin' my eye about that watchful! That's jest what his ludship used to say to me. 'John,' he'd say, jest as yer might yerself, 'there's one thing I will say—yer do keep yer eyes about yer, and spots what's agoin' hon.'"

"What was his lordship's name," I asked.

"Lord Luvus," he said; "an' as good a himployer as hever."

"And why did you say you left?"

"Died, he did; 'is ludship did—fell orf a 'ors 'untin, and was carried into the 'ouse, an' honly 'ad jest time to send for me, as was a pottin' hup hasperrengrass, and he sez to me, he sez, as it might be you, only a layin' on the sofer, 'John,' sez he, 'you've been a faithful gardner to me, so you 'ave, and I'm sorry we're partin'; and 'eres a 'undred pound,' he sez; an' then they buried 'im."

"And how long did you say you'd been with him?"

"Forty-five year to a day, an' afore that with a relative of 'isn—as 'ead gardner, with forty-five men and boys hunder me. Ar, that was a gardin, that was! Forty-five acres fruit—an' jest the same o' flowers—and forty-five glass 'ouses, each forty-five feet long—an'—"

"And how long were you at that place?"

"Forty-five year to a day."

"But you must be a great deal older than you look."

"Forty-five years—that's my age. An' if you guessed it at that, you'd jest 'ave 'it it."

I reflected some time over the facts which he had laid before me. I am not quick of thought; but it gradually dawned upon me that there were discrepancies somewhere.

Then it occurred to me that, whereas some weeks ago his experiences had all run in thirty-fives, they now ran in forty-fives; and this appeared odd—although, of course, strange coincidences are always happening. But the thing that puzzled me most was the fact of his having remained two distinct periods of forty-five years with those two—but there, I never like to suspect people on slight provocation.

This tin bottle of "patient manoor," which he always had by him, and which I had always observed to smell so strongly of rum, came more and more in evidence as time wore on. At all hours of the day I came upon him testing that "patient manoor"—"to see if it was the right strength: 'cos one 'as to be pertickler," as he explained.

It was some time before it occurred to me to connect this circumstance in a vague way with his marked unsteadiness among the sweet peas; in fact, it was not until all these plants had been trodden into a kind of weed heap, and I found him sitting in the midst of a great clump of sweet peas as in a bower.

He seemed unwilling to rise, and when I asked him whether anything was the matter, he murmured something about "that there blight." The tin bottle of "patient manoor" lay by his side with the cork out, gently dripping.

Now when he had first come I had handed him a beautiful lot of begonia tubers and young dahlias to plant out; I had always been proud of my show of bedding begonias, and my rival Dibbler had never been able to approach it, and had ever gnashed his teeth with envy.

But this season I could not find a single begonia, out of my hundreds, coming up in my garden, while at the

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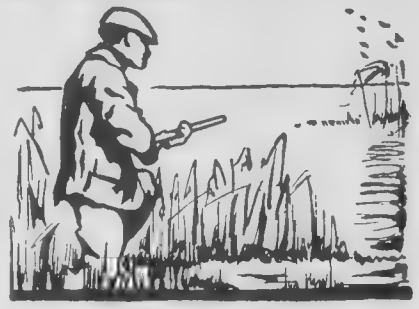

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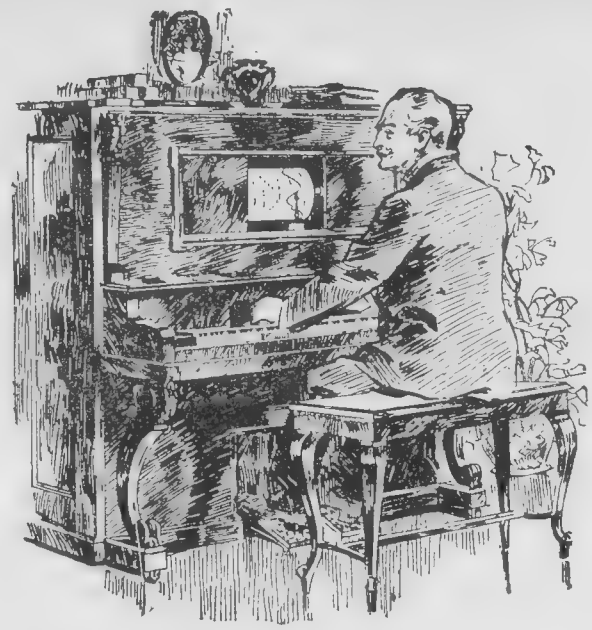

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due season Dibbler's garden was one blaze of magnificent begonia blooms, of the very same colors mine had been. "Dibbler has beaten me this time," I thought bitterly to myself, and went to interview my gardener on the subject.

"Where did you plant those begonias?" I asked.

He pointed in a general comprehensive way, round the compass; remarking that it was a nice sunny position for 'em.

"But they don't seem to come up at all," I said.

"Plenty o' time yet," said my gardener; "we're hardly at the end of Orgust yet, don't you see?"

"But," I said, "they've always been up before the end of August, when I've planted them."

"Ar," said my gardener, smelling his "patient manoor," "that's the difference o' plantin' em. It don't never do for hamytoors—meanin' no kind of offence —to go a potterin' wi' things like that!"

"But I wanted them up before the end of August," I said.

"O—o—o—h! Wanted 'em afore? That makes all the difference. Well it must be that there blight as ketched 'em a bit; but hif they haint hup in a month or too from this, I'll dig 'em hup and 'ave a look at 'em, d'ye see?"

There were other disheartening things. I had prided myself on my asters—special colors—not to be obtained. This season I had not a single aster; but that confounded Dibbler had a lot, and of these very colors—my specialty!

By the winter my gardener and I had fallen out, and our relations daily became more strained. There were many reasons for this—the garden had practically ceased to be a garden in the true sense of the word. All the more delicate shrubs had expired by reason of continued cutting back at the wrong season; flowers by the late summer had become a mere tradition; the frames and the greenhouse had not a whole pane of glass in them; and all the ferns and other contents formed part of the precious rubbish heaps. My gardener was mostly out, getting the "patient manoor" can replenished at the florists, I suppose, and when he wasn't out he was reposing under the water butt or in the cucumber frame.

At last, although a mild man, not easily stirred to violence, I told him he must go. Then he turned on me, hurled the empty "patient manoor" can at my head, and jeeringly informed me that the "cove as planted 'im on to me was

a hod job man as 'ad been bribed by my neighbor Dibbler to furnish me with a man as wud bust up the gardin!"

The friend, Dibbler, then had worked all this ruin for his own base ends.

Such was my despair that I fell upon the derelict can and attempted to drown my sorrows in "patient manoor." But there was only a dreg at the bottom, and that was not distinguishable from rum. Do you know, I never like to be unduly suspicious—but even now—two years later, I sometimes feel almost persuaded that it was rum in that tin —not manure at all.

The Speech.

By J. J. BELL.

THE lamplight showed the beads of perspiration on the lined and weather-beaten brow of Mr. McBean as he bent over the kitchen table, whereon lay several sheets of ruled foolscap. One of the sheets was partly covered with very large writing in pencil. Here and there were blurred patches where the writer had sought to delete a word by the simple process of rubbing it hard with a moistened forefinger; in more than one instance not only the word, but the paper also, had disappeared.

Mr. McBean groaned, wrote a word laboriously, stared at it, and groaned again.

"Marget," he said suddenly, without looking at his wife, who, while pretending to knit at the fireside, was really watching her man with a stealthy but keen interest; "Marget, hoo dae ye spell 'unspeakable'? Is 't '-i-b-l-e' or '-a-b-l-e'?"

"'-a-b-l-e,'" said Mrs. McBean promptly; and then, doubtfully, "or else it's '-i-b-l-e.' What is 't ye're wantin' to say, Peter?"

"I'm sayin' that it gi'es us a' the maist unspeakable pleesure an' satisfaction to present him wi' sich a bewtiful an' gorgeous bookcase, an' that I'm sure it gi'es him the maist unspeakable pleesure an' satisfaction to get it."

"Say it again, Peter."

Mr. McBean did as requested.

"If I was you," remarked the old woman, "I wud leave oot the bit aboot the meenister's satisfaction."

Mr. McBean threw down his pencil.

"Is 't you or me that's to mak' the presentation?" he demanded crossly.

"Of course it's you, Peter," she replied, soothingly.

"Weel," he said, his irritation giving place to sheer dejection, "I wish it was somebody else. This speech'll be the death o' me. Is 't '-a-b-l-e' or '-i-b-l-e'?"

"Dinna fash yersel' aboot the spellin' o' yer speech—naebody's likely to see it. But pay attention to the meanin', for everybody's boun' to hear it."

Again Mr. McBean groaned. Poor man, he had been highly flattered and gratified when first the village chose him to make the presentation to the minister, on the occasion of the latter's semi-jubilee; but as the important date drew nearer and nearer his self-confidence had steadily waned, and now misery and anxiety claimed him for their own. The prospect of standing up in the church hall before all his neighbors, not to mention the minister himself, utterly appalled him. For a week he had struggled with the composition of a suitable speech, and had used up at least a shilling's worth of paper and a whole pencil. He now realised that he was no further on than at the start, while the fateful evening was barely forty-eight hours distant.

"Wud ye no' tak' a bit rest, Peter?" said his wife, striving bravely to conceal her own misery and anxiety. "Ye'll hurt yer brain, if——"

"Rest!" he cried, bitterly. "Hoo can I rest when the event is boomin' sae near?" (Possibly he meant "looming.") "An' as for ma brain, it's no' that feeble, though it kens mair aboot gardens nor speeches."

"I didna say it was feeble. But ye're pittin' an awfu' strain on it, an' I'm feart ye——"

"Aweel," he said in a dreary, yet determined voice, "the speech has got to be made, even supposin' ma brain explodes on the spot."

"Oh, whist, man, whist! Ye gi'e me a grue, speakin' like that. Read me what ye've wrote, an' then leave it till the morn."

After some pressing the old man read, in a mumbling fashion, the lines which had cost him so much mental pain.

"'Ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's,'" he began.

"Wud ye no' jist ca' them a' frien's?" his wife mildly suggested.

"That wud be ower fameeliar. The gentry wudna like it, though they're few."

"Weel, jist say 'Ladies an' gentlemen.'"

"Tits, wife! D'ye want the neighbours to think I'm makin' a mock o' them?"

"Weel, weel; ha'e it yer ain way. Peter."

"Ye dinna need to get huffy, Marget.

"I'm no' huffy. But I dinna want ye to say the wrang thing."

"That's the reason I'm sayin' 'Ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's.' It includes everybody."

"Excep' yer enemies," she said in a poor attempt to be jocular.

"My! but ye're pernickety! Is 't you or me that's to mak' the presentation?"

Mrs. McBean swallowed her natural desire for the last word, sighed, and requested her man to proceed. About five minutes later he did so.

"'Ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's, it gives me great pleesure an' satisfaction to behold ye a' gethered together on this important occasion.'" (This was a quotation from a speech to which Mr. McBean had listened some years previously. He now wished he had listened more attentively.) "'As each o' ye has gi'es him the maist unspeakable pleesure an' satisfaction to get it.'"

Mr. McBean paused and drew a long breath.

"That's a' I've got wrote," he said, and eyed his spouse as if waiting for her opinion.

It was slow in coming. Mrs. McBean felt that all was not right with the speech, yet for the life of her she could not have stated definitely what was wrong.

"Ha'e ye set yer heart on speakin' aboot the meenister's satisfaction?" she ventured timidly at last. "Wud it no' be best to let him speak for himsel' aboot that, Peter?"

"What's wrang wi' me speakin' aboot it? Is 't no' the truth?"

"Ou, ay, I suppose it's the truth, but——"

"Oh, onything to please ye! I'll score it oot! Is there onything else that's wrang?"

"Na, na. . . . But I was wonderin' if he wud like ye tellin' everybody aboot the uncle an' the siller teapot. Ye see——"

"Onything else?" cried Mr. McBean in a voice that seemed to burst from his chest.

"Na, na, Peter. Yer speech is rale fine——"

"That's no' the speech; it's merely the introductionary remarks."

Mrs. McBean gasped, and recovered herself.

Group of Cree Indians at Berens River, Lake Winnipeg. Grandson of the great Chief Peguis in white coat.

had the pleesure an' satisfaction o' subscribin' for this bewtiful an' gorgeous bookcase for oor honoured an' beloved meenister's simmy-jubilee, ye are a' aware o' the reason for this getherin' an' presentation. Ye are dootless surprised an' astonished to behold sich a bewtiful an' gorgeous bookcase for yer money, an' I've got to explain that, if it hadna been for Maister Drummond giein' five pound—five pound!—the bookcase wud ha'e been a lot inferior. Ye a' ken——'"

"D'ye think ye should speak aboot the five pound frae Maister Drummond, Peter?" put in Mrs. McBean.

"What wey should I no' speak aboot it?" he asked with some aspirity.

Mrs. McBean found it impossible to express her objection, and presently begged him to continue.

"'Ye a' ken,'" he resumed, "'hoo weel aff we are wi' oor honoured an' beloved meenister, the Reverend Maister Shelbrook, which has labored amongst us for exac'ly five-an'-twenty year. He cam' to us a young man, wi' sma' experience, but noo he's aulder an' wiser. We're rale prood o' him an' his honoured and beloved wife an' faymily. He preferred a bookcase to a siller teapot, etcetera, his wife's uncle havin' providet the same, accordin' to his last will an' testament. An' so, ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's, I arise for to say that it gi'es us a' the maist unspeakable pleesure an' satisfaction to present him wi' sich a bewtiful an' gorgeous bookcase, an' I'm sure it

"Weel, it's rale fine, whatever it is . . But—but d'ye think ye need to speak aboot the meenister bein' aulder an' wiser nor when he cam' first to the kirk? Mind ye, I'm no sayin' there's onything wrang——Oh Peter!"

The exclamation was full of dismay caused by the sight of the old man crumpling up the paper and flinging it into the fire.

"Oh, Peter!"

"I hope ye're pleased noo!" he said, half resentful, half ashamed. "Ye'll maybe explain at the meetin' on Friday that ye didna conseeder ma speech fit to be spoke. I wash ma han's o' the business. They can get some ither body to mak' the presentation. . . . I'm gaun to ma bed."

"Oh, Peter!" she sighed.

But he refused to return to the subject.

Mr. McBean slept badly that night, and Mrs. McBean slept not at all. Frequently he muttered in his sleep, and she caught such phrases as "honoured and beloved," "unspeakable pleesure an' satisfaction," "gorgeous bookcase." The old woman was distressed and sore afraid. She knew that her man would never seek the assistance of his neighbours—not that she desired him to do so, for she had some pride of her own. But she dreaded, for his sake, any blundering or breakdown on the great occasion; and still more—far more—she dreaded the effect of the strain on his mind. It seemed to her that he was a different

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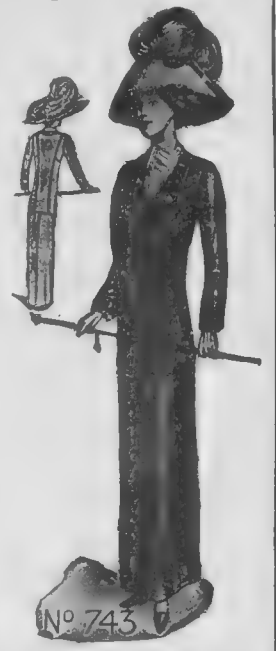

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man from what he had been a week ago; his old bouyancy and heartiness had departed from him and his appetite had decreased alarmingly. So she lay with aching thoughts, feeling very wretched and helpless.

In the dawn Peter arose and, deeming her to be still asleep, dressed himself in silence. Presently he procured paper and pencil and seated himself at the kitchen table. Now and then a half-stifled groan escaped him.

Later he came to the bedside, humbled and hopeless. "It's ower big a job for me," he said despairingly. "It bates me completely. . . . . Can ye no' help me, wife?"

"Oh Peter, I could never mak' a speech."

"Try," he implored. "I dinna want to affront ye on Friday, Marget. I dinna want to affront masel'—nor yet the meenister. Try, wumman, try! Though I was angry last nicht, I seen that ye kent mair aboot it nor me. Try!"

She shook her head.

"But try," he persisted. "Ye've a' the day, when I'm at ma wark, to be tryin'; an' at nicht we'll try again together."

She shook her head again; but this time, without looking at him, she murmured:

"Weel, I'll try, Peter."

* * * * *

Mr. McBean had work at a distance that day, and did not as usual, come home at noon. On his return in the evening he found his wife in a flurried state, and, for the first time for many years, the evening meal not prepared.

"I'm vexed to be sae late," she said apologetically. "But I'll ha'e the tea ready in twa-three meenutes."

"Is onything wrang?" he inquired.

"Oh, na, na! There's naething wrang," she answered, and let a plate fall on the stone floor, where it was smashed to fragments. "Oh, me!" she cried, "I never done that afore."

"Ye've been thinkin' ower hard aboot the speech," he remarked with a rueful grin, as he helped her to collect the ruins.

"Oh, dinna fash yersel' aboot yer speech, Peter," she said. "I've got it done for ye."

"What?"

"At ony rate, I—I had a try at it. Ma han'writin's awfu' bad."

"Let's see it, wife," he eagerly cried.

"Ye maun get yer tea first."

"Never heed the tea. Let's see ma speech."

But she was firm. It was not until the meal was over, the dishes washed, and the kitchen tidied, that she let him have the sheets of foolscap.

He read them over with a critical air while she regarded him uneasily.

"It's no' bad," he observed at last. "I didna think ye was that clever, wife. I think maybe I'll be able to pit this into shape. The chief fau't is that ye dinna say enough aboot the meenister. I'll need to butter him up a bit."

"Oh, but, Peter," she said nervously, "d'ye think he wud like that? He's an awfu' modest man, ye ken. Ye wudna like to be buttered up yersel' afore a' the congregation."

"That's true; but it's the correc' thing to butter up meenisters at social gatherin's. Still, the speech ye've made, Marget, is no' sae bad, an' I'll mak' the best I can o' it."

Once more Mr. McBean fell to with his pencil. He soon found, however, that he could make little improvement on the original manuscript, and finally contented himself with copying it out and spelling a few of the words differently.

That night he slept soundly, but his wife was restless, and the following day she complained of her old enemy, rheumatism. Mr. McBean had to go to the presentation gathering alone.

* * * * *

He returned swelling with importance, glowing with satisfaction.

"Weel, Peter, hoo did ye get on?" Marget asked unsteadily.

"Splendid, jist splendid! I was receivin' compliments for the rest o' the evenin'. Maister Drummond—him that gi'ed the five pound—said it was the natest speech ever he heard."

"Did the meenister seem pleased?"

"Deed, ay! An' nae wonder! The applause was tremendous, as they say in the papers."

Mrs. McBean gave a sigh of relief.

"An'," continued her husband jauntily, "I've been requested to deliver a speech at the Oddfellows' getherin' next month——"

"Oh, Peter, promise ye'll no' dae it. Promise me ye'll never, never mak' anither speech."

"Hoots, wife! It's the first plunge that's the warst. I've confidence in masel' noo. I could face ony audience in the world."

Then he saw that she was very serious. But even then he would not give the promise desired. If folk enjoyed his speech-making, why should he refuse to pleasure them?

By the morning, however, his enthusiasm had cooled considerably.

"Efter a'," he remarked, casually, at breakfast, "I think I'll gi'e up the speechifyin', Marget. I—I'll rest on my laurels, as the sayin' is."

She could scarce speak for thankfulness, but she managed to say: "Is that a promise, Peter? Ye see, I—I'm gettin' ower auld for the—the excitement."

"Havers!" he said, laughing. "But it's a promise a' the same."

After he had gone to his work she sat awhile by the hearth—an unusual proceeding for her in the daytime. But the reaction had been a severe one.

Rousing herself at last, she rose and from a drawer, which she unlocked, took a folded paper. She opened it, and glanced over the lines of small, clear writing. Then she placed it on the fire and watched it burn.

"Oh," she sighed, "he's a kind man, the meenister; but, though it was to save ma life, I could never ask him to write anither speech for Peter."

Manitoba Agricultural College.

It will be of interest to the young ladies of the province to know that arrangements have been made to provide living accommodation for a limited number of Home Economics students in the main buildings of the Agricultural College. Rooms, which heretofore were occupied by men, are being repaired and equipped with new furniture, and a large sitting-room, available for study, is being provided in the same building.

The next course in Home Economics opens on Oct. 24th and continues until March 28th.

A Scholarly Pauper.

A few months ago the head-master of one of the largest schools in London asked me about a case in which he was greatly interested. A certain boy had been brought up in his school. This boy had been the head boy, and the most brilliant scholar of his time. He had carried off every prize and distinction within his reach. On leaving school he readily obtained a situation, having a good position and a large stipend. All went well until he fell a prey to strong drink. Soon his prospects became utterly wrecked. He had to give up his position and go home, wrecked in reputation, fortune and in health. He went home to his father, a clergyman in the country, who was so affected by his son's wreck that he utterly broke down, and I have heard since, died broken-hearted. And this young fellow, the brilliant boy of a large school in London, is now, I was going to say, a beggar on the streets of London, begging from his old schoolmates, but it is worse than that; he is now—when he ought to be in the prime of his vigour and manhood—a pauper in St. Pancras Workhouse, and was brought before the magistrate by the guardians, who considered that he ought to be able to earn his own living. Surely it is the wisest and safest course to educate our children early in habits of self-control.—Rev. N. Dawes.

Mr. Herbert Spencer once drew a very neat distinction between billiards as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend, who invited him to play a game. The philosopher led off and left the balls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot. Then the young expert naturally looked at Mr. Spencer for the customary compliment. "Sir," remarked the vanquished player, "a certain proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve, the hand; but the mastership of billiards which you have exhibited could have been acquired only by an ill-spent youth!"

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The Ministers Temptation.

Specially written for the W. H. M.

NINE o'clock, one Sabbath evening saw the extremely fatigued young minister back in his study. Anyone entering, ignorant of his circumstances, would have been astonished to see distinct pain-lines and utter weariness pictured on his face. "So this is the end of seven years grinding at College and University," he thought, "an empty church, apparently unappreciative people, isolation from the throb of civilization and congenial associates, and financial problems becoming more urgent."

His mind ruminated upon the preparation for his life's work. Professors had drilled him in Infralapsarianism, Solifidianism, and revealed the fallacy of Somatism, had scouted other "isms" until his brain had reeled. The dispute between Athanasius and Arian, Augustine's "Total Depravity," Luther's "Consubstantiation," Calvin's "Election," Wesley's "Arminianism," Naville's "Collective Responsibility," had in succession received sledge-hammer blows or were warmly commended as the mental bias of the teacher inclined. The student had evolved into the minister, and as his mind dwelt upon his training, he admitted that there was but little, if anything, received of practical value to his present needs. How to take care of a western mission field, deal with its difficulties and perplexing problems never weighed upon the minds of his teachers. In class work, Stanley Grant, the minister, had been eminently successful; in College sports, a favorite; in debate, his towering logic and clever analysis, his keen insight into the weaknesses of his opponent's position, his power in destroying supposed strongholds, had gained him a foremost place on the debating teams. After ordination, despite the fact that one or two prominent churches looked upon him with longing eyes, the "Golden West" claimed him. It was hard, bitterly hard, that he who had been a general favorite in class and on the field, who had been spoken of as a "coming man," found himself confronted with that which a strong man detests—failure!

On the table lay a letter he had just laid down which showed signs of much handling. Let us read it.

Dear Stanley:

Your circumstances are not unknown to me and I sincerely deplore them. You work among an ungrateful crew who don't want you or your homilies. Why should you die with ennui in that God-forsaken part of the West; you

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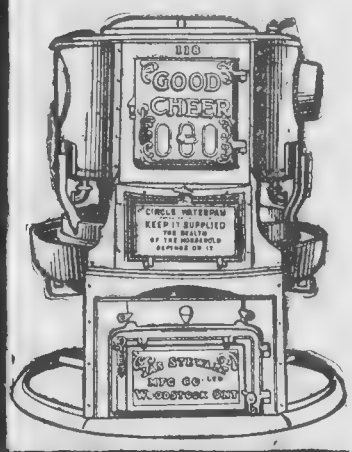

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are too good a chap to bury yourself. I make again the offer I made six months ago. I will give you $150 per month, and, being in real estate, many choice "snaps" come my way. Soon I might be able to put something worth while in your way. Now I am no charitable institution, old boy, so you will have to work for your pay. Awaiting a favorable reply.

Your chum, Alex. Law

Well, Stanley, your struggle is a hard one. He can't help you, as the battle is yours alone. The minister had grown to love his scattered Rocky-Mountain pastorate, and it would be a severe pang to leave the awe-inspiring mountains, the stately forests, the rushing creeks, and the clear placid lakes. But scenic picturesqueness, ever-changing colors, wild loveliness, primeval beauties, did not wholly satisfy him. Many disappointments had been borne. It was not the first time that he had walked ten miles under a blistering sun to preach the Gospel in one of his small churches to find at the end of his journey nothing but vacant pews. Oh yes! the people loved him, were always glad to see him, rejoiced in his coming at their games, reckoned him to be "white"; but he felt that it was impossible to pierce through the stolid indifference to righteousness, and create a lively, vital interest in the house of God. His almost sole source of comfort, as he brooded over his work was his contact with lumberjacks in his camp preaching. He had acted as lawyer, doctor, and minister to many and they had appreciated his efforts.

This Sunday evening he was despondent and weary. The day had been burning hot, and the night was sultry.

At Whytewold Beach. "See my load, Nelson"

Only a dozen had come out to the evening service and half of them were children. His other two appointments that day had been equally discouraging, and he felt that a crisis had come, he could bear it no longer. He reached for the letter again and scanned the contents he could already recite. "You work among an ungrateful crew," he read. "Perhaps, Alex, you are right," the minister thought. "Who don't want you or your homilies."

"Ah!" he sighed, feeling a little heartbreak, "that is pretty hard if it is true. Perhaps a change might benefit them." He read on: "You are too good." "Alex, you are just the same loving old College chum, always able to see goodness where but little exists," the minister mused. Then a vision of the rejected Christ passed before his mind. "You did not consider yourself too good Lord to leave heaven and its joys, and to suffer on earth the rebuffs, the jeers, the malignments, and combat the malinfluences of a degraded humanity. No! therefore friend Alex must be wrong."

Yet his struggle was not over. His friend's hints were true as to his financial difficulties and he saw no hope of retrieving his position. The few dollars made by contributing to magazines had only assisted in keeping the dreaded wolf from the door. What was he to do? Would any care if he left? He was unable to answer. Visions of wealth floated before his eyes in rapid succession, called up by the contents of the letter. He saw comparative ease in his old age and opportunities to travel, and no wonder he hesitated to reject Alex's offer. He remembered how he had politely but firmly refused the offer on a previous occasion with the hope in his heart that success would yet attend his ministry. But had it? He felt the only answer was a negative one. One thought in his mind kept him from immediate compliance with the request. His Godly mother, when he was a boy, had dedicated him to the noble work of the ministry with these words: "There is no vocation like it, my boy. Never by your indiscreet behavior tarnish it. In your hour of disappointment 'cast your burden on the Lord.' God bless you in His service, Stanley." Strange—yet not strange, he had not forgotten his mother's counsel. Now it was vivid before him. Yes, he would give himself to prayerful meditation as his mother desired.

The following day, Monday, found him brooding over the question. Night found him still undecided and greatly perplexed. He was preparing to undress when he heard a knock at his shack door, and a typical lumberjack stepped in. He was bade sit down. "Well, Tom," continued the minister, "how are things progressing with you? I hope you are done with Atchinson's bar and his bad whisky."

"Yep," he replied, "I guess I am, thet is, if yuh are goin' to stay in this hyar town. I hev heerd thet yuh are thinkin' o' gettin' out, pullin' the pegs, so to speak. But it ain't true, is it?"

"I don't know," returned the minister. "I am in great perplexity, and, to tell the truth, I hardly see my way clear to remain, and, on the other hand, clear to go. It is taking me all my time to exist here; I am making no progress—in fact it looks as if things were going back. I hope you see my difficulty, Tom."

Tom looked serious for a moment or two, then answered: "Wall, I dunno 'bout progress. I know yer cherch aint packed an' crowds bein' turned away; but if you hit the trail, what is goin' to become o' some o' us yuh hev helped to keep away from the dogone drink? Yuh hev been helpin' me to fight it fer six months. Now an' agen I hev gone under; but yuh always picked me up an' put heart into me an' told me never to give in; yuh have brought me to this hyar shack an' kept me from the boys when I sure would hev been drinkin' an' swearin' an' doin' other things; yuh hev given me grub when I hev spent my last cent in the blamed hotel. I am goin' to tell you straight, we can't let yer go from hyar. There's Bill Thewson, an' Jim Lawson, an' Harry Nicol—whar would they hev been but fer yuh? Kin yuh go an' leave us? Yuh hev put hope into us an' God ain't so far away it 'pears, as he once wuz. Think it out, Mister Grant; but fer God's sake don't go an' leave us to go under agen when we are jest scramblin' to the top. We'll do our best fer yuh in cherch: say you will stay right plump hyar!"

A moment later Tom left, and when he had gone the minister commenced a letter. Peculiarly enough he seemed happy, the care-lines having departed from his face. Let us look over his shoulder, and read while he writes.

"Dear Alex,—Your letter received two weeks ago. I noted your generous offer, but, tempting as it is, I feel that my work lies here. Some do seem to need me, and, that being so, it is my duty to remain. If treasures on earth are not mine, I trust they shall not be lacking in heaven. Your grateful chum,

Stanley Grant."

An Automobile, a Burglar and a Girl.

Specially writen for The W.H. M. Chadwick, Winnipeg.

"My, but I'd like to be a detective," exclaimed Claribel Marsh, one morning at the breakfast table, as she laid down the morning paper.

"I'd like to catch Bad Dick. Just think, Claude, last night was the third time in a week he has entered houses and not one of those detectives have even so much as got sight of him; leaving his picture with his name beneath. He is just making fun of them. How I would like to catch him."

"Give up the idea, Sis," responded her brother Claude, in a bantering voice, as he pushed back his chair and started to the door.

"If 'Bad Dick' should ever get sight of your pretty face he'd lose all taste for silver ware and jewelry immediately, and the next thing we'd know some dark night he'd be bundling you into his kit; then what would mother and I and a certain young man do?"

"Oh, Claude, do hush your foolishness," answered Claribel, while her face grew very rosy. "What shall I tell mother for you when she comes down?"

"Give her a kiss, and tell her not to

be alarmed if she sees you peering into closets and behind doors in search of burglars."

"By the way, Roy said he would bring his new auto over this afternoon and let you try it, it's a dandy; but he is anxious for your good opinion, too. Bye, bye, Sis, keep your eye open for Bad Dick," and, dodging just in time to avoid getting his ears boxed, he hurried down the street.

That afternoon all thoughts of Bad Dick vanished; Claribel stood on the porch arrayed for the promised ride. Her face flushed with pleasure and her eyes bright as her lover, Roy Smithson, drove his shining new automoblie up to the curb.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he asked, by way of greeting.

"I'd hoped and intended to go with you. Claribel, but I'm needed at the bank; so if you don't mind————" —

"I'd love to have you go, Roy; but if you're not afriad to trust me with it——"

Afraid to trust you? Why, girlie, I'll trust you with everything I have just as soon as you give me the chance."

"Oh, Roy, do hush; someone might hear you."

"Well, I'll come back by the bank and bring you home with me to supper, if you will come?""

"I'll come," answered the stalwart young fellow, as he started down the street, and Claribel, stepping into the auto, was soon out of the city and into the green country lanes, where she went more slowly that she might catch the scent of the wild flowers and sweet clover.

It was late in the afternoon, and Claribel was nearing the city. From the top of the low hill she could see the chimneys and roofs in the business section. At the foot of the hill grew a great bush of pink wild roses. "I must have some of those," she thought, as she brought the machine to a standstill, and, stepping out, she was soon busy breaking off the great fragrant blooms, stopping now and then to bury her face among them that she might inhale more of their rich fragrance.

Suddenly the bushes at her side parted, and before she was hardly aware of his presence, a man stood at her side, a pressure of cold steel was upon her temple and a gruff voice spoke in her ear.

"Git in dat 'mobile quick now, lady: deres folks bin along here lookin' fer me, an' dey mought come back wile yer a hesitatin. Dat's right, now turn her round, quick, 'fore I makes this little feller bark."

"Oh, what are you going to do with me?" she almost sobbed, as she slowly turned the auto and started up the long gentle slope of the hill she had descended a few minutes before.

"Nuttin,' lady, nuttin.' You'se jest de engineer and I'se the conductor o' dis 'mobile. Sorry I couldn't let you'se be de boss, but I'se only an amychoor, an' wanted a good hand to steer. Turn to the right, dere lady, an' make her fly. Dat's the way; you'se game alright."

Instinctively feeling that her captor meant no harm to her so long as she did his bidding, Claribel's anxiety turned to her friends, who would be alarmed at her continued absence, and Roy had trusted her with his new machine, and here she had allowed it to be stolen and herself too. What would Claude and her mother think when she failed to return? Such a chaos of thoughts were whirling through her brain that she scarcely noticed the road her captor had chosen. Suddenly the man lifted his hat, and with a quick gesture pushed back his hair, and Claribel felt a strange thrill as she recognised his face. It was the same she had seen in the paper that morning. Then she noticed their road ran parallel with the railroad. Bad Dick was making his "getaway." That leather bag he had thrown in the auto surely contained a valuable part of his booty.

On and on they flew. The sun had set but Claribel's hand never faltered. It seemed that the knowledge she had gained in that brief glance had given her courage. Passing through a stretch

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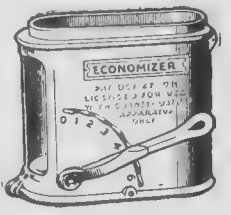

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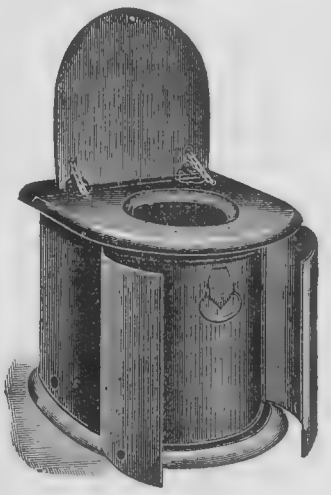

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of woods they neared a village; "Ease her off, turn and stop," commanded her companion; and when she obeyed, he stepped out, and taking the leather bag, pointed towards the woods and said, "Many tanks, lady, for de ride; mebbe I'se can return de favor some day. Now hike back an' don't let me see yer pretty face 'round here," and he started towards the village.

Claribel's first thought was to obey, but darkness was coming on, the road was strange, and she was fifty miles or more from home. There were no houses nearer than the village. Why not go there and telegraph home? Surely there was no other way to do; so taking a look down the way her late passenger had taken, and, seeing nothing of him, she once more turned and rode slowly to the village.

Stopping at the first house she made arrangements to spend the night; then seeing the machine safely stored away, she enquired the way to the depot. This building consisted of one room, one end separated from the remainder by lattice work. Within this lattice, at the farther end, was the ticket window.

Claribel passing a window stopped quickly. Before the ticket window stood Bad Dick. He lifted his hat, and with the same quick gesture, pushed back his hair. "If he should see me," and with the thought she stepped back into the shadow. She heard him call for a ticket to a station farther on; then he sat down, and Claribel crouched closer in the shadows. It was possibly ten minutes, though Claribel said it seemed like hours before the train arrived. Then when she saw him aboard and the last light had vanished in the distance, a sudden thought made her eyes bright and her step buoyant as she entered the depot.

"Send these telegrams at once," she said to the astonished operator, who stood staring at her as she scribbled them off.

"I'm Claribel Marsh, of Wyndhaven; my brother, Claude Marsh, of the Wyndhaven Bank, will be here in the morning and pay you for these."

If the operator wore a staring look before, his face was certainly a study as he read those telegrams. They were:

"Police Station, Bloomfield. Bad Dick aboard evening train for Bloomfield; dark red sweater, soft felt hat. old tan shoes; catch him. Claribel Marsh, of Wyndhaven."

"Claude Marsh, Wyndhaven. Myself and auto safe in Clinton. We were stolen; come down in morning; out of money. Yours, Claribel."

The Wyndhaven Journal the next day had a half column concerning the capture of Bad Dick by Miss Claribel Marsh, a prominent society belle, etc., etc.; but the whole story never came out until a month later, when at a formal luncheon the engagement of Miss Claribel Marsh to Mr. Roy Smithson was announced; then her brother Claude told the whole story of that afternoon's ride, ending with the heroine has had her heart's desire. She no longer yearns to be a detective, but is desirous of taking a course in home-keeping, house-keeping, and heart-keeping.

Irish Bulls.

An Irish journal, actuated, it is to be feared, by feelings of revenge, publishes some excellent English bulls.

It begins with that of the Hyde Park orator who, in a tirade upon landlords and capitalists, suddenly electrified his audience by exclaiming—"If these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

A second one quoted is almost as good—"All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand."

A third is said to be a preacher's peroration—"We pursue the shadow; the bubble bursts; it leaves the ashes in our hands."

Another good one is a brilliant exordium on the part of an English politician—"We shall never rest until we see the British Lion walking hand-in-hand with the flood-gates of democracy."

"Peacemakers."

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Rosenstein or Jones?

By Ed. Cahn. Specially written for W.H.M.

MRS. LEVINSOHN had asked her daughter Rosalie twice, if she would have her dessert, and received no reply.

Rosalie was looking straight at her mother, but there was a far away look in her eyes and around her full red lips there played a tender little smile. Evidently, she was not listening, and her thoughts were not on such a prosaic thing as dinner.

"Come out of it! Wake up there! Here you are!" cried Moe, her irrepressible small brother, snapping his fingers in her face, as he had seen a hypnotist do in a show. For this he was instantly sent from the table. "Rosie's in love! Rosie's in love, I know she is," he flung over his shoulder as he made his exit.

Her tell-tale flush did not escape her father, and his heavy brows contracted. As he put on his hat, lit his evil-smelling old briar and departed for his usual evening stroll around the block, Levinsohn wondered uneasily if by any chance Moe could be right.

"Rosie is now a woman, nearly," he mused, "it ain't strange if she thinks of love. But I better get her a decent young feller with a business, or at least good prospects to fall in love with. I ain't going to have any such a foolishness as what Symon's daughter gets into, by marrying a good-for-nothing without a cent or a business, only a curly black mustache Now Simons supports, besides the girl, him and the curly mustache. Such a nonsense I don't allow." And he scowled savagely at his pipe.

Characteristically, Levinsohn forgot that he and his patient Martha had been married on considerably less than five dollars, and done very well indeed.

He had come to America from Russia when very young, but not soon enough to escape the heavy sullenness of the oppressed Jewish class from whence he sprang, and he had never been able to rid himself of the strong accent which bespoke his humble origin.

By dint of much crafty struggling and hard work, he had become a rather well-to-do clothing merchant, and at fifty-five was a morose, unimaginative, plodding old man, who ruled his family, as he did his clerks, with a rod of iron, a terrible voice, and a bitterly caustic tongue. Deep down in his crusty heart he loved his family, but he concealed the fact so well, and with so much pains, that no one ever suspected it but his wife.

He was so intent on his plans for Rosalie, that he paid no attention to where he was going.

"Good evening, Levinsohn! Ain't you going to speak to your old friends no more?" It was his one crony, Abraham Strasser, who was lounging in the doorway of his little tobacco shop.

"Sure I am," said Levinsohn, coming out of his reverie with a start

Stepping into the store he took the battered old arm-chair, which had been sacred to him from time out of mind, and seated himself where he could look out on the dirt and turmoil of Third Avenue and get the full benefit of the summer evening breeze.

"Well," said Strasser, after he had sold two five cent cigars for the best two for a quarter to an inebriated gentleman in overalls and a joyful humor, and had short-changed him outrageously, "How wass business to-day?"

"Rotten," said Levinsohn, laconically. "How about you?"

"If it gets any worser, I haff to close opp."

Never, in all the years they had known each other, had either confessed that business was good. They smoked awhile in contented silence

Levinsohn," said Strasser. suddenly. "You got a daughter."

"Sure I know it I had her already nineteen years Tell me some recenter news."

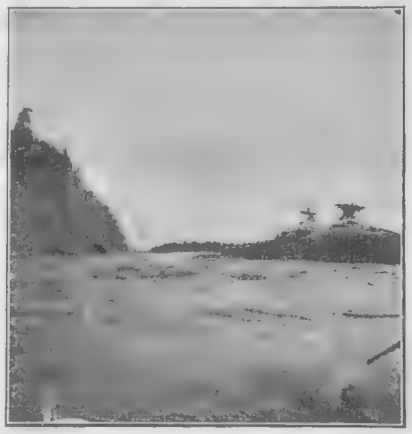
"Ach Gott! Wait a minute, always you got to be fussy

"You know my cousin what I often told you about what is now dead? Well, his son by his first wife has come by New York to live He is a fine young feller but he giff me the shock of my life when he comes in by the store and calls me by mein name."

"He iss the liffing image of his mother he says. I take his say so for it, for he sure don't looks like any of us. His mother was not Yiddish and dot's why when she died her folks took the boy to raise, and we nefer heard no more about him."

"That's bad," said Levinsohn, shaking his head.

"Just what I told him. The idea, I says, of you, what don't look no more like a Jew than what a Irisher does, having



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such a name as Isadore Rosenstein."

"He says he can't help it if he don't look Jewish, but he is a Jew and he don't care who knows it. His mother's folks tried to make from oudt of him a congregationaler, but Izzy says it wasn't no go. I tell you, Levinsohn, blood is thicker than what holy-water is, and I'm proud of that boy."

"Congregationalers don't use holy-water; I guess you mean Catholics," objected Levinsohn in a bored tone. "One's just the same what another is, but what's the difference so long as he is a good Yiddisher?"

"He already has got it himself a bookstore on Second Avenue for a bargain, and he says he is going to live here now, for ever in New York. He has got money in the banks also, but how much he didn't say yet, and real-estate in the sub-burgs from San Francisco, where he used to live."

"He is twenty-eight years old, and a nice, decenter, young feller from all around with no bad habits you couldn't find it. The only thing that the most particularist person could take exception to is that he don't look like a Jew."

"Well!" said Levinsohn, "In other words, all this here feller ain't got is a hook nose and a pair of wings. But what's my Rosie got to do with it?"

Strasser took his pipe out of his mouth and turned slowly round in his chair until he was facing Levinsohn. "What you dink? You're her fadder ain't you? What you spose I'm telling you all boud who he iss and where he comes from, and what he's got? To hear myself talk? He wants to get for himself a wife. That's why." And he resumed his pipe with a deeply injured air which he only assumed to mask his delight at the impression he had made.

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They then plunged into a discussion which lasted until midnight, and Levinsohn left with every scrap of information that Strasser possessed, and his mind fully made up that should Rosenstein prove to be even half as desirable as he appeared, and asked for Rosie's hand, he should have it.

At the conclusion of the evening meal the next day, he decided to broach the subject to his daughter without waiting the results of the inquiries he had made concerning the financial standing of his already much-desired son-in-law.

"Rosie, lieben," he said, pushing back his chair, "you and mommer come in by the parlor with me; I got something fine to say to you."

"It is time you were getting married, Rosie," he said without any preliminary; "mommer and me has decided that you are getting old enough now."

Mrs. Levinsohn had thought of or decided no such thing, but did not say so. She had no opinions, and was grateful for those thrust upon her by her masterful better-half. "Sure, Rosie, you must get married," she said, dutifully, echoing her lord.

"Abe Strasser don't often put himself out for nobody so much as a inch," continued Levinsohn, lighting his pipe; "but now he gets it a move on himself for a wonder, and does me a real kindness."

"He has got it a second cousin who owns it a good book store, all clear and no clouds to it; with no partners nor nothing to bother him. He has also a couple of lots out by the suburbs in San Francisco where he comes from, what Strasser assures me will be in time worth lots of money. Abe says it to me on his oath that he knows it for a certainty he has got money in more than one bank, and has at least two thousand dollars. He says such a smart feller he is that he don't let even his relations know all his business and all the money he has it in the banks."

An apple orchard near Morden, Man.

"It was in my mind to tell him that it is a good thing for the boy if he don't tell him how much he's got, or else that Strasser gets it away from him. But I don't do it. What's the use? Politeness goes a long way with a feller what is trying to do you a gerfalleer, and a favor like what he is doing, I appreciate."

"I think this here feller is all right; and so soon as I find out for sure that he is, I will tell Strasser that we are agreeable and he should bring the feller around, and then soon we will be having a fine vedding. It will be a big expense, but you are the only girl what I got, and I want to do the best thing for you what I can afford. You are a lucky girl to have such a fine vedding, and a father what takes it such trouble to provide for your future."

Still Rosie was silent, and she looked so far from pleased that her father was irritated.

"Well! Aint you got a tongue? Can't you thank me for my trouble what I take for you."

Her eyes flashed and she lifted her proud little head with an angry toss. "No, popper, I can't; I don't want to get married. What is this man's name?"

"Izadore Z. Rosenstein; he is a smart young feller, an—"

"Such a name! What is he? A kike? Popper you can save your breath and tell Strasser to mind his own business. I am not going to even think of marrying him," cried Rosaline furiously.

"Since when is he a schatchen, and goes into the marriage broker business? That's what I want to know. Tell him for me he'd better stick to his pipes and tobacco and let me and my affairs alone. If I want to get married I will pick out the man I want myself. He seems to forget that he is not in Russia. In America, girls don't get married until they feel like it, and then not to please their popper's friends."

"Dot 'ill do! Dot 'ill do!" thundered her father. "You are a smart one to be hitting me over Strasser's back, but it 'ill do no good. You will marry who I tell you, and be glad to do it."

"Popper," she cried appealingly; "why must I? Do I cost you a cent? What makes you want to suddenly marry me away? Don't I pay all my way with my cashier's job? I won't marry a kike with such a name, what I don't know and never seen and hate! I tell you right now that I won't marry him!" And Rosie stamped her foot by way of emphasis, and fled upstairs to her room.

In vain, her mother coaxed her to relent, even give her reasons, but she would only say that she hated the name of Rosenstein and hated Strasser.

The next day at breakfast, her father treated her to a few of his opinions about ungrateful, saucy daughters. "Why, every girl that lives on the block, even that ugly Sally Cohen, has it a feller, but you aint got one. Now you got a chanct to make it a good marriage, you fly from it like it was poison."

Moe, for all his mischief, dearly loved his sister, and this was too much for him.

"Rosie has so got a beau!" he ex-

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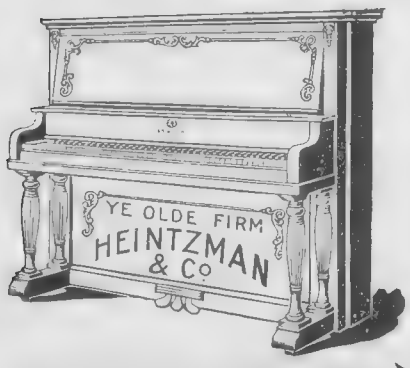

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claimed indignantly; "I seen her walking with him already twict now. He is a swell feller."

"What!" roared Levinsohn; "so, my fine lady, that's why you won't have it a respectable young man like Strasser's cousin! Shamed you should be. What kind of a schnorrer is he that he can't come to the house? How long do you know him?"

Frightened at the harm he had done, Moe hastened to repair it if he could. "Popper, listen! He ain't a beggar, honest he ain't; he's got a nice little book store, and he gave me ten cents only yesterday."

"Oh, Moe!" said Rosie, despairingly, and burst into tears.

Levinsohn, crimson with rage, seized her by the arm and Moe by the collar and began a cross-examination. He discovered that Rosaline had met the young man where she was employed; that she had been introduced to him by one of her employers, that she had known him about a month, and that he often walked home with her also; that he had a book store on Second Avenue a short distance from where they lived, and his name was Mr. Jones.

"Why didn't you tell me that you know him?" demanded her father; but Rosie obstinately refused to answer.

"Never mind, you shall marry Rosenstein now all the quicker. Oi Gott! to have it such a daughter I never expected. Mommer, believe me, it's all your fault. You didn't raise her up right and anyway she takes right after your family; she ain't got nothing of her father in her."

"Rosie, for deceiving me, you shall not go by the country when you get your vacation, unless Rosenstein marries you right away and takes you," was his parting shot as he left to go to business.

Rosie went out of her way that morning to encounter Jones as he was coming to open his store. She felt sure her father would pay him a visit, and she wanted to prepare him for it; but it seemed a delicate task.

He had never made love to her, but, womanlike, she had his secret almost before he was aware that he had one.

She made several false starts, and at last was compelled to blurt it out in answer to his direct question. "My father wants me to get married to somebody I have never seen, and—Moe—told him that I knew you and he—he—thinks it's your fault I won't marry the other man."

"If he comes to see you, don't you pay any attention to what he says. Popper is so unreasonable, and he says lots of things he don't mean when he is mad! Good-bye; I've got to hustle up or I'll be late to work."

Jones smiled after her. "I wonder," said he musingly, and unlocked his store.

"Humbert." he said as soon as his clerk appeared, "I'm going out of town for a few days, if any one should ask for me."

"I think a little trip will help my case just about now," he added to himself.

"What does Mrs. Levinsohn and Rosie think of the proposition?" asked Strasser that evening.

"My wife thinks what I do," replied Levinsohn, coldly; "the girl is young yet, and if I do say it myself, there ain't many what can beat her for looks. She don't need it to jump at nobody's offer."

"Surely I know it, and anyway, Izzy don't have to go down on his knees to her. Lots with bigger na dinna would be glad of the chance. That's all I got to say."

"Abe, you flies off quicker than anybody I ever sees yet, and I've seen some quick ones cinst I've been in America. Because I makes it a remark do you got to get ugly right away? I guess you expect me to come in the first thing this morning with Rosie's dower in one hand and her in the other. Remember, I ain't seen it the feller yet. I been in business long enough to learn not say I'll take nothing what I ain't seen. Pigs in pokes is hard things to sell to Jews from out of Russia."

"Oh, I don't know,' retorted Strasser: "I guess you ain't so orthodox that you are a complete stranger to a ham sandwich."

"Who'se talking about ham sandwiches? I ain't. Me, I never mix 'em with business, and this is strictly business I'm talking about. I'd like to have a talk with Rosenstein to-night."

"For a feller what ain't in no rush, you don't lose much time, I must say. Izzy has gone out of town; I'll let you know when he comes back."

The more Levinsohn urged Rosie to think of marrying as he wished, the more determined she seemed never to do it; and he began to think that perhaps Mr. Jones was at the bottom of it in a more serious way than he had fancied.

He left the store early and made straight for the neighborhood of the offending Jones. He would just drop into that place and tell the precious proprietor what was what, in a few words.

On the way, he thought that it might not be a bad plan to find out something about him, and so he dropped into a small pawn shop next door and made cautious inquiries.

"Perhaps you are a detective?" said the long-bearded proprietor suspiciously. "No, I'm from a wholesale book firm; this here Jones, gives us a order for a pile of books, but we ain't just sure of him. How long he's been here?" lied Levinsohn, glibly. Then the pawnbroker expanded and told all he knew.

Mr. Jones seemed to be a nice enough fellow. He had bought the business about six weeks before for cash, from the former owner, and the only thing that appeared strange was that he had identically the same name, and did not change the sign over the door. He thought that he must be a very good young man, for he had heard that he went regularly to the little Methodist mission around the corner. "Of course he might go there to sell books, I don't know. Anyway, I think he's a goy," concluded the pawnbroker.

"Then he ain't even Jewish!" cried Levinsohn, enraged; and dashed out, intent on the instant annihilation of Mr. Jones. No wonder Rosie did not tell him!

But fate had decreed otherwise. There was an inoffensive blonde young man there, who explained that he was Mr Jones' clerk, and that Mr. Jones was out of town. No, he did not know just when he would return; could he do anything?

"Do anything! If you want to do me a great favor, be Mr. Jones for five minutes!" growled Levinsohn, shaking his fist under the astonished young man's beautifully straight nose for an instant, and then rushed out.

When Rosie returned to her desk at noon, the bookkeeper called out in a voice that all might hear, "Oh, you Miss Levinsohn; while you was out a fellow called you up. He said his name was L. Jones, and I should tell you he was going away for a short while on business, and he was sorry not to see you to say good-bye. When are those wedding bells going to ring out?"

"You're crazy," said Rosie, easily; nobody ever sees names like Jones and Levinsohn together in the engagement columns."

"What does the 'I' stand for?" said the stenographer.

"Isadore," answered Rosie, before she thought.

There was a gale of laughter, and the office boy began to chant: "Izzy rich—Izzy nice—Izzy pretty—Izzy true——" and would have gone on indefinitely had not the head of the firm just then come in and cut it short.

That evening her father talked to her sternly. She listened meekly until he was out of breath and reproaches.

"Popper, excuse me, but you have told me many times not to jump to conclusions, but that's what you are doing now. You think because I happen to know Mr. Jones that I'm in love with him, and that's why I will not marry Rosenstein. Mr. Jones has never said a word to me about love. The reason I didn't tell you about him and have him call on me, is because I don't think he is a Hebrew, and I know you won't let him come if he isn't. It's not on his account I won't marry that man, but because I don't want to marry any body now, and I've never seen Rosen-

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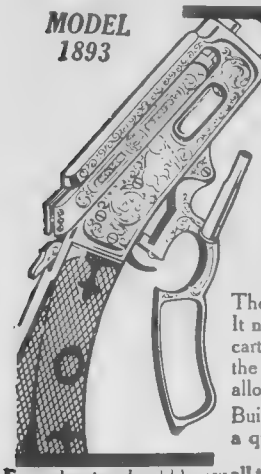

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stein and I hate that name anyhow; I won't marry anybody I don't know."

"It's enough that he wants you for his wife, and that your parents want you to marry him. What your ideas are, ain't got nothing to do with it."

"How do you know that he wants me? He has never seen me. How can he tell?"

"Oh, but he has," cried her mother in triumph. "That time you was at the Grand Theatre with Aunt Esther he seen you. He was with Mr. Strasser, and it so happened that Abe was telling him he ought to get a wife. Abe points you out to him, and says you are a nice girl, and he knows your parents. Then Mr. Rosenstein says he likes you, and if your family is all right and your popper consents, he will marry you. So Abe tells popper, and now only for your bad disposition you could be engaged already."

"The nerve of him! He picks me out like a new coat. He don't have to ask if I'll have him, but thinks I'll fall in the dust for joy! I will show you all!"

That settled the question for thirty-six hours, and Rosie was beginning to think she would hear no more of it, when her father announced that Mr. Rosenstein was back in town, and would call that evening. "I won't see him," declared Rosaline; "good-bye, mamma, I'm going to work;" and she rushed out of the house.

Several times Jones had been waiting on the corner to say good morning as he passed that way to his store, so it was no surprise when she saw him.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed at the sight of her face.

"Oh, nothing." But after a little urging, he poured out the whole miserable story. "Oh, excuse me for bothering you," she finished. "He—he has a book store, too, and two lots, and two thousand dollars in the bank; but I don't care for any of it. I don't like to be picked out of theatres, like a cabbage out of a barrel. I hate him!" Her voice broke, and Jones looked hard at the sidewalk.

Presently huge rain drops began to patter down, and there was a sharp burst of thunder.

"A thunderstorm. Come, run: we can get to the store before we get wet," he said, and, catching hold of her arm, helped her along. They scurried in just in time.

"I'm hungry, and not afraid of a little rain," declared the blonde clerk, and sped away like a pale shadow for his breakfast.

Jones brought Rosie a chair, and sat down beside her.

"Well," said Rosaline at length; "what do you think I ought to do?"

"How shall I advise you?" said Jones with averted eyes. "It's an odd thing but I have heard all about this fellow, Rosenstein. I guess your father has not looked him up yet; but the fact is he has quite a lot of money. Some people might call him rich. I hear he is not a bad fellow, and his wife could have anything she wanted. I guess after you think about it you will not be different from other girls, and when you know the man, perhaps you will like him. If you take him, you know, you will not have to work, and life will be easy. Money is a great thing to have. My advice is—take him:"

All Rosaline's illusions came tumbling about her ears. That this man, whom she confessed to herself had filled her thoughts and her heart ever since she had known him, should be so coldly counselling her, turned her soul sick.

She sprang to her feet. "So you think it's all right to get married for money?" she said scornfully; "well I don't. I guess I must be crazy; but when I get married it's going to be for love. I

Burgess Mount, Emerald Lake

don't care if—if—" Her voice broke, and she almost betrayed herself. "I don't care if he is Hebrew or Christian, black or white or pink, if he's got ten million or ten cents, so long as he loves me and I love him. If it's ten cents, so much the better, then I can help him get more. I want to be a real wife, not a play toy."

"I am much obliged for your advice, Mr. Jones; but I can't take it." She was half way out of the door, but he reached her in one bound.

"Rosie, you're all right! Don't go; you're just the girl for me. I was only trying you dear. Forgive me. I have loved you all the time from the first look I ever had at you; but now I just worship you."

She turned her flashing brown eyes, like a pair of search lights, full upon him.

"Rosie, I've got four hundred dollars in the bank, and this store with a thousand dollar mortgage on it. It is'nt much when you think of what Rosenstein has, but you will take it and me too?"

"If you were a beggar," said Rosaline, throwing her arms around him.

Just then the clerk returned, and Rosie bethought herself of her work. "Good-bye until to-night," whispered Jones; "I'm coming then to see your father."

"Won't popper be surprised when he sees you? Mr. Rosenstein is coming, too; but I won't see him."

"I wish you would; I have a special reason. When he comes, go down to see him, to please me, will you?"

"All right, to please you, I will. Good-bye; don't let my father kill you. Oh, won't he be mad!"

That night Rosie had her dinner early. "Tell popper when he comes in, that I have changed my mind and will see that Rosenstein," she said to her astonished mother.

She arrayed herself in her best, adding those subtle touches a woman never dreams of except for her lover. She heard the bell ring, and wondered which suitor it was, enduring with what patience she could the half hour of suspense which ensued, and then her father called her.

It's Mr. Rosenstein, he's got fifty thousand dollars," whispered her mother, meeting her in the hall.

"It ain't. It's Mr. Jones, the bookstore feller," said Moe, but she scarcely heard.

Levinsohn was holding the door open for her, his face wreathed in smiles, and on the hearth rug stood Mr. Jones.

"Rosie," said her father, "this is Mr. Isadore Rosenstein; he tells me you have met before already."

"No—no," stammered Rosie; "he's Mr. Jones, who has a book store on Second Avenue, and he is poor and not a Hebrew, and I am going to be his wife and help him pay off that mortgage."

Jones took her hands very gently. "Rosalie, I have deceived you. I am Isadore Rosenstein, the man who saw you in the theatre, and I fell in love with you then and there. I was so afraid of getting a wife to my money instead of myself that I decided to woo you both as a rich man and as a poor man. The rich man lost, as you know, and the poor man won. You have a heart of pure gold, and I love you."

"How did you—why did you——" she began, bewildered.

"That's a long story, Rosalie: I will tell it to you on our honeymoon."

The Lonely Toilers.

Specially Written for W.H.M. By Merodach Green, Bender, Sask.

EVERARD ESMOND was brought up on the beautiful sylvan shores of Shanty Bay. In that congenial atmosphere of wild beauty and romance he had whiled away his time, either in wandering through the deep woods or in canoeing on the velvet surface of the bay. But now as a young man he helped a neighboring farmer who, however, gave him insufficient remuneration for his services. He was strong and muscular in physique, thrifty, energetic and painstaking in his endeavors and very devoted to his task; yet his labors did not bring him the sufficiency that an ambitious young man looks forward to when dreaming of the time he will be able to marry the chosen one of youth. Besides, he was now nineteen years of age, and incited more by affection than by reason or foresight, had become engaged to the belle of the village—sweet Letitia Hammond. It was for her that he toiled so laboriously and patiently; and although, he knew his paltry earnings and poor position would bring her but a very humble home, yet he hoped that some mystic hand would lead him to prosperity and plenty.

As for Letitia, her heart was his sure possession; she had loved him ever since the day he took her out in his canoe; and with maiden fancy she passed away her time, thinking of the day when she would be a happy bride and the admiration of the village.

One day, however, Esmond received a letter from a friend of his who had gone out West and had been favored of Fortune. In it he was advised to leave Shanty Bay and chance it on the fresh plains of the Great West. At once the flame of ambition was kindled in his breast and that very night, when he met Letitia by the trysting tree, he expressed to her his desire to go away and seek fortune elsewhere. His friend had prospered by going away, why couldn't he? Staying in Shanty Bay would only impoverish him the more, whilst by going away he would be able to grow up with the country; he wanted a farm and wealth.

To Letitia this desire was not altogether unexpected, as many poor young men from Ontario had gone West and returned wealthy; and in her simple, innocent soul she considered it a duty to encourage him to seek the treasures of the luring plains; but when he told her it would be wise to break off the engagement on the ground that his future success was so uncertain and that by continuing the engagement he was barring her from better chances of marriage, she felt for the first time in her life the excruciating pains of broken hopes and shattered dreams. Yet he was sincere; she had found him affectionate and true, and his heart had never been inclined to deceive her; and after moments spent in bitterness and tears she gave him his liberty, at the same time telling him to remember that she loved him for what he was, not for what he might be, and reminding him of the fact that some day he would long for something that money could not buy.

Still they must part; the bitter inevitable was theirs; and after passionate kisses and sad farewells they sought their respective homes.

* * * * *

Life on the prairie is very, very lonely; in summer the homesteader can banish his loneliness by wooing the balm that continuous labor brings, but in winter much mental fortitude is necessary to bear the tediousness of life. Besides, a heavy fall of snow only makes his isolation more complete; for far from his domain whirl those phantasm of appetite, luxury and amusement that drive away the chimeras of retrospection and reminiscence. Yet to those who are willing to suffer a few hardships, the prairie proves to be the Promised Land, rich with the abundance of heaven.

For three years Everard Esmond toiled arduously on his "quarter-section" in the West; his continuous la-

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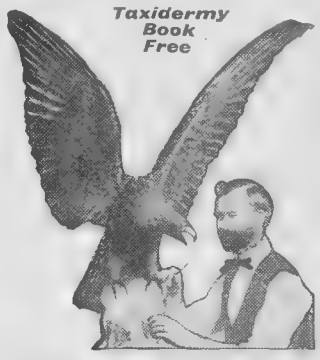

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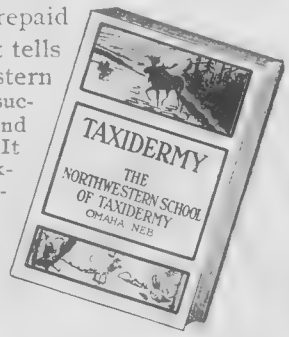

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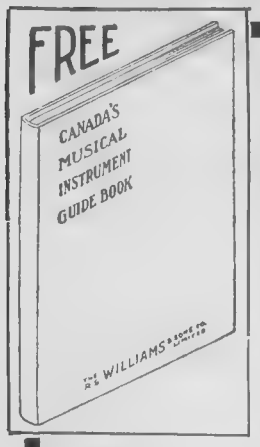

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bor, scientific farming and unceasing perseverance brought him rich crops and prosperity. His sod shacks were replaced by frame buildings; his stock multiplied; prairie-fires never devastated his acres and as the years rolled by he found himself well-blessed by the Hand that favors the industrious, and never leaves the sad utterly forsaken.

Being abstemious and exceptionally thrifty, he was able to save and with his savings purchased farm after farm until a rumor went abroad that he was one of the richest farmers in the West. He employed many men; his farms were kept under his close supervision and were regarded as the best in all that district: so that when the farmers formed themselves into an association, they could find no man more capable of acting as president than Farmer Esmond. His popularity he had won in many ways; wherever a young homesteader, miscalculating the necessary expenses of a coming year found himself in a difficulty, the ever-helping hand of the President prevented him falling a victim to capricious land and implement agents; the poor alien striving to make a home on the prairie, obtained ready help from the rich farmer; it seemed as if the angel of blessing was continually leading him to help the poor, to raise the fallen, to cheer the stranger; and consequently the star of his popularity was always in the ascendant. The society in which he moved included the richest and noblest in all the West, so that when the association desired a capable and experienced man to represent them at Ottawa, the choice naturally fell on him.

At last he had acquired wealth, estate and honor; the blessings of half a nation were on his head; rich and poor alike thanked heaven for his exemplary life. Through all the West his name was known, and soon a speech at Ottawa would further extend his fame.

* * * * *

The threshing machines were in the fields, their muffled throb piercing the silence of the endless plains; the harvesters were busy bringing in the bushels of grain into the granaries, when Farmer Esmond drove out to scan the abundance that heaven had bestowed upon him again. His eyes surveyed meditatively the area, dotted so well with valuable stacks of wheat and oats. He was evidently reaping what he had sown. He had farms, wealth, position, and honor; what more could a man desire? Everything was favorable; yet this day a strange yearning had crept upon him—some unfathomable longing that golden corn and money could not satisfy. He was toiling alone—and for what? For that which could give his heart but little joy with the deeper desire saddening his soul.

Fifteen years before, he had left Shanty Bay; and during these years he had toiled patiently in order to prosper; his ambitions had been realised; but what was this strange void within him — this deep, calling unto deep—that transient materialism failed to pacify?

And amidst the chill of despair that this brought upon him, his mind sped rapidly over prairie and mountain, lake and dell, to the almost forgotten scenes of Shanty Bay — to scenes of home, of youth's idle days, of affection and of love; and before his mental vision appeared the form of Letitia Hammond. Ah! where was she today? He well remembered the bitter parting, the tears, the passionate embraces; she did love him, and with that thought came the overpowering stream of reminiscence that flooded his soul with the bitterness of March. Yes! there was something that money could not buy and he longed for it!

To-morrow, however, he would be going to Ottawa to speak on behalf of the farmers, and on his return he would call at Shanty Bay and enquire concerning the girl he so loved. There was romance in the thought!

* * * * *

Seeing advertisements concerning an exhibition at Toronto of the paintings of Canadian artists, Everard Esmond decided to spend a few days in that city, ere proceeding to Shanty Bay. Having arrived at the city, he immediately directed his steps towards the exhibition and was soon admiring the products of Canadian talent.

A Winnipeg sweet pea garden.

Amongst the pictures there was one in particular that drew his attention. The painting, entitled, "The Greatest Of All Is Love," represented a boy and girl playing on the shore of the lake, and both appeared as happy as sunbeams that seemed to be kissing the gentle waves.

Others passing up and down the long gallery paid little heed to the painting; yet the more he looked at it the more he admired it—for the girl was so much like Letitia Hammond. There was the same sweet face as in childhood's happy days, the same hand, same form, the same wealth of dishevelled hair falling profusely over the neat shoulders, the same gentle looks that fascinated him so much when they were together. The painting was superb! and it awoke memories of happiness and peace that for fifteen years had lain under the things that cannot satisfy craving affinity. Recollecting his feelings, he decided to purchase the picture. He called an attendant and desired of him the address of the artist. In a very short time he found himself comfortably seated in a large studio, where a middle-aged lady was busy on a new picture. Though in her features he read the unfailing evidences of hard toil and silent sorrow, yet there was much dignity and grace in her bearing; and the freshness of complexion that must have characterised her but a few years before still revealed itself with every smile and movement. He told her

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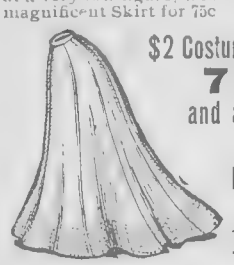

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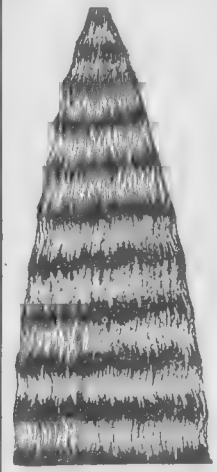

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how he desired to purchase the painting in the exhibition, and praised it highly. The lady, however, after thanking him for his compliments and offer, remarked that she did not wish to sell it, as it was her favorite painting, but if he chose, she would show him some others. He saw them all, but they failed to impress him as "The Greatest Of All is Love." Seeing him dissatisfied, she curiously asked him why he liked the painting so much. With a smile that only served to give easier escape to a sigh, he said, "Well, madam, the picture is peculiarly applicable to my life; it reminds me of the days of my boyhood and I feel it would serve as a link to connect me with the past, and," he continued in an undertone, "with the days that are no more." "How strange!" exclaimed the lady, "but surely, from the high price you offer me, you never were like the ragged boy I have painted in the picture!" "Yes," replied Esmond, "I knew what poverty was in those days and I hope I shall never experience it again." "I see," said the lady, "you have risen from the ranks of hard toilers; but if you like, sir, I will make you another picture and leave the girl out of it altogether."

"No! no!" exclaimed Esmond, "the little girl reminds me of a dear friend of mine in years gone by, and I want the picture, because as far as I can recollect it is almost a perfect painting of her."

"And was she as fair as the one in the picture?" inquired the lady.

"Quite as fair in every detail, and very dear to me, for until we were nineteen nothing had come between us, but then circumstances compelled us to part. I was too poor then; and thinking it wrong of me to marry a girl into poverty, I considered it wise to break the engagement and we parted. I went West and she remained with her parents," said Esmond.

"How sad!" exclaimed the lady, "but did you write to her or think about her when you prospered, or did she marry another?"

"I did think of her, but, considering it wiser to remain where I was, and as I was, I allowed the years to run by until it seemed too late to write to her," said Esmond.

"But," further inquired the lady, "what became of her?"

"I don't know," said Esmond, and, as if startled from the conversation, turned to the lady and said, "pardon me, madam, for being so childish, but let me ask you again to sell me the picture."

Leading him to another picture and telling him to unveil it she said, "Perhaps you would like this one as well?"

Curiously he lifted the veil, and, gazing in utter bewilderment at a picture, entitled, "Parting Is Bitter," he loudly exclaimed, "Great heaven! that's Letitia and I," and, turning to the artist added, "tell me, madam, where did you get that scene? — and who are you?"

Looking at him with a gentle light in her eyes—a light that shone from the soul—she slowly said, "I'm Letitia Hammond, and like you, I am toiling alone; you sought wealth and estate and got it, I sought happiness in love, but was left to travel alone on a hard and perilous road, my dearest hopes broken and my dreams completely shattered. However——" there was a pause, and she, unable any longer to stem the stream of resuscitated feeling and affection which was rapidly flooding her soul, sought calm in tears; whilst he, completely baffled by the unexpected, passionately clasped to his breast the girl of his heart; and there in front of "Parting Is Bitter" the lonely toilers decided to keep for ever "The Greatest Of All is Love," both believing there was something that money could not buy.

Apples and Nuts.

Hallowe'en Hints by a Scottish Contributor ("Bess").

Apples and nuts are, the world over, one of the principal features of a Hallowe'en festival They are supposed to serve a double purpose: to eat and to foretell the future. In olden days, it was believed that all the elves and witches of fairyland were afoot that night and though now, in these enlightened days, we no longer believe in these supernatural happenings, still that is no reason why we should forego the fun and frolic the occasion gives; the "ducking" for apples, the burning of nuts, etcetera.

An Old Fashioned Hallowe'en.

Hallowe'en, or evening, is as "every schoolboy knows," the eve of Hallow mass, the feast of All Saints, and is held on the 31st of October. It is always the occasion for a merry making. Hallowe'en parties being everywhere the order of the day. These may vary considerably in style, menus, etc., but the general idea is to have decorations as "witchy" and "ghostly" as possible, and to have the old time games as amusements, hallowe'en being a link with the past. Rich people can spend a very great deal on decorations and the menu, but the fun can be just as hearty, the fare just as much enjoyed in simple cottage style.

Burns, Scotland's beloved poet, gives a great description of the festival as it was held in his day, one of the verses running:

"Some kindly, merry countra folks
Together did convene,
Tae burn their nits, and pu 'their stocks
An' haud their Hallowe'en."

One feature of Hallowe'en gathering I must refer to, that is the

Mystic Cake.

This must be baked at home, and in it must be put a ring, a thimble, a button, and two pieces of silver. This must not be cut until near the close of supper, and then only into as many pieces as there are guests. Whoever gets the ring is to be married within a year; the thimble and button foretell bachelordom or spinsterdom; and those who get the money are to inherit fortunes. If possible, fortune telling must be indulged in at supper time—by "reading the tea cups." It is well to include anyone who practices this art in your invitation, as the character of the evening lends itself to features of this kind. A great feature at Scottish cottage Hallowe'en gatherings is the

Dish of Mashed Potatoes.

"Chappit tauties," as the elder Scotch like to call them. This is generally eaten in the kitchen before coming to supper in the dining room, the big saucepan of "tauties" being on the floor, and the guests squatted round it, each with a spoon in hand. In the mashed potatoes are hidden the same symbols as are embedded in the mystic cake, and the finder has the same fortune. To give all an equal chance of finding his fortune, all sup the potatoes from one dish, and much fun and merriment is occasioned, as each one tries to eat as many spoonfuls as he can to increase his chance of finding his fortune.

The Table Decorations

need not cost much. A Jack o' Lantern of wire and yellow tissue paper could be hung from the chandelier, tied with a bow of red ribbon. On it might be paper bats (cut out of black paper) and black cats. Strings of baby ribbon might depend from this to each corner of the table; or if this does not suit, the Jack o' Lantern could be placed on the table itself. On these streamers of baby ribbon r ight be little mice (paper), black cats and bats. Other smaller Jack o' Lanterns might be placed at each corner of the table. The nuts might be in skulls, the apples (bright red cheeked ones) in little wooden tubs, on which might be pasted wit-

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witches and cats galore. Scattered on the cloth have little silver paper horse shoes (emblems of good luck), and round the edge of the cloth have witches and cats—cut from black paper—pinned on. Have all the lighting, if possible, done by candles, and well shaded at that. Part of the menu might be apple tart, or individual baked apple dumplings.

Cold Iced Apples

are also very nice. These are done in the following way. Pare and core 12 apples; fill the cores with sugar, grate of nutmeg, and a small piece of butter, and place in oven till nearly done—taking care they do not over cook and break. Ice when cold with the following: Sift six ounces icing sugar in basin, moisten with one white of egg, a squeeze of lemon juice, and, if needed, a little hot water to make a smooth paste. With this ice the top and sides of the apples. If too moist, the icing will run—serve with cream.

Nut Cakes of All Kinds

must be in evidence; also all kinds of nuts. A walnut scramble might finish the evening—even grown ups will join in this, for Hallowe'en lends itself to fun, and even the "properest" of the proper standoffish misses, joins in the fun which, on this evening more than any other, has a sort of license for well bred rowdyism. Every thirteenth walnut should have the kernel extracted, and something, say a thimble, fancy pen point, coin, ring, or charm substituted, the shells being neatly glued together again.

Now as to games. To take up the third line of Burns' verse given above we get—

"The burning of the nuts."

This is still observed all over. A pair of nuts is set on the ribs of the fire, and named after a couple. If they roasted quickly side by side, or if they started apart with a bang, good or evil to the courtship was foretold. This forms a nice rest after a rollicking game.

"Tae Pu' Their Stocks."

This is not now so often observed. In Scotch gardens green kail are largely grown—these being picked off leaf by leaf as needed, the stock or "runt" remaining in the ground, often sending up fresh green shoots, and remaining green all winter. In fact, lots of Scotch women will tell you they never enjoy their kail till they have got a touch of frost. It is the "pu' in" of the stocks or roots left in the ground that is referred to. Together, during the evening's fun, lad and lass went to the kail yard and with shut eyes chose and pulled their stock. Even with their shut eyes they groped till they found a straight one, for a crooked one meant the same shape of a life partner. If lots of earth clung to the root, good luck and all happiness in married life was sure to follow.

An Apple Peeling Contest.

That is, peeling an apple with the peel all in one if possible, which is then thrown over the left shoulder, when it will form an initial, is more indulged in now than "ducking," that is, seizing with the mouth, apples or parts of them floating in a tub of water, which sport is now mostly reserved for boys, girls trying to catch the apples by dropping a fork from between the teeth into the tub. Many girls get quite adepts at this kind of ducking. Another test of fortune at old fashioned gatherings is

The Three "Luggies" or Basins of Water.

To again quote Burns:

"In order on the clean hearth stane
The luggies three are ranged;
And ilka time great care is ta'en
Tae keep the luggies changed."

Only nowadays the basins or saucers are mostly put on the table. They contain respectively clean water, dirty water, and no water at all; foretelling marriage with a bachelor, with a widower, and no marriage at all: the searcher for a fortune being led blindfold up to the table and pointing to one of the saucers.

A Good Hallowe'en Game

that may be new to many is "The Hallow E'en Lucky Bag." Into a bag put a five cent piece, a ring, a thimble, a crooked stick, a sod of earth wrapped in paper, and a number of little bits of cloth—red, blue, black, and green—all wrapped separately. The blindfolded player dips an arm into the bag, and chooses one of the little parcels. The ring tells who will be first married; the silver, a legacy; the thimble, hard work all their lives; sod, single blessedness; crooked stick, marriage with a widower; red cloth, a soldier; black, a doctor or a minister; blue, a sailor; and green, marriage with a farmer.

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Closing scene in the Lords Veto Bill. The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Leader of Opposition, moves his Vote of Censure on the Government

Canada's Seven Hundred.

By John Richardson.

An Englishman's View of the Royal North West Mounted Police.

I was one of the 5,000 people who witnessed the manoeuvres of the Royal North West Mounted Police at Montreal just prior to their departure for the Coronation festivities in England.

At my elbow was a critical Englishman, connected with the War Office—a bold, upright individual, just the kind of man who does credit to his nationality. And this man, who saw the Horse Guards at Whitehall every day and witnessed the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace as quite an ordinary event, was wrapt up in admiration for the body of men who wear on their shoulders a brass plate bearing the letters R.N.W.M.P.

Before they were dismissed Mayor Guerin addressed the men. He was brief and to the point. "Canada is proud of you," he said; "and I am sure you will not forget that while you are in England the eyes of Great Britain will be on you."

"The mayor need not fear," commented my friend of the War Office. "Those men would pass right under the microscope of all Europe.

Long before I met them I had heard and read of the North West Mounted Police. But it was when I was 5,000 miles away, and when a man looks at a thing through a mental telescope as long as from Sheffield to Regina he cannot be blamed if his perspective is a bit misty and uncertain. So when I imagined the North West Mounted Police as a force kept in the "wild" west to keep a "wild" west in order, having as its sole duty the rounding up of rebel Indians and other perilous enterprises, I was only imagining what so many Englishmen have imagined before me, and are imagining to-day.

You can be sure that when I first set eyes on a real member of the Mounted Police I was interested. It was at Yorkton, Saskatchewan. He was standing at the railway station waiting for the west bound train, and clustered in the little station were hundreds of foreigners—Galicians, Doukabours, and so on. Out of curiosity they had collected at the little station, and amid the babel of tongues, they were looking down the track for one of the two trains a day which kept them in touch with the outside world.

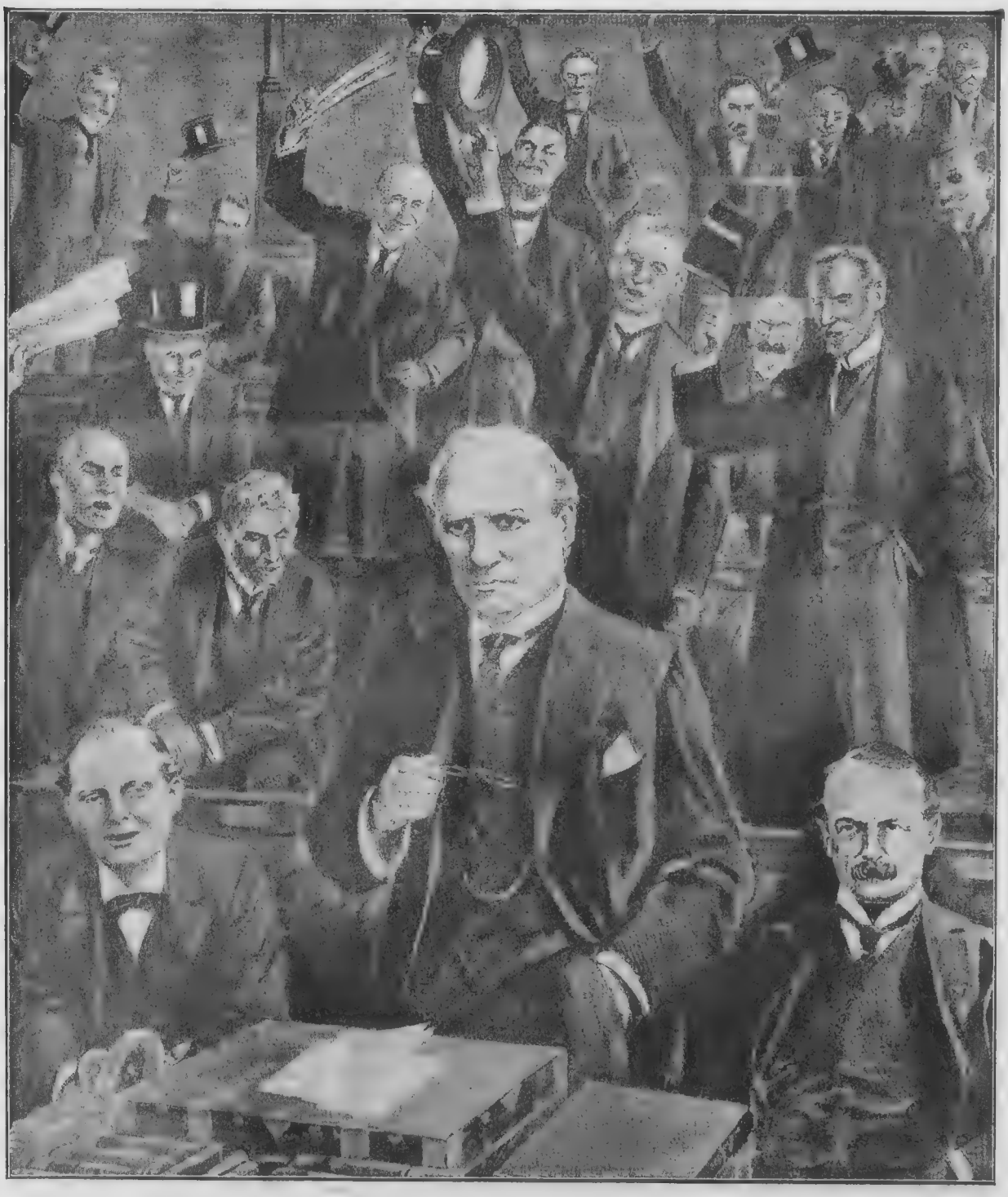
I glanced from the miscellaneous crowd to the red coated constable. The setting of that little scene made me appreciate more the work of the Riders

A R.N.W.M.P. on his way to the Coronation.

of the Plains than any Blue Book that has seen the light from the Government offices at Ottawa. And as I strolled away to the hotel—yes, Yorkton has hotels: there were three there when I was there, and the place has had a phenomenal growth since then—I wondered why the North West Mounted Police was so different from the ordinary man in blue. How often you hear of the "sleepy blue coat." But you never hear of a sleepy North West Mounted Policeman.

When I was with Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Regina last year, I asked Commissioner Perry, the head of the force, why his men had such a good reputation. "Because we deserve it," was his reply. That's the answer given by everybody who understands the work of the 700 men under Major Perry's command.

Yes, there are about 700 of them. When the force was brought into existence in 1873 Parliament limited the number to 300. The authority passed



The closing scene in the Lords Veto Bill. Premier Asquith replying to the Vote of Censure.

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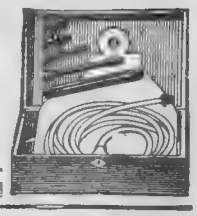

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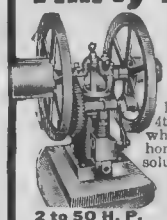

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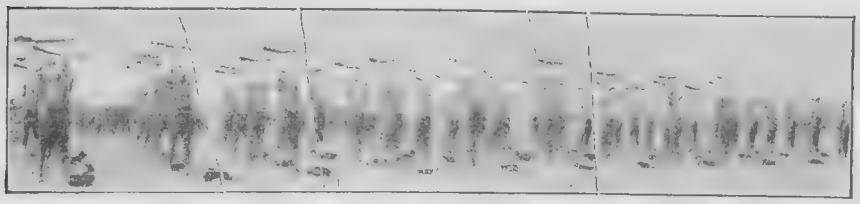

R.N.W.M.P. drilling in Montreal before embarking for Coronation.

R.N.W.M.P. on parade.

by Parliament for their organization says they are "to act for the better preservation of law and order in the North-west Territories." Have you ever thought what this means? The 700 men of the North West Mounted Police work over an area of 300,000 square miles—just about two and a half times the area of Great Britain, or one and a half times the area of the German Empire. These 700 men do what it takes European armies to do—they patrol a frontier of a foreign country extending 800 miles.

If a man smuggles goods from the United States, or an undesirable tries to cross the boundary surreptitously, it is almost a certainty he will fall into the hands of one of the 700. It may not be immediately he has walked over the imaginary line which divides Canada from the United States; he may even go miles over the Canadian prairie without meeting a soul, but sooner or later he will see a cloud of dust on the horizon and the approach of the man in the red tunic. If the stranger can satisfy the constable he will be glad to get his advice as to trails, but if he has broken the law he is promptly taken to the nearest guard room, which are the only lock-ups and jails in those parts. Offenders are tried by the inspectors. There was a time when the North West Mounted Police were police, jury, judge, parliament and plenipotentiary combined. I know one officer who has acted as undertaker, clergyman and executor.

The police have their hands full keeping down cattle raids, stealing and smuggling, especially among the Indians, but they have other duties. For instance they enforce the ordinance against prairie fires, and see the game laws are not infringed. They are a boon to the owners of cattle ranches. Cattle and horses are the wealth of many of the districts, and the police patrolling the ranges are familiar with all the brands in their localities, and they are quick to detect theft in all its various forms.

The Indian is not now the troublesome individual Canada has known him to be. He has a great respect for the scarlet tunic. It is no uncommon thing for a constable to enter alone an Indian reserve and arrest an Indian law breaker. This kind of thing requires a lot of nerve. But as an officer put it to me, the constable knows his man, and will get him dead or alive. No one is more sure of this than the Indian who has learned from experience that the Mounted Police are not to be trifled with.

The Patrolling Mounted Police were rarely heard of prior to the tragic death of the Fitzgerald party, who recently lost their lives in the Lone Land. After living on dogs' meat for several days, they were found stiff and frozen in a country where men and mild nature are almost unknown.

"And what Fitzgerald did many of us have to do every year," I heard one of Commissioner Perry's men say. "We go and just manage to get through; poor Fitzgerald lost his way, and then his life. But the operation is always going on. Fortunately, we nearly always pull through; and it is only when a Fitzgerald dies that the outside world hears of it."

Then there's the value of the Mounted Police as a military unit. They have often shown their merit, not only as defenders of law and order, but as defenders of their country and empire. When the South African war broke out a large percentage of them were drafted into the Cape Mounted Rifles, and they rendered service which should always be a tribute to their prowess and gallantry.

At Harts River a handful of Canadians held back the advance of the Boers for hours. There were only a few Canucks, and by all the rules of war they should have surrendered. But they fought on. One by one they fell, wounded by Boer bullets; but lying in their life's blood they still loaded and fired at the advancing foe. The Boers thought that a large force must be holding the position, so steadily did the rifle fire keep up. So they approached gradually in short rushes, from cover to cover, and ever the Canadians faced the rain of bullets and fought on. They took the cartridges from the pouches of their own dead; they re-placed their over-heated rifles with those in the cold hands that would never again be warm; and a few sorely wounded men held back an army.

At the last, three men, named Wilkinson, Minchen and Evans, disabled their rifles to render them useless to the enemy. Finally the Boers came up, and saw the handful that had held them back.

"You should have surrendered," they cried.

"We are Canadians," was the answer; "and Canadians never surrender."

"Are there any more Canadians with

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No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

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the army over there behind you?" asked the Boer commander.

"A whole Canadian contingent," was the answer.

Then the Boer force turned back, and rode in another direction. They had had enough of Canadians of this type.

I chatted with a member of the R.N.W.M.P. on a Montreal street car the day before they sailed for the Coronation. He, too, was an Englishman—he came from Birmingham; and he could tell me a lot about "Joe."

This fellow had served through the South African war, and when the fighting was over he came to Canada and joined the force at Regina. He was now in the Lethbridge Division. "Yes, they knew they had a good reputation," he said, "and each man was determined to keep it."

But he showed that the lot of the Mounted Police is not "all honey." To satisfy your curiosity I will tell you what money these men get. For the first year a constable gets sixty cents a day, and for the following nine years he gets an increase each year of five cents a day. After nine years he is receiving a dollar a day. Such is the exemplary munificence of modern governments! Of course the men have free rations and uniforms, and a pension at the end of their twenty years' service. But from fifty cents to a dollar a day in a country where men are making fortunes, is something for you to think about. What a lucky thing it is that married men are debarred from entering the force!

I asked the constable who prided himself in his Birmingham birth who were the most difficult people to handle in his district. Shall I whisper what he told me? He said, "those who come over from the United States," and he said this before even enquiring whether or not I was an American. When I asked him why, he answered, "Because they think they can do just what they like."

When I want to show up the qualities of the men who cover the western trails, there's no need nowadays to refer to the Riel rebellion, and the other disturbances they have had to quell. We can come nearer our own time and remember Fitzgerald and the men who died with him doing their duty. I read the diary brought to Ottawa after the frozen corpses had been found in the Lone Land. It was truly a message from the dead. If you want to think of an example of the indomitable pluck of the Canadian people, you must remember Fitzgerald eating dog's meat to keep his body and soul alive for at least another day.

My War Office critic remembered Fitzgerald as a type, and that's why he declared "they would pass alright under the microscope of Europe."

Scenes from the Pacific.

"OH HEAR US WHEN WE CRY TO THEE FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA."

By Bonnycastle Dale. Photos by the author. Specially Written for the W.H.M.

On this extreme edge of the Dominion, where the mighty Island of Vancouver is washed by the breaking surf of the restless Pacific we hear many odd tales from those "who go down to the sea in ships," not the fearsome yarns of some derelict of the sea, those swiftly passing A.B's, but copied direct from the log or told by the survivor, for remember though this island is bathed in semi-perpetual sunshine, though the mildest of climates holds sway, though the great navigator did call this mighty sheet The Pacific, these northwestern shores of the big continent of America are swept by storms unbeaten in any clime, so listen to the testimony of the men that battle with them.

"All we found was the lifeboat, there was a bit of broken davit to it, found on Cape Scott (the northern cape of Vancouver Island). All—this is all to tell the fate of the St. Dennis which left Victoria Nov. 21st, 1910, with captain and full crew southbound to new owners. It seems so hard to us that live on this beautiful island in the temperate zone that so many staunch ships should founder so close to us—this dread cape Flattery where the St Dennis made the final plunge is but an hundred miles from the capital city of Victoria. It marks the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca that divide the United States from the island shores of Canada. The last seen of the ill fated vessel was her plunging heavily as she passed out of the Straits into the open Pacific.

Within sight of where she met her fate rest the rusted bones of many a good ship—Look at the picture of the Soquel. Driving before a strong fair wind on that night of all nights—Christmas Eve—bound up channel to the nearby ports, within a few hours sail of the end of the voyage, with all the Captain's loved ones aboard, with the warning lights of the most modern aids to navigation shining out, with late charts to aid him, this unfortunate man, having overrun his course some ten miles, drove his good ship ashore with all sails drawing on the Sea Bird rocks in pitch darkness. Look well at that tragic stump that is left of the mizzen—the captain's wife and child came running on to deck just after the first grating, bumping, sliding roar of the impact was over—just in

Wreck of the Soquel on the Sea Bird Rocks off Vancouver

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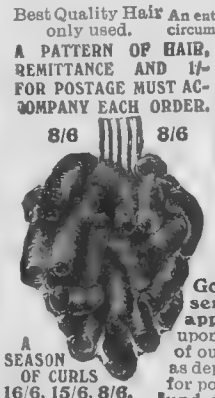

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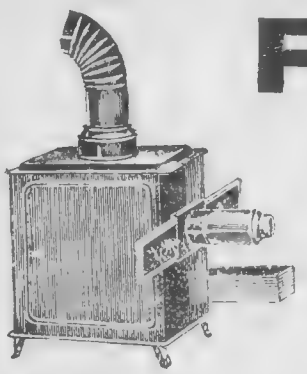

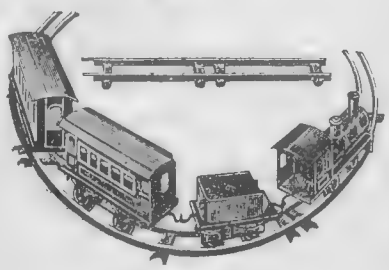

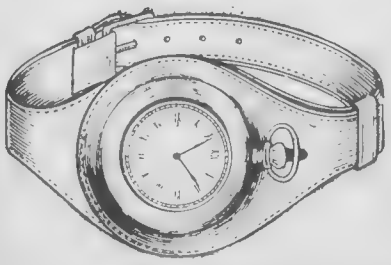

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time to be caught by the falling mast and killed.

Ah! that surf ridden coast with the cruel fangs of the outer reefs waiting for the careless mariner. Time after time overdue ships have fought the final battle with the elements within sound of cannon of our shores, while we sit before roaring fires—fires that oftime in their flotsam wood tell of other wrecks—late comes the tale that the West Coast Indians have picked up much wreckage, alas, never a human soul escapes, and rarely is a body washed ashore.

No, the fault is not of the coast, often it is of overloading, of treacherous, shifting deckloads of lumber, of that worst of all loads, barley, that lays a good ship on her beam ends and sifts over as does sand before a storm. Remember also that we have an immense shore line to light and guard, Also that we have an efficient life boat service. But where you see as is shown in the illustration, high-flung foam of breakers, five; ten miles from the main shores of Vancouver Island, then know that the barrier reef claims many of the victims. Remember so treacherous are the tiderips and currents off the north end of this three-hundred-mile-long island that the Admiralty charts yet give warning "Heavy tiderips and overfalls, dangerous for small vessels." Many of us think that time will show a "pinnacle rock"—just the tip of some submarine mountain lying off the mouth of the Straits. This would show cause for the many mysterious wrecks.

Marvel of marvels, truly truth is stranger than fiction. Here is an entry from my note book, vouched for by the captain, the only survivor of the unfortunate tug, "I was towing the freighter—she was under her own steam, when suddenly looking back I saw her high bow right over me—a push, a roll and over went the tug. I sprang for the wheel house door but it jammed. Down went the tug right under the freighter's forefoot. Over and over my boat rolled on its strange journey, actually turning over and over, as a roller turns under a moving house. I was as often on the ceiling of the wheelhouse as on the floor. All that lay between me and death was the thin glass of the windows. Every man of the crew was off the submerged tug by now, drowning in the swirl behind the advancing freighter, finally, after I should think ten to twelve complete revolutions, while I was rolled up the walls and over the ceiling and back down the walls and over the floor, the tug came to the surface just behind the big propeller of the colliding craft. No sooner did the tug emerge from its strange trip than I found I could open the door—I did so and leaped off just as she sank beneath my feet on her final plunge." This story will be vouched for by any marine writer of the coast city journals from Victoria to San Francisco.

The derelicts that float in the great paths of navigation are another menace to our shipping. It is a very strange experience to stand on the deck of your ship and see the cast-away, just the three stumps to tell of that fatal moment when the masts fell, a torn and swollen deck, the wreck only kept afloat by the cargo of lumber. Alas and alas! when we know full well that the wreck before us was the Susie M. Plummer, and we had dim visions of the awful fight that fated crew kept up off Flattery—so near us and yet so far off.

Squashing through a heavy sea, with everything awash, with the engine room full of water and two fires of three out the crew of the Henriette made a noble fight that wild day off Queen Charlotte Island. Her firemen worked waist deep in water that was ice cold in one current and scalding from slashing on the boilers in the next. Dipping down under water to get the lumps of coal—dodging the wreckage that was afloat even in the engine room—those noble men toiled, aye! even after word came that the pumps were choked with coal dust, and she was wallowing like a porpoise in the heavy sea. Sleet and rain added to the terrors of the great seas running. With their bodies cut and bruised by the battering from the loose timbers and floors, badly scalded though they were, they called all hands to help them and they put their puny strength and tiny buckets against the wrath and power of the angry Pacific, and brought the battered craft safely into the harbour. Almost a full twenty-four hours the captain and quartermaster stood at the wheel, running before the terrific seas, the citizens of the home port raised a purse of gold for these men that literally snatched their boat "out of the jaws of death."

It is remarkable that while we have had so many wrecks we have lost so few lives. Take the case of the Yucatan steaming at full speed southward bound off Alaskan coast in a heavy snow storm, Crash! she went right into an immense iceberg, punching in her plates like so many wafers, yet, even on that desolate coast, while the engineers and firemen stuck to their posts the captain ran her, a mile race against the inpouring flood, and beached her safely in Mud Bay without the loss of a life. That long, irregular, fanged coast should be better lighted while owned by so rich a nation as the United States.

How often we read of a derelict launch, an empty canoe, a rude raft being picked up. How often in our wanderings do we come across some bit of flotsam, perhaps the only mute record of the casting away of some well appointed ship. The Indians on the west coast of the Queen Charlottes and also on the west coast of our long Vancouver Island garner an odd collection of flotsam from the shores. Timbers, planks, ties, lumber, laths, shingles, piles, from poorly fastened, overburdened deck loads. Furniture and beds and chests that went over the rail when the deck houses were torn from their holds. None of this pile of stuff bears identification marks. Some it is true, but very little comes from the south on the Californian current, a very tiny bit—we do pick up bamboos from Japan—crosses the wide Pacific on its long journey, but of the living beings who trod these wrecked decks and slept in these sodden beds not a trace.

How we sadly wait when the ships that leave here are marked "overdue." How

Str. Tartar Ashore and Sunk near Lund B. C., Raised by Salvage Str. Wm. Golliffe.

we wonder which of the stormy capes, Flattery or Cape Horn, claimed them. I have seen mute evidence in stranded lifeboats, sand-covered wrecks with only just the bow, like some sand burrowing monster emerging from its lair, protruding.

The Condor, the Mattewan, the Montserrat, the Plummer, the Soquel, the St. Dennis—all save the big schooner disappeared forever soon after they left the Straits of Juan de Fuca for the open Pacific—may not that pinnacle rock exist? Again there is no doubt of the strong currents and mighty winds, eighty miles an hour off Triangle with its cross seas spells disaster to any undermanned, overladen ship (I use the word ship in the wide sense of all bottoms). Only a name board of the Dominion, just confused wreckage supposed to be the Celtic Bard and the Carredec. No doubt the Andrada lies near by, peopleing the bottom of the littoral with her long hull and streaming ropes and bottom feeding fish covered crew. The Martfield, the illfated Valencia, the old Pass of Melfort's rusty bones lie there also. She drove ashore near the cliffs one winter night and never a soul was left alive to tell the tale.

Will the invention of Frank P. Brust of Seattle, Washington, help us at least to locate wrecks. He has an instrument which placed on the decks would send its bouyant floats to the surface to mark the sunken ship.

Then the great surf that runs on the shores of this sunkissed island, Oh! how fair a scene must be ours to any straining eyes of shipwrecked ones, this mighty surf claims many a victim that may escape from the outer perils. I know a case of where two men left our little harbour and were pitchpoled in the surf and perished miserably within sight of their companion who stood upon the beach. The little lineman's station they were bound to is one of the links in the life saving service of our West Coast. A new man must needs come and they tell of how he sat in that lonely cabin, revolver in hand, all the first night, waiting for the unseen terror. I tell you of these bitter things of the seamen's life that we may all work for better safeguards, better lighthouse service, more and more life saving stations.

There are bits of comedy in this awful work too. One of the doctors of the U.S. Station across the Straits caught his new recruity carefully standing a rescued one upon his head "so that the dirthy water might run out sir." Another over anxious new arrival summoned the whole boat's crew and off went the life boat to rescue a current observer that was working from an open boat in the Straits. The funny part is that the man, lying down with his head over the side, deeply interested in some dark object that hovered below evidently attracted by his instrument, never saw the life savers until an unruly sea bumped them right into his semi-anchored craft, over he went like a shot out of a cannon, so the new recruity boy had the honor of first shipwrecking his man, then of jumping in and insisting in pulling out a man that swam much better than himself. It was only when he climbed in over the watersoaked one and commenced to give first aid to the drowning that he caused acute resentment in the victim's breast and received a neat little prod on the chin that sent him into the scuppers. It is gravely affirmed that the whole lifeboat's crew only then woke to the fact that they had provided their own patient.

British Columbia Coast Scene.

The Joys of Minaki.

Specially written for the W.H.M. by Geo. McNally.

Having heard much of Minaki, its beauty, its lovely situation, and, best of all from our point of view, the splendid fishing to be obtained in the neighborhood, my friend and I determined to pay it a visit and see for ourselves whether there had been any exaggeration or not in the stories we had heard.

Minaki is situated 115 miles east of Winnipeg on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway at the point where it crosses the Winnipeg River, and is being boomed by the railway company as a new summer resort, and I may say that it is certainly worth all the booming they can give it.

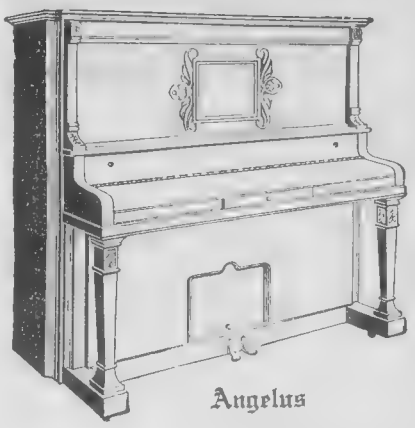
We left Winnipeg at 1.30 p.m., and after a fine run through some very pretty scenery, especially after passing through Brereton, we arrived at Minaki at 5.15 p.m. Leaving the station and going down the railway embankment to the water's edge, we entered a large motor boat which took us across the bay to the Holst Point Hotel, owned by Mr. Leonard Holst.

Having registered, and supper not yet being ready, we went for a short stroll to try and get our bearings and to see what grounds seemed the most likely to fish. Going along the bank we noticed a boy and girl fishing from a boat just east of the railway bridge, and while watching them, saw them catch a Muskylonge, which they had to tow to the bank before attempting to land it, as they had no landing net. This fish on being measured and weighed came out as follows: Length, 50 inches; girth, 19 inches; weight, 35 pounds. This augured well for the fishing, and we turned for our return walk in a very contented frame of mind.

Returning through the woods we found them to be full of all kinds of wild fruit: Blueberries, wild strawberries, raspberries, choke cherries and Saskatoons abound in wild profusion; while all kinds of wild flowers were in full bloom in every direction. We arrived back at the hotel just in time to hear the supper bell, and, needless to say, we did full justice to the excellent repast served.

After supper we got our fishing tackle together, and chartering a boat, pushed off to have an hour's fishing before it became too dark. Pulling up towards the railway bridge with the artificial

Piano Bargains



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Bell—Mahogany case, in splendid condition, regular $500—for $275.

Schumann—Large size, walnut case, [illegible] tone—only $225.

Heintzman—Mahogany case, Ionic style, almost new, regular $425—only $225.

Sterling—Medium size, very nice tone, regular $400—now $200.

Evans—Mahogany case, full octaves, Plain panels, $375—only $185.

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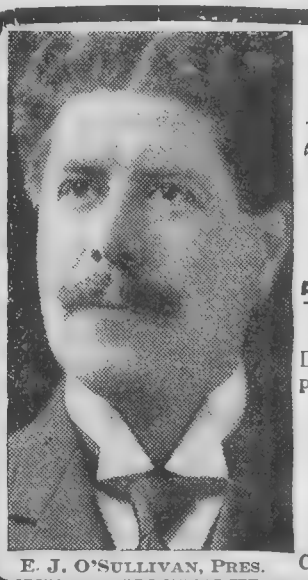

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minnows towing behind, we soon had a bite, and landed, after a short struggle, a three pound pike. Continuing on our way one of the lines suddenly began to run out rapidly, and we made sure we had got something big, but it turned out to be a large wire stretched across the river. After disentangling this, we turned the boat and went back through the bridge and landed a fine five pound pickerel after a very pretty struggle, during which the fish twice tried to go under the boat. Later on we landed two more small pike and one small pickerel, making a total of five fish for one hour's fishing. As it was now too dark to see what we were about we pulled back to the boat house and put up the boat for the night, well satisfied.

At five o'clock next morning we were up, and hastily putting on our clothes we made our way down to the boat-house and were soon afloat. Pulling straight across the river, which here opens into a large bay, fully one mile across, we decided to hug the shore and again pull up towards the railway bridge, where we had our success the previous evening. We pulled steadily up the shore of the large bay into the narrow water and then turned into a smaller bay where the water was covered to a large extent with water lilies. Hardly had we got near to these when the line on my friend's reel began to run out at an alarming rate. Hastily dropping the oars and picking up his rod, which had been held by a rod holder, he excitedly announced that he had got a whopper. Away the line sailed, and I was beginning to fear that he would have a break before the rush finished, when the fish suddenly turned and came straight back towards the boat. It was well for him that is was a multiple reel that he was using as he was barely able to reel the line in fast enough. Quite close to the boat the fish came and then turned again, and made out for the deep water in the centre of the bay. As I had by now managed to get hold of the oars which he had dropped, I sent the boat out towards the centre so as to ease the strain on the line, which was now almost all run out. Straight out he went for fully two hundred and fifty yards, then he went to the bottom and refused to budge for fully five minutes, despite all the strain that was put on him. Then all of a sudden up he came, and took a flying leap out of the water, and we saw that he was indeed a beauty. Dropping back into the water he made off again, but this time we were able to check him before he had gone so far, and as it was evident that he was beginning to tire, we decided that it would be safe to take some liberty with him, and began to reel him in, but he was not done with yet, and made off with another rush, but this was his final kick, as I was able to put the landing net under him a minute or so later and deposit him in the bottom of the boat. He proved to be a pike 39 inches long, 16 inches girth and 26 pounds weight. It took just 25 minutes from the time of the bite till he was landed in the boat.

Much elated over this success, we decided to again skirt the lily bed, but this time without success, so we continued right along through the railway bridge and succeeded in landing two more pike, one 15 pounds and one 11 pounds. These two gave us quite a struggle, but nothing like the twenty-six pounder. Returning under the railway bridge we hooked and landed a fine 7 pound pickerel, and a little further on we landed another fine pike of twelve pounds.

Coming again to the lily bed, we again trawled past it and had got just about past when there was a rush through the water and my spoon bait was taken with a snap that almost pulled the rod out of my hand. Striking quickly I managed to check his rush a little while my companion made ready to help in any way possible. We soon found out, however, that we were in for another struggle, as after a short halt, the fish made a bolt for the weeds, but I gave him the butt and again checked him. Deciding to take a risk with him, we towed him out to the deep water, much against his will, but we managed it, and after a repetition of our earlier struggle, managed to land him into the boat, when he turned out to be a fine companion for our first fish. He was 35 inches long, 14 inches girth, and weighed 22 pounds. This made a total of six fish and a total weight of 93 pounds, so we decided to return back to the boat-house and then have breakfast.

After breakfast we again put off, and again captured a number of fish, but a five pounder was the largest. The same luck pursued us after dinner, as although we caught quite a number of fish, they were all again on the small side. Our total catch for the day amounted to 26 fish, which, with the five caught the evening before, made a grand total of 31.

Returning to the hotel, we had supper and then caught the train back to Winnipeg, which we reached about 11.30 p.m., tired but thoroughly happy, having spent one of the most enjoyable fishing expeditions that has fallen to our lot to spend.

A catch before breakfast, at Minaki, Man., by two members of the Western Home Monthly staff

Lord Rosebery: A long pedigree is not a bad thing if it is used as a stimulus to do something better than has been done in the past.

My Wild Rose Room.

Specially written for W.H.M. by Rose Coyne.

IT may be interesting to other girls to hear how one girl secured a room for herself, and furnished and decorated it.

A year ago we moved west, from Ontario, to live on a homestead.

It was going to cost a good deal for farming outfit, and to get the land broken so, as father had not much money, he thought it wisest to build a very modest shack at first for us to live in and use all the rest of the money he could spare in improving the land.

So our house consists merely of a comfortable-sized living room and two bed-rooms. One for father and my brother younger than I, the other for mother and myself.

Now I very much wanted a room of my own. Not that I do not like to be with mother; but I think every girl wishes to have a little corner that she can call her own.

Mother said: "Have patience, dear, for another year and when the railway is built through and we have got this year's crop it will be easier for father to get building material; then I am sure he will build an addition to the shack, or perhaps a new house, and then you can have your room."

But that was entirely too problematic to please me.

We have a neighbor some miles nearer the railway than we are, who lives in a much smaller shack than ours.

She told me her husband had been looking forward to getting time to build every year for seven years, and they are no nearer having a house now than at first, so far as she can see.

I did not want to wait even for one year.

I am sixteen in June. It seems to me that this is the most beautiful time of my life, and I was going to miss half the joy of it if I did not have a room of my own to be alone in; a room to make pretty things for; to express myself, so to speak. All the girls will know what I mean, though I do not expect older persons to understand.

The problem of the room, however, was not easy of solution. To get lumber to build it was quite out of the question, for I had only thirty dollars in the world; twenty grandfather had sent me on my last birthday and ten I had earned washing and baking bread for certain bachelor homesteaders, our neighbors.

When I spoke to father about it, he laughed and said I might have the lumber that had been left after the shack was built But that was not much more than enough to make a floor.

Stones might be got for the walls, but how was I to pay the expense of having them laid?

The only plan that seemed at all possible was to build it of sods. They were plentiful and cheap.

I had never been in a sod house, but there was a sod stable that had been built by some former occupant on our place, whose courage had not been sufficent to carry him through the lonely years of homesteading, so he had abandoned his claim, leaving only this as a reminder of himself. I went now and took a look at it. It did not look very encouraging, but it was old and falling to ruin. Carefully built, particularly if supported by a frame, I thought a sod shack might be made comfortable and reasonably permanent.

I need not give all the arguments I used to get father's consent to begin it. He had no time to help me with any such crazy task, he said. In the end, however, he promised to give me all the time he could spare.

Fortunately, I knew how to run a breaking plough, so I ploughed the sods myself, cut them into convenient squares wth an old axe, and drew them to the spot on a "stone-boat."

Mother's room had a door opening into the garden, so I decided to build my room just over that door to save cutting a door out of the shack.

When I had a big pile of sods drawn, a homesteader, for whom I had done some work, happened along and asked what we were going to do with the sods. When I told him, he offered to do the frame for me, as he understood such things. I engaged to do his baking for the whole summer in return for his help in building my room. There were several small timber bluffs near, so one evening he came and cut the timber for the frame there and I hauled it to the house with my pony. Then he spent part of a wet day in getting the frame ready and setting it up. Father helped and they soon had the walls laid. Two more evenings put the roof on and laid the floor.

I bought three half windows, each half consisting of one big pane.

I wanted two windows; so I had one half let into the wall rather high up, and hung on hinges.

The other two halves I had placed side by side, making a wide low window, set just high enough so I could have a seat under it.

"Happiness Personified."
At Winnipeg Beach, Lake Winnipeg.

This window also is hinged, and opens in the middle.

The walls were given a coat of plaster, at which I helped a good deal myself.

The ceiling was done with building paper, and finished with ordinary cream ceiling paper.

I oiled the floor, which was of "jack" pine, and took a lovely soft brown shade showing a pretty grain.

Then came the problem of decorating the walls.

The plaster was too rough to be left as it was, or to be color washed, and the stock of wall paper at the local store was of the cheapest and most gaudy kinds.

After much search, however, I found a kind, the reverse side of which showed a soft, pale green.

This I bought and put on green side out.

I wanted to have a frieze of wild roses, but no such border as that was to be found among the wall papers. But one was discovered having the loveliest wild roses in a pattern with other flowers on a blue ground. I cut out the roses with their foliage, and arranged them in festoons around the room. It was a good deal of work, but it looks pretty enough to pay for the trouble.

I longed for a rose patterned chintz for curtains and draperies, but I could not afford it; so I took manilla paper,

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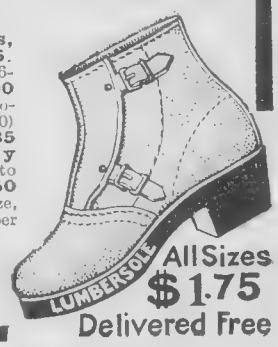

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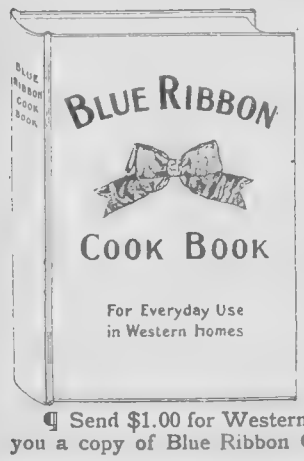

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varnished it on both sides, and when it was dry, I cut stencils of wild rose, imitating those in the frieze as nearly as I could.

With these I stencilled cheese cloth for my window curtains, and drapery for my dressing table, also unbleached muslin for bed over.

My dressing table I made from a packing case, after the pattern so often described in the women's magazines. I put two shelves in, and papered it inside with white paper. It holds my clean underwear.

The mirror that hangs above it, I bought at the local store. It had a plain wood frame which I enamelled white.

My wash stand is another packing box, but this one I knocked to pieces, planed and put together again, adding a shelf and a door, also a towel rack at one end. I then enamelled it white.

My toilet things are of the cheapest, but plain and white.

The question of a bed was one that puzzled me for a long time.

Things are so dear out here that I could hardly afford to buy one from the local dealer, and it is so far to the station that, if I ordered one from Winnipeg, it might be all summer before I could get it.

The neighbor who helped me with the building knew of this difficulty, and it was he who helped me in this also. In a call one day at the shack of a bachelor friend, he noticed, lying outside, a dilapidated looking iron bedstead. On making inquiry he found that it was one his friend had got in a "deal," and had no present use for. He left it outside, where nearly everything has to be left that is not in actual use, in a country that affords so little house room as this does. The springs he had managed to find room for in the top of his granary. He let me have it for a quarter of what I should have had to pay at the store. I got it home, enamelled it white, and with the mattress that mother gave me ,and my new pillows of wild geese feathers which I had made myself, I have a nice enough bed.

My rugs are a great joy. I invented them myself. They are made from the old socks and woollen underwear of our homesteader friends, for whom mother and I have washed and mended. I asked them to save them for me. These I dyed varying shades of green, cut them into strips two inches wide, and ravelled one edge to a depth of an inch and a half, leaving half an inch to sew them by. These strips I sewed to a foundation, made from old grain sacks, previously washed and mended. I took care to mingle the shades well, and they look just like green moss when the light sifts down on it through the trees.

I have a good big one at the side of my bed, one in front of the dressing table, and another at the wash stand.

At the door I have a large, oval, braided one made from an old green cashmere dress and some old pink flannel, just those two colors. It is very pretty.

Father made a seat for me under the wide window, with a narrow book case at one end. I think two book cases would have been pretty, but as I have not books enough to fill one, I am content with that.

$500 Cash For a Name

America's greatest railway corporation, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, has been forced through the tremendous increase of its western business to establish a new city on the Pacific Coast for its Freight and Industrial terminals, seventeen miles from Vancouver. The site, as is well-known is located in the rural municipality of Coquitlam.

The Coquitlam Terminal Company Ltd.

capitalized at $750,000 which sold to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the land required for the terminals, reserved for itself for townsite purposes the 1500 acres enclosing the terminal properties.

A name is required to distinguish this townsite from the remaining sixty-four square miles in the municipality of Coquitlam. A city of at least 25,000 people will soon spring up here and the importance of a worthy name is obvious. It is equally important that the name be established soon, as it is planned to place the townsite on sale some time this fall, but it should be understood that no lots are offered as yet. We desire the assistance of the public in the momentous matter of choosing the name.

Although $500 cash is surely a generous offer, it is still a wise investment on our part to induce the many readers of this paper to strive for the prizes, for the reason that we will have the suggestions of thousands of brains, and a responsible and competent committee will then decide upon the winner. It needs no argument to show that the 5,000 or more employees of the C. P. R. with their families will form a community, a city, in every sense of the word.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company

Has already spent about a Million Dollars for the Purchase of Twelve Hundred Acres which they require for their own use

and as stated before, a well-selected name for the coming city, which has been the talk of British Columbia and Canadian Railroad circles for months, is of the utmost importance. This will be a new city—a new port—on the Pacific Coast, and the Greatest Railway Corporation in America, will have a monthly pay roll there of five-hundred thousand dollars, or more. This, of course, will attract businessmen, tradesmen and professional men, who, together with the 5,000 employees of the railway company and their families, will at once make a thriving city, and give in the near future a population of at least 25,000.

The C.P.R. with its usual wisdom, has selected this site for its western terminals and repair shops, for the reason that in all Pacific America there is not another place so well situated for the purpose, as well as for the numerous manufacturing plants that are sure to come. With the level land, the water transportation facilities of the Pitt and Fraser Rivers (here simply arms of the ocean), the industrial spurs of the C.P.R., the cheap electric power and splendid transportation facilities, the site will be irresistible to manufacturers.

Now this $500 is as likely to be won by the plain working man or his child as it is to be won by the highest honored college graduate. Some of our greatest inventions have been discovered by the working class. We mention this especially to show that there is as good a chance for the most humble citizens in the community to win the prizes as there is for the greatest scholars. In fact, more so, for the former are in majority—twenty to one in every community.

We would remind you that most prosperous cities in the world are the cities in which great railway systems have their terminals, repair shops, etc. The reason for this is that there is constant uninterrupted work every day in the year for the men, and the majority of these men are skilled mechanics, thrifty, home-loving workers, who receive not only permanent employment, but higher pay than the average wage earner.

The constant, unvarying prosperity which Minneapolis and St. Paul enjoy is caused largely by the fact that the terminals and repair shops of the Great Northern Railway, the "Soo" Line, the C. M. & St. P., the M. & St. L., the N. P., and other railways are situated there. Consider what railway terminals mean to Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton. Every great railroad center or terminal throughout America stands for a prosperous city.

Send us your choice of a name for the city, and if the committee of responsible and competent citizens decide that yours is the best (and it might be the best) we will immediately mail you our cheque for **One Hundred Dollars,** with our compliments, and thank you for suggesting the name. If you come short of the best name, you have thirty other chances for the rest of the $500 as follows:

Two Hundred Dollars, divided into ten prizes of twenty dollars each for the ten second-best names.

Two Hundred Dollars, divided into twenty prizes of ten dollars each for the next following twenty best names.

Thirty prizes in all.

Contest closes October 15th. Read the little square at the bottom. Answer the questions there; sign your name and address and become one of the contestants. Or if you do not wish to enter the contest and only wish information about the new city, simply sign your name and address and we will immediately forward you the fullest details. In any case you will be well repaid for the effort.

The Coquitlam Terminal Company, Ltd.
932 Bower Building, Vancouver, B.C.

GENTLEMEN—

I suggest..... as an appropriate name for the new city adjoining the Pacific Freight and General Operating Terminus of the C.P.R. with the hope that it will be accepted.

NAME.....

STREET NO. OR P.O. BOX.....

CITY.....

PROVINCE.....

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The seat is cushioned, and covered with a couple of grain sacks which I dyed green when I was dyeing the material for my rugs. The woodwork of it is painted white, as is all the wood work in the room.

The last mail brought me a present from my aunt in the East. It was several yards of sateen of a pale green with the most natural looking wild roses rambling over it. (Mother had told her about my room in a letter.) I have been very busy making cushion covers of it for my window seat, and for my one wicker chair.

After all was finished I was still not satisfied.

The windows, with that unbroken expanse of clear glass, somehow did not look right. If they only had small panes! Then I recalled having once read directions for making an imitation of leaded windows.

I thought I would try it. So I got some putty made rather soft, and added burnt umber enough to make it a very dark brown. This I laid on in narrow strips, in a diamond pattern, pressed it on firmly and let it dry well. It seems quite solid, and looks about as well as the real thing.

Perhaps many girls, who can have pretty things just for the asking, may smile at this description of my little room, and think it a very poor little place. But I think we appreciate most that which costs us something to obtain, and to me my room is a thing of beauty and a constant joy.

Our Diet of Fish.

By Aubrey Fullerton.

In dietary terms, the motherland, old England, is known as "the land of the beef-eaters." Canada, which supplies some of England's beef diet, has not yet gained for herself so marked a distinction, though our farms and prairie ranches produce each year an amount of meat-stuffs that would surely give consternation to a vegetarian, if he only could grasp its enormous proportions. The reason why Canada cannot, however, be called a nation of beef-eaters is perhaps because its people eat, by way of variety from a meat diet, so large an amount of fish.

Every true Canadian likes fish—that is, if he is in normal health and has a normal appetite. He eats it, sometimes for conscience sake, on Fridays and Tuesdays, but quite as likely he eats it with equal satisfaction on Monday or Thursday; while in some cases it forms the basis of his dinner six days out of seven. It is a diet, too, of considerable range, since nature provides it in so many varieties and since so many ways of preparing it are known to the housekeeper's art. And, moreover, it is a very good diet.

The reason why Canada eats so much fish is that there are so many fish in her waters. Fishing has long since outgrown the mere sporting stage and has become an industry, worth about $25,000,000 a year to the country. But fond as we may be of our fish diet, we do not run a $25,000,000 fish bill on our own account: more than half of what is caught is sent to other countries. Canada is known abroad as the land that has good things to eat, for we supply the world's market with much of its wheat, its butter and cheese, its fruit and meat, its vegetables; and its fish are the best in the world.

There are thirty kinds of fish in Canadian waters in quantities large enough to be marketable. The average housekeeper will in the course of the year have about ten of these, and more or fewer as she lives near or far from the sea coast. These ten varieties are cod, herring, halibut, haddies, whitefish, salmon, mackerel, lobsters, oysters, and river or lake trout. In this list are represented the great fishing districts of the whole Dominion, from Nova Scotia to the Pacific; for every province has a share in the fisheries.

Codfish is the great export fish of the eastern coast, but it figures largely, too, in home consumption. To the housekeeper in central Canada it is known better in its cured and dried form than fresh, though the city markets receive it direct from the seacoast during the season. The "boneless" fish that we buy in packages or in one-pound squares in cod, these more convenient forms having taken the place of the whole split fish which used to be sent us. Down east, however, the latter is still to be had. It is the entire fish opened and spread flat, having in this form been cured, salted and sundried. The codfish comes from the waters of the Atlantic Coast. From the southernmost point of Nova Scotia away up to the Labrador country, following the windings of the shore, or far out to sea, is the habitat of this premier fish, which is sought by fleets of boats and vessels for a week or for months at a time. The catching and curing of cod is the one great industry of such districts as Gaspe and Caraquet on Bay Chaleur, the Magdalen Islands, Grand Manan, Canso, and a great number of ports along the shores of Nova Scotia.

Herring are found in the same waters, but the special home of this commonplace fish is the Bay of Fundy, where originated that delectable ar-

CANADA.

Specially written for W.H.M. by Lilian Leveridge.

In the heart of the New-world splendour
Sea-guarded on either hand,
To eastward and westward and northward,
There's a glorious wonderland;
The fairest of all the daughters
Of the Mother beyond the sea,
A beautiful maiden nurtured
In love and in liberty.

She is called the "Queen of the Maples,"
And the "Lady of the Snows,"
For her heart is a heart of whiteness.
Though there blooms in her face the rose;
New-blown from the far-flung breezes,
Health-laden and blossom sweet,
That sweep from the gates of the dawning
To the prairies of waving wheat.

Her feet in the march of nations
Advance with a victor tread;
Her hands to the hungry millions
Are reaching with gold and bread.
Her voice has a ring of welcome
To toilers across the foam,
Who crowd to her shores of sunshine,
And learn the glad song of "Home."

In her eyes is the hue of heaven
And the light of its morning glow,
As she looks with prophetic vision
O'er the way that her feet must go—
From glory to greater glory,
Till peoples and lands afar
Shall bind on her brows the laurel
Enhalo'd with fame's fair star.

Her name is a chime of music.
O list, how the wild birds sing:
"Sweet Canada, Canada, Canada,"
In the dewy dawns of the spring.
Here's love to thee, Queen of the Maples!
Wherever Canadians roam
That word in their hearts shall blossom,
Dear Canada, sweet, sweet Home.

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It is complete with Fall and Winter suggestions and is a direct stepping stone to economical buying.

We will issue no special Christmas catalogue this fall, inasmuch as our new Fall and Winter catalogue has a large space devoted to the aid of the Christmas purchaser.

If you have not received one of our beautiful new Catalogues—address a card to us and we will immediately mail one to you.

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WINNIPEG CANADA

ticle, the "Digby Chicken." This is the herring cured by smoking, which finds its way even to Ontario grocery shops, and which, with hot baked potatoes, makes a meal that now and then can be relished by all who appreciate homely but wholesome fare. In fact, one of King Edward's physicians regards the herring as the nearest approach to a perfect food—but perhaps not in its smoked form.

From the waters of the mouth of the Bay of Fundy come also the Canadian sardines which compete with the imported article from France. Just here it may be stated that a certain proportion of the Canadian sardine catch is sold to American packers, who put up the little fish in fancy cans, bearing "the legend 'far away,'" and ship them back to Canada, where certain housekeepers who profess a preference for the foreign article never suspect that they are buying Canadian fish under a borrowed name.

A fish that is every year coming into domestic favor is the finnan haddie, also an eastern preparation. This is the haddock, a fish resembling the cod, lightly salted and delicately smoked. After being cleaned, they are put in pickle for a few hours and then smoked for from ten to fifteen hours over a wood-fire in tightly-closed smoke-houses. When properly smoked they are a golden-grown in color and have a tasty flavor unlike that of any other fish preparation.

This method of curing the haddie originated much after the style of Charles Lamb's roast pork incident. The story goes that in a seaport town of Scotland, many years ago, a fire in one of the fish-houses partially burned a pile of fresh caught haddock, and after it had been extinguished one of the men removed the top layer from the charred fish-pile and drew out one of the slightly-smoked haddock from below. It smelled good. Tearing off a piece of the meat he cautiously tasted it, and then, declaring it most excellent, he passed a sample of fish around among his companions; and that was the beginning of the finnan haddie industry. The new fish was first called "Findon Haddie," from the village of Findon where the happy discovery was made, and this was afterwards changed to "finnan."

From Scotland the new method came to Canada, and has developed within the past ten years or so into an industry by itself. The chief centres of its manufacture are Digby and Canso, in Nova Scotia, and one or two points on the Gulf shore of New Brunswick. From the former place come chiefly the haddies that are sold in Ontario, and shipments have been made as far west as Winnipeg and Calgary. The fish requires to be quickly handled in shipment, being only lightly cured.

Quite different from the fish of the eastern waters are those caught in the Great Lakes, half way across the continent. The fresh water fish lack the flavor of the ocean varieties and are flatter in taste, but they are nevertheless very excellent, and those of the more northern lakes are firm and tasty. The great lake fish is the whitefish, which is perhaps at its best in Lake Superior, where the water is clear and cold. The rivers emptying into the lakes are also well stocked with fish, and northern Ontario is the fisherman's paradise. Salmon trout is well known to Ontario housekeepers and holds place with the whitefish in their favor. In Central Canada, however, a proportion of the fish used comes from the east and the west; codfish, haddies, and mackerel from the Atlantic Coast, and halibut and salmon from the Pacific.

Farther west, there are whitefish in the Red River, and many of the smaller varieties in other Manitoba waters. On the Pacific coast are the great salmon fisheries of Canada. The salmon, by many considered the chief of fish, is found all over the Dominion, but nowhere it has given rise to an industry as it has in British Columbia. The Fraser River teams with the finest salmon in the world, which supply the fresh-fish needs of the coast country and in cans go far and wide, to the markets of eastern Canada and England. The salmon heads the list as the most important of Canada's fish, totalling nearly one-third of the whole industry.

The lobster and oyster are in a class by themselves. We get the former from the Atlantic coast, its habitat being in any of the coast waters and bays from Nova Scotia to the St. Lawrence. The Canadian oyster has its home on the coast of Prince Edward Island and in small quantities at one or two points on Bay Chaleur. Malpeque oysters are known as rivals of the best imported; their flavor is excellent, and quantities are shipped to England, where they are highly esteemed. The annual oyster crop is from 20,000 to 30,000 barrels.

The housekeeper who looks to the well-being of her family has naturally a preference for fresh fish diet. Beyond a doubt, it is the most acceptable and most satisfactory; but it is not always to be had. The canned article cannot be altogether despised, because, except in the larger towns, it is sometimes our only resource. Nor is there nowadays any occasion for despising it; the canned goods now offered in the home market are in the most cases reliable, carefully prepared, and, if properly used, a very good substitute fo rthe less accessible fresh fish. In any case, a vast amount of canned fish is used by the Canadian public or shipped abroad. About seventy-five million pounds of fish are put up in tins each year. This includes the greater part of the salmon catch and a goodly proportion of the lobsters, haddies, sardines, oysters, and herring.

To gather the immense fish harvest of Canada requires an army of about 100,000 persons. Some of these have other partial means of livelihood, but the greater number are entirely dependent upon the sea for their own and their families' support. To their industry we owe one of the most picturesque features of Canadian life, the fishing village. The fishing business requires, in a greater degree than most other industries, that its votaries live as near together as possible, and so it has come about that while the farmers are scattered here and there over a wide stretch of country, the fishermen are to be found mostly in villages and settlements that hug the shore. It is of course more neighborly and more convenient, while it has given rise to a distinct type of village life.

The typical Canadian fishing village may be seen along the coasts of the Atlantic, the Bay of Fundy, and Bay Chaleur. These are the centres of the deep-sea fisheries, the prosecution of which calls for necessarily larger operations than those of the interior. There can be no doubt about the character of such a village. Blindfolded, one

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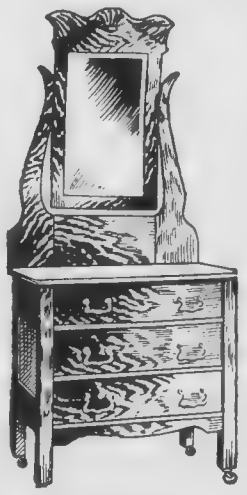

Dresser

In empire oak, golden finish, three drawer case, fitted with 13x22 inch British bevel mirror. Banfield's Special..... **$7.25**

Child's Crib

Size 2 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in., 4 ft. 6 in. high, ¾-inch posts, fitted with brass knobs and caps, Banfields Special **$7.85**

Wool Blankets

Buying blankets at this price right at the opening of the season ought to appeal to thrifty housekeepers and give us a busy time in this department. Banfields Special. **$3.95, $4.45, $4.85, $5.15, $5.85** and **$6.10** per pair.

Scotch Axminster Squares

Woven without a seam. Very rich appearance and will give endless wear. Closely woven, floral, Oriental and two-toned effects. An endless range of colors. Sizes for almost any room.

7 ft. 6 in x 9 ft ...$17.50 and $21.50
9 ft x 9 ft ... ...$20.00 and $25.50
9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in....$27.50 and $32.00
9 ft. x 12 ft.....$30.00 and $37.50
10 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft...$42.00 and $52.00

Brussels Squares

The floor covering to give satisfaction in every respect. Splendid appearance, hard finish and easy to sweep. Endless range of colors and designs.

6 ft 9 in. x 9 ft. $13.75
9 ft. x 9 ft.....$17.50
9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in..... ....$19.50
9 ft. x 12 ft.....$22.50

J. A. BANFIELD, 492 Main Street Winnipeg

Superfluous Hair Easy to Cure

Says Mrs. Jenkins, who tells Women How Famous English Chemists's Method Completely Destroys Superfluous Hair.

Women who are despairing because they have tried all manner of things without success to remove a disfiguring growth of superfluous hair on face, neck or arms, will be delighted to hear that a recognised chemist of standing has made public a new scientific method, whereby "hairy arms" can be made a thing of the past, and all disfiguring growths on face or neck forever banished from sight.

This glad news comes from Mrs. W. B. Jenkins a prominent Society woman of Scranton, Pa., who resides at the fashionable Duckworth Apartments in that city.

Mrs. Jenkins says she has entirely cured her own heavy growth after all else had failed, by the use of a new method invented by Professor A. P. Smith, F.I.C., F.C.S., etc., known to fame as a Chemist, who was at one time Science Master at the famous College of Rugby, England, and who has been honored with a Fellowship in the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and in other leading Chemical and Pharmaceutical Societies of the World.

Mrs. Jenkins is sure, she says, that no matter how many things have failed—no matter how heavy the growth, no matter where it is—on the face, the neck, the arms, or any other part of the body—Professor Smith's Tripose Method may be relied upon to actually destroy hair.

It appears that in order that every sufferer in this country may profit by its discovery, arrangements have been made with a Society of Chemists whereby any woman may secure full particulars absolutely free and without charge, which will enable her to get rid of her growth as if by magic.

If you are troubled with hair on the arms, so that you are unable to wear short sleeves with comfort; if you are afflicted with a growth of hair on the face or on the neck, which interferes with your peace of mind and spoils your feminine appearance, the scholarly ability of Professor Smith offers you a certain way to be completely relieved, so that the hair may be for ever banished from sight.

Simply send your name and address and a two-cent stamp for return, addressed to

Lady Secretary, 990E Delta Street, Providence, R.I.

would know what manner of place it was, for even if one does not see fish, he smells them. Vessels at the wharves, warehouses along the waterfront, and dooryards up and down the street, have all their due portions of fish; for after they have been unloaded from the vessels and dressed, they are spread on racks, sometimes close in front of the dwelling houses, to dry. Thus in a busy season the whole out-doors seems to be given up to fish; they are piled along the street, in the fields, and on the wharves, and if one walks it must be through avenues of fish. It is not unpleasant, after one's first impressions wear off a bit. The fish-smell is pervasive and pungent, but mingled with the breath of the sea it is wholesome, and it fits the place. When fish are being smoked the aroma from the smoke-houses pervades the entire village, with a distinctiveness that one remembers long afterward.

The domestic character of these fishing villages is of no little interest. The average settlement, though modest, has an air of prosperity. White frame houses, neat yards, and sometimes trim little garden plots show that the fisherman has other interests than merely catching fish. Seen from the inside, these houses are most frequently object lessons in simple housekeeping. They are neatly kept, comfortably though plainly furnished, and withal homelike. The fisherman is a good provider, and though he may be rough himself he makes a kind husband and dutiful parent. Sometimes his liberality shows itself in curious but quite characteristic ways, such as an elaborate piece of furniture, equally elaborate jewelry for his wife, or a man-bought ready-made dress for his eldest daughter.

This is the fisherman's home at its best. In such homes you will find as much culture as in the average home of any other settlement, and quite as much of real enjoyment. But there is the inevitable other side of the question. Some of the fishermen's homes, particularly in the more remote settlements, are bare and comfortless; some of the fishermen are as rough at heart as they are in garb and manner;; and the burden of debt hangs hopelessly over them. Yet homes like these are happily few.

Prosperous or otherwise, the providers of our fish diet earn their livelihood at the cost of much hard work. Their calling is one of danger, and every year the sea claims its victims by scores. Especially the fleets of fishing vessels that go out to the deep sea fishing grounds for a week at a time, or for the season, find hardship and danger, and sometimes scanty returns. At such times the villages are left without their wage-earners, and the women have nothing for it but to keep their houses and their families in order and wait patiently and hopefully for the return of the fleet. At some of the ports, such as those on Bay Chaleur, the fleets go out on Monday morning, returning on Friday and Saturday: but those that go farther to sea, to the Newfoundland Banks and the Gulf, are away for the season.

Our fish diet represents a national industry, and it represents also more labor, probably, than any other item on our bill of fare. That we may have it, a life distinct and unique has come into being, and besides the dollars which it means, it is associated with a great human interest.

$9, for this Fine Tailored Suit.

A beautiful Stylish suit at a very low price, Cut in the new Fall style with semifitting back and front closed in front with three buttons. New wide collar trimmed with fine fancy braid which also trims the side gores of the skirt. Coat is lined with excellent quality mercerized sateen tailor padded and stitched. Skirt is cut in 7 gores with pleat on each side of front gore. The suit is beautifully made and you will be delighted with it. Material is excellent quality Vicuna cloth much resembling broadcloth in navy, black, dark brown, and dark green, also medium grey mixed tweed. Give inches around largest part of bust and hips also around waist and length for skirt in front. Order suit No. 6 today, comes in all sizes.

STANDARD GARMENT CO, 10 Standard Building London Ont.

Send 50c. Receive by return mail post paid this beautiful little dress for girl age 2 to 8, made of soft warm plaid dress goods in a dark red pattern. Trimmed with wool braid and made just as pictured add 8c for postage. Order today.

STANDARD GARMENT CO., 10 Standard Building London Ont.

Send us only $2.95.

Receive by return mail post paid this very attractive suit of waist and skirt tailored in neat style as pictured. Wide braid trimmed box pleat and across front of skirt near foot from which spring two wide pleats in the front gore. This extremely neat tailor made suit comes in all sizes. Misses as well as ladies sizes up to 44 bust. Comes in fine Vicuna cloth in dark red, dark green, black and navy at the remarkable low price of $2.95. We can also supply this wonderful suit in all wool Panama in black, navy dark green and dark red also in all wool serge in black and navy at only $3.95. This is a remarkable value and just the suit for winter wear. Give bust and waist size, also length of skirt in front. Order suit No44 today add 35c for postage

STANDARD GARMENT CO., 10 Standard Building London, Ont.

The Charm

Sale Price for October $21.50

Self Feeding Base Burner. A reliable, handsome, medium sized hard coal heater. New in design, economical in consumption of fuel. Satisfactory results at minimum expense. The Heater you have been wanting. Large capacity. Requires small floor space

The Charm Self Feeding Base Burner is scientifically constructed in accordance with latest approved methods of radiation. Perfect combustion and uniform radiation guaranteed. Heavy round fire-pot, shaking ring and dumping center grates. Large magazine, perfect draft control, elaborate nickeled trimmings, fancy urn. Order early. Only a limited supply for this season.

No. 111 Charm, fire pot 11 in., floor space 20 x 20 in., shipping weight 235 pounds..... **$21.50**

No. 112 Charm, fire pot, 12 in., floor space 22 x 22 in., shipping weight 265 pounds..... **$23.75**

WRITE FOR FALL AND WINTER BARGAIN CATALOG

The Ideal Household Blue Polished Steel Range

The Handsomest and Best Steel Range ever Produced

$48.50 Buys this $85 Steel Range

Just as Illustrated

A new design with elaborate nickeled trimmings. The nickeling is done by special process, and is of a white silvery effect. The Ideal Household Steel Range is equipped with all the latest improvements, and thoroughly up to date in every respect. Pay $85.00 to the local dealer and you will not get a range to equal the Ideal Household. Absolutely the handsomest, most elaborate and highest grade steel range made in the world. A long step ahead of others in high art stove making.

The IDEAL will last years after the cheap light weight stove has gone to the scrap heap. No better range made than the IDEAL HOUSEHOLD. Send in your order to-day. Burns wood or any kind of coal. Takes wood 24 inches long.

No. 9-20 has oven 20x20x13 inches; six 9-in. lids, copper reservoir encased, shipping weight, 550 pounds. Complete with high closet and oven thermometer, $48.50.

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Made of absolutely pure wool stockinet web, finished with pure wool facings, cut and made with care and the experience of 30 years.

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Principal McIntyre: I have never seen anyone whose education was completed.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott: Men ought not to leave the observance of religion to their women folk alone.

Dr. J. M. Robertson: In the life-long fight to be waged by every one single-handed against a host of foes, the last requisite for a good fight, the last proof and test of our courageous manfulness, must be loyalty to truth—the most rare and difficult of all human qualities. For such loyalty, as it grows in perfection asks ever more and more of us, and sets before us a standard of manliness always rising higher and higher.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

PARENTS SHOULD VISIT THE SCHOOLS.

The average adult carries in his mind such an impression of a school-room as he gained during his own school experience. To some of us it is a memory of harsh discipline, occasional rebellion and frequent punishment. Such persons should not be permitted to go in ignorance of the relationship that now exists between teacher and pupil as the result of the constant advance in educational methods. Parents should, for their children's sake, for their own sake, and in the interests for the good of our public educational system, get themselves into personal touch with the schools attended by their children. The way to do it is to drop in on teacher and pupils and see how they are getting along. There should be a great deal more of this than there is. Friendly intercourse between parents and teachers is a factor of incalculable value in promoting the effectiveness of the schools.

FEMININE FASHIONS.

What fitter subject is there for philosophic thought than feminine fashion? Women are as keen for fashion books as men are for cheque books. The very latest news from Paris, where the feminine fashions for all the world are originated, is that "skirts will be longer and fuller." The French manufacturers are said to be behind this change. They have felt the effect of the scantier fashions and they are now anxious to have dressmakers use all the material possible, to make up for the past two lean years. Hats also are to be different, but just how remains an open question yet. One authority has it that they will be rather simple, but very big; another that they will be small, and modelled on the lines of a Turkish fez. A third authority predicts hat-shapes made of aluminum. Aluminum hats would wear well. Would they not wear too well?

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

Now that the people of this country have elected a new Parliament, the newly-elected Dominion legislators will entitle themselves to the everlasting gratitude of the whole country, if they will talk less than their predecessors at Ottawa. The deluge of talk in Parliament has gone on increasing year by year, until it has swept beyond all reasonable bounds. It costs the country hundreds of thousands of dollars every year, which is, for vastly the most part, money wasted. Less talk, and more work, if you please, honorable gentlemen of the House of Commons.

A GOOD CONCEIT OF OURSELVES.

In a recent interview recounting some of his early experiences in life, Sir William Van Horne is reported as having said, with a humorous twinkle, "Well, I always had my fair share of what the Scotch call a good conceit of myself." There is much to be said for that quality as being a valuable virtue. A little touch of it—a little more, perhaps, rather than a little less—in the make-up of a man or woman is necessary to give personal flavor to the individual. It is like salt in cooking. A dash of vanity, self-confidence, call it what you will, in a boy's character causes him to engage in sports in which he can excel. It helps him amazingly to do well in his studies. It drives him to seek out the calling in life in which he can distinguish himself. And when he meets with the difficulties which a man must encounter, it whips and scolds his courage when it would lie down and quit. Where endeavor has been devoted to preaching, teaching and chastising this quality out of the human child, the result has been a poor thing. As a rule, the effect has been without other result than to engender cunning and hypocrisy. A man must believe in himself and be self-reliant. This is true of all the men who succeed in doing things worth doing.

VANISHING WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

Vividly as well as accurately set forth is the statement made in regard to the killing off of the wild animals in the far northern regions of Canada, in the report of Lieut.-Col. William Wood dealing with that subject, which has just been issued by the Dominion Commission of Conservation of Natural Resources. "The hunt becomes keener," he writes, "the animals fewer and farther off. Presently hunters and hunted will reach the far side of the utmost limits, and then traded, traders and trade will disappear together." When weapons of killing were of short range and slow in operation, the wild creatures had a chance. With the lessening area of the wilderness, the increased ease with which even its remote parts may be reached, and the vastly increased power of destruction of modern weapons and appliances, it becomes harder and harder for the wild things to maintain themselves. Within the memory of man the great auk and the Labrador duck have been completely exterminated. Other birds are near extermination. The whaling industry is in danger of extinction from want of whales. The walrus has been exterminated in Labrador, except in the far north. The seals are diminishing in number, as also the woodland caribou. Lieut.-Col. Wood strongly advocates Government action for the protection of wild animals and birds within certain areas, to prevent their being exterminated. That has been done for the surviving buffalo, and it has been done for the beaver in the Ontario Algonquin Park, where they are growing in number. Among the suggestions made is that there should be island reserves in the far north for the preservation of the eider duck and other birds. The matter is one that well deserves attention.

MILITARY COSTUME.

Here in Winnipeg, with the historic Ninetieth Rifles, the Hundredth Regiment of Grenadiers, the Seventy-ninth Cameron Highlanders, Strathcona's Horse, the Thirteenth Field Battery, the Eighteenth Mounted Rifles, formerly the Manitoba Dragoons, the Army Medical Corps, and the Army Service Corps, we have a fine variety of military equipment to gladden our eyes on occasions when there is a march out. They are all magnificent bodies of men, these component parts of Winnipeg's garrison, and for physique and alertness may well challenge comparison anywhere. And what is true of the military bodies of Winnipeg is true of the military bodies of all Western Canada, and particularly so of the Mounted Police, the "riders of the plains," whose name and fame have so deservedly gone round the world. Returning, however, to the matter of military costumes, it is interesting to the philosophic mind to reflect upon the changes there have been. Lord Wolseley, in his "Soldier's Pocket Book," speaks of closely-cropped hair as essential to a soldierly appearance, yet there was a time when curls hanging over the shoulders were the real thing, and a dashing soldier could not have too much splendor of flowing plumes and gay-colored capes and gaudy braid, and so forth. Then came the age of perukes, of grenadiers in high beavers, such as Wolfe's soldiers at the taking of Quebec, whose costume was one of great stiffness and discomfort. The old idea was, generally speaking, to impress the eye of the spectator, rather than to keep the soldier warm and comfortable. In those days, as Carlyle wrote, "soldering was quite as much a matter of impressing the imagination as of fighting battles."

THE MECHANICAL BUMBLE-BEE.

These inventive geniuses are going beyond the business of devising "a better way" than the work of the human hand, the pull of the horse and the power in the steam coal. The latest news discloses them at the job of superseding the processes of nature. The red clover, as we all know, reproduces itself through the aid of insects, the best workman among them at the job being the bumble-bee. When he musses around the clover blossom in search of honey, he gets dusty with the pollen. He moves on and alights upon another clover head, presses down the keel and forces out the stigma, which catches the minute grains of pollen sticking to the underside of the bumble-bee. So the plant is fertilized and proceeds with its growth. But bumble-bees are not as certain and reliable as they might be. They are not always present where they should be. They are subject to the forays of many birds, which love to swoop down and capture one of them as a delicious morsel. Moreover, the bumble-bee is by no means confined in its tastes to clover honey. When he might be busy helping with the fertilizing of clover, he is off gathering honey from the wild carrot, or getting himself glued up with the exudation of the milkweed. Hence the human mechanical genius comes to supply "a better way" than the bumble-bee's for fertilizing clover. It is a wide, light affair drawn by a horse, a framework with hundreds of little wads of cotton batting, or something of that sort, hanging down so as to be at the right height to rub over the clover blossoms. This contrivance is driven over the clover field, the aforesaid little wads doing the work of the bumble-bees, and stay at the job, instead of buzzing and booming unfaithfully amid roadside weeds. The bumble-bee can crawl into his hole and pull it in after him, for all the clover-growers of to-morrow will care.

THE ALCHEMISTS OF TO-DAY.

The alchemists of the Middle Ages, who pottered mysteriously in their laboratories in the hope of finding "the philosopher's stone," which would transmute the baser metals into gold, were visionaries who were believed by the mass of people in their own day to be in league, more or less, with evil spirits. But the most recent of the wonderful researches of scientific investigators are tending more and more strikingly towards the discovery that all the chemical elements of our world are essentially composed of one common basis, into which they can all be resolved. So that it begins to look like an irresistible conclusion that the alchemist's dream of transmuting substances may turn out to be a natural process. For sixteen years, ever since the discovery of the Roentgen rays, wonderful progress has been made in the work of investigating the physical constitution of matter. Of the results, up to two years ago, a full account was given at that time by Sir J. J. Thomson, the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the annual meeting of that famous body in Winnipeg. This year's President of the Association, Sir William Ramsay, the foremost chemist of the present age, brought the account up to date in his address at the annual meeting of the Association last month at Portsmouth, England. The matter is one of great abstruseness, but the fact that even the plain, wayfaring man can understand is that greater progress is being made in the widening of human knowledge at the present time than ever before. And this new knowledge is only in its beginning. Radium, about which so many amazing facts are now known, is only available for study in the tiniest amounts. How tiny can be guessed from Sir William Ramsay's declaration that its production "will probably never surpass half an ounce a year." Radium is the great disintegrator of other substances. And the upshot of the work that the greatest living scientific investigators are now doing with it seems likely to be that the modern chemist will yet find himself not far from being transmuted, back to the medieval alchemist.

A DUTY WE ALL OWE TO CANADA.

Every human being worthy of his place on the earth is on the side of the endeavor to make things better than they are. Things can be made better only by the faithful work of men and women through their faith and rational foresight and will. As a matter of fact human effort has been making things better through all the ages. We are what we are today better than we were some thousands of years ago because of intelligent human effort. We are what we are, worse than we were, for lack of intelligence applied faithfully to the betterment of human conditions. The public intelligence is the all-important factor in our national life. It should be the effort of every thoughtful and patriotic man in the public life of our country, and of every thoughful and patriotic Canadian, in whatever walk of life, to do his part towards raising the public intelligence, so that we may be able to say of our country that the level of Canadian intelligence and public spirit is second to none in the world.

BACK TO PALESTINE.

An event which deserved a place in the world's news of last month, which it did not get in our Canadian newspapers, on account of the Dominion election campaign, was the tenth Zionist Congress, held at Basle, in Switzerland. The movement for the establishment of a Jewish State, has been through many vicissitudes in the ten years since it was begun. It has at last got as far as the determination that the Holy Land should be the scene of operations. There are few unoccupied areas of the world that have not been at one time or another proposed as suitable locations for the New Judea. Uganda, South Africa, Morocco, Argentina and other lands have been discussed at Zionist Congresses, and decided to be unsuitable for one reason or another. The true reason was that Zionism without Zion—that is, Palestine—held absolutely no attraction for the Jewish masses. The original Zionist idea was for the establishment of an independent Jewish State. It was hoped that Sultan Abdul Hamid might be prevailed upon by financial considerations to allow Palestine to become in this way a refuge for the oppressed Judaism of Europe. The revolution in Turkey has, however, put that out of the question. The Young Turks regime is utterly opposed to the idea of a self-governing Jewish State within the Turkish Empire. The Zionist project has thus come down to one of colonization. The original idea of a Jewish home in the Holy Land has reasserted itself on a more modest scale than when it first presented itself to the world; but for that very reason it is now more promising of results.

"CONFOUND THEIR KNAVISH TRICKS."

King George, it is reported, in his explaining why he desired the change that has been made in the national anthem, said that the verse which has been altered "struck him as sounding a somewhat discordant note." The lines the King did not like were these:

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks."

The new verse, which it is the King's desire to take the place of the old one that he disliked, is as follows:

"O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
Make wars to cease.
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth.
And over all the earth
Let there be peace."

The Change is an admirable one. Nevertheless, there is something to be said, too, in favor of the old verse against the politicians and their knavish tricks.

WE ARE WAITING TO SEND YOU OUR NEW FALL & WINTER CATALOGUE

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Our new Fall and Winter Catalogue has now been mailed and we are anxious that every home in Western Canada have a copy for reference. Through the medium of this Catalogue our customers can take advantage of the wonderful opportunities for saving that we offer. Our Catalogue this Fall is much larger and better than any we have ever put before the Public, and we offer you the benefit of our enormous buying power and experience. In compiling this Catalogue we have endeavored to arrange it in such a way as to hold your attention and gain your admiration and approval.

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HERBERT E. BURBIDGE,
Stores Commissioner

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

APPEARANCES.

Never judge a man by appearances. Snap-judgments reflect on the man who utters them. Things are not always as they seem. Circumstantial evidence is not infallible. Innocent men have been executed because events played into the hands of fate. Appearances are sometimes deceitful. Our illustration is from the life of Coleridge:—

"When Coleridge, the school boy, was going along the street thinking of the story of Hero and Leander and imagining himself to be swimming the Hellespont, he threw wide his arms as though breasting the waves. Unfortunately, his hand struck the pocket of a passer-by and knocked out a purse. The outer deed was that of a pickpocket and could have sent the youth to jail. The inner motive was that of an imaginative youth deeply impressed by the story he was translating from the Greek, and that inner motive made the owner of the purse his friend and sent young Coleridge to college. Thus, the philosopher tells us, the motive made what was outwardly wrong to be inwardly right."

KIND ACTS.

Let each day be jewelled with a kind deed. The memory of such deed will be as perfume floating through the corridors of the soul. A little kindness, a little attention, a little consideration—and life will be all the sweeter for you. Show the best side of your nature occasionally and then men will say of you as they wrote concerning that eccentric character Dr. Johnson.

"The Johnson who put pennies into the hands of sleeping street-arabs in order that they could buy breakfast when they woke up, who took papers of sweetmeats to his child friends, or went out himself to buy oysters for his cat rather than make it unpopular with his servants, is a different Johnson from the self-assertive, slovenly, clumsy-mannered "Big Bear" of the anecdotes."

THE MAIN SPRING.

You can have four-fifths of a house without the foundation, but what an unsafe house! You can have two-thirds of a wheel without the hub, but who would care to ride on it. You can have nine-tenths of a watch without the main spring, but who would care to carry such a watch? You can have nineteen-twentieths of an ocean steamer without the engine, but who would care to cross the ocean on such a vessel? You can have almost all of a railroad train without the locomotive, but what poor progress would be made. The motive-power in life is BRAINS. Have you learned how to think?

THE MILLIONAIRE'S SON.

Health is the foundation of happiness. Wherein is the luxury of a well spread banquet table, if your digestive organs refuse to work. Why build up a strong business and then find at fifty years of age that you have not physical strength sufficient to handle it. Physical strength is the orators' capital and the business man's reserve force. A New York millionaire said to his boy: "My son, I will give you one million dollars when you are twenty-four, if you will eat your meals regularly and retire every night before twelve o'clock."

FACE YOUR PROBLEM.

The man who says "It can't be done!" Can't do it. He is lying down right in front of a problem which confronts him. Henry George told a friend that he "could start a newspaper" if he "had money." His friend replied that any man could start a newspaper if he had money, but that it "took brains" to start a newspaper without money. Henry George was not slow to see the point and act on the suggestion. The French statesman who introduced Napoleon to the French Directory, remarked:—"Here is a man who will not stand on ceremony." Young man, face your problem; solve your difficulty, and be equal to your emergency.

HOIST YOUR FLAG.

Link yourself with every good thing. Associate yourself with every splendid institution, the luxury of whose membership is within your means. Have a seat in the church, a locker in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, a card of admission to the public library, a place in the program work of your political party. Every noble connection and splendid association with your fellows anchors you to righteousness. It is as though you lifted a new and additional flag into the air. Men will know what you stand for and just where to find you. Be on the safe side as Nelson was. Listen!

"While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the Vanguard was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half pistol-shot of their third ship, the Spartiate. Nelson had six colors flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away."

FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES.

Keep out of debt, except a good healthy debt on a wise investment which will keep your face near the grindstone until you have turned the corner of the last payment on lot or house. But debt on unnecessary luxuries, avoid. The best furniture looks cheap when the unpaid collector, on his second round, stands just in the hallway. One hundred dollars, in bank, bearing interest, will make you feel good even on a cold day. A modern student of English literature says:—

"Later, in his novel 'Sybil,' when a rich marriage had overcome his poverty, Disraeli had not forgotten the horrors of debt. 'To be harassed about money,' he says, 'is one of the most disagreeable incidents of life. It ruffles the temper, lowers the spirits, disturbs the rest, and finally breaks up the health.'"

WATCH YOUR FRIENDS.

While your enemies are watching you, perhaps you had better watch your friends. Keep an eye on the friend who talks much about "money," "results" and "quick returns." Be careful about the influence of your friend who says that "a little game of whist on Sunday can do no harm." Cut short your relationships with the friend whose conversation and society always seem to cloud over the high ideals of life. Watch your friends.

The old proverb, "Save me from my friends," is founded on a certain basis of fact. "Twenty enemies cannot do me the mischief of one friend," rather cynically, but perhaps not wholly untruly, said Gail Hamilton.

DESTINY'S VOICE.

When a man begins to go down hill destiny always sends him a messenger with a word of warning. No man is ever permitted to go to moral destruction without an angel crossing his path. That angel may be Mother, Father, Sister, Brother or Friend, but the message is always delivered. Robert Burns had just such a word of warning: In English Men of Letters" we have these words:—

"Burns was robbed by his partner in trade, his flax-dressing shop was burnt to the ground by fire during the carousal of a New-Year's morning, and himself, impaired in purse, in spirits, and in character, returned to Lochlea to find misfortunes thickening round his family, and his father on his death-bed. For the old man, his long struggle with scanty means, barren soil, and bad seasons, was now near its close. Consumption had set in. Early in 1784, when his last hour drew on, the father said that there was one of his children of whose future he could not think without fear. Robert, who was in the room, came up to his bedside and asked, 'O father, is it me you mean?' The old man said it was. Robert turned to the window, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and his bosom swelling, from the restraint he put on himself, almost to bursting."

FOOLS IN PALACES.

Kings have sometimes acted foolishly and men of high position have sometimes shown poor judgment in matters of vast importance. What more unwise act can a ruler perform than to sneer at the religion of one of his subjects. The British Workman does well to give a timely emphasis to an old historical illustration, which ought to be remembered in these days when there are scores of so-called successful men who have forgotten to be kind to the religious sentiments of humanity.

"One of Frederick the Great's best generals was Hans Joachim von Zieten. He was never ashamed of his faith. Once he declined an invitation to come to his royal master's table, because on that day he wished to present himself at the table of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. The next time he appeared at the palace, the king, whose infidel tendencies were well known, made use of some profane expressions about the Holy Communion; and the other guests laughed at the remarks made on the occasion. Zieten shook his gray head solemnly, stood up, saluted the king, and then said, with a firm voice, "Your Majesty knows well that, in war, I have never feared any danger. But there is one above us who is greater than you and me.—greater than all men: He is the Saviour and Redeemer, who has died also for your Majesty, and has dearly bought us all with His own blood. This Holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted; for on Him repose my faith, my comfort, and my hope in life and death. In the power of this faith, your brave army has courageously fought and conquered. If your Majesty undermines this faith, you undermine at the same time the welfare of your State. I salute your Majesty.' This open confession of his Saviour by Zieten made a powerful impression on the king. He gave his hand to Zieten, his right hand, placing the left on the old man's shoulder, and said with emotion, 'O happy Zieten! how I wish I could also believe it! I have the greatest respect for you. This shall never happen again.'" The king then rose from the table, dismissed his other guests, but said to Zieten, 'Come with me into my cabinet.'"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The human mind is a miracle worker. You can, within the limit of human capacity, do, almost anything you desire to do. The father of William E. Gladstone planned that his boy should enter the political realm and, if possible, become a statesman, with a divine result which is woven into the fabric of history. A similiar achievement is to be found in the family of Sir Robert Peel. "When his father was told of the birth of his son, he fell upon his knees, and returned thanks to God for the blessing, and then and there consecrated his boy to his country. From that time on, while his fortune doubled and trebled into many millions, his one hope and thought was that Robert might be great. Though not a scholar himself, he desired to make his boy a model of scholarship. He would lift him upon the small round table beside the breakfast-table, and encourage him to recite, that he might become an orator. At twelve years of age he would desire him to repeat all he could remember of the sermon each Sunday; to ask questions, that he might understand any obscure passage in the words of the preacher."

BEGIN OVER AGAIN.

The greatest sign of genius is persistence. A determination which absolutely refuses to surrender in the presence of difficulty is the mark of the heroes of human achievement almost to a man. It was said of William the Silent that "he was never defeated by defeat." The man who wins his last battle is a hero for all time. The biographer of Audubon remarks:—

"Audubon, the great orithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work."

DETAIL.

"Drudgery is nine-tenths of a man's life," says President Eliot, of Harvard College. And man, no matter what his realm of human achievement may be, has never been able to score a splendid success without the strictest attention to certain important details. Referring to the innumerable details of a parliamentary career Anthony Trollope remarks:—"A man to be useful in Parliament, must be able to confine himself and conform himself, to be satisfied with doing a little bit of a little thing at a time. He must patiently get up everything connected with the duty on mushrooms, and then be satisfied with himself when at last he has induced a Chancellor of the Exchequer to say that he will consider the impost at the first opportunity. He must be content to be beaten six times in order that, on the seventh his work may be found to be of assistance to some one else. He must remember that he is one of 650, and be content with 1-650th part of the attention of the nation."

HATRED.

Get through with your grudges. Time will bury them, destiny will ignore them, your friends will grow weary of them and history will make light of them. Here is a bright paragraph from Talmage.

"How often have writers, with their pens, plunged into the hearts of their rivals—pens sharper than cimeters, striking deeper than bayonets! Voltaire hated Rousseau. Charles Lamb could not endure Coleridge. Waller warred against Cowley. The hatred of Plato and Xenophon is as immortal as their works. Corneille had an utter contempt for Racine. Have you ever been in Westminster Abbey? In the 'Poets' Corner,' in Westminster Abbey, sleeps Drayton the poet; and a little way off, Goldie, who said the former was not a poet. There sleeps Dryden; and a little way off, poor Shadwell, who pursued him with fiend's fury. There is Pope; and a little way off is John Dennis, his implacable enemy. They never before came so near together without quarreling!"

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

Discontent.

I'm a big, stout, strappin' hussy
On the verge of twenty-three,
I'm as modest, neat, and bonny
As a country lass could be.
My hame has mony comforts, but my heart is seldom glad,
And the cause of a' my sorrow is I canna get a lad.
I can knit, wash, bake and darn, mak' claes and scrub the floor,
Cook a dozen different dishes for a nobleman and more;
Work the best ten-fingered dochter ere a Scottish mither had:
Yet I canna see the reason that I canna get a lad.
There's big Kitty round the corner, Black Fanny up the stair,
And sour-faced Sally Sorkins wi' the ginger-colored hair.
And gabblin' Jenny Jenkins, the thought fair maks me sad,
An' me sae quiet and decent and I canna get a lad.
(Sent by Admirer of the Scotch Column)

Sow's Creesh. Many Scotsmen will not eat eels, "Ower like serpents!" And still more will not touch "swine's flesh." In defence of his position with relation to pork, a Scots gentleman said in Dean Ramsay's hearing, "Were not swine forbidden under the law, and cursed under the Gospel?" I knew an old Scot who would not even touch anything that had lard in it. My father once heard this old character addressing his wife: "Is there ony sow's creesh in that pie? If I thocht there was, I wad thraw it oot the winda—dish and a'!"

An unco skate. Dean Ramsay tells of an Englishman, at a party in Inverness, who told of a tiger he once shot, that was 40 feet long. A Scotsman said a skate fish had been lately captured off Thurso, which was over half-an-acre in extent! This was in the days of duelling; and the Englishman, taking this as a sarcasm against his own story, sent a friend to the Scotsman with a challenge. The Scot said, "Weel, if yer freend will tak a few feet aff the length o' his teeger, we'll see what can be done aboot the breedth o' the skate!"

Burns. In 1862 I was over the Sabbath, and a day or two after, in Dumfries. I scolded them for speaking of "Mister Burns." They probably thought it was giving him honor. I told them it belittled the man. "Burns," just like "Knox," "Bruce," etc., is enough. An old man, "Bailie MacWharg," was the only person in town had seen Burns. He described him to me as a "weel made mon; fair size; wi' dark eyes. A vera dark man—darker nor folk nowadays think." And ended by saying, "Man, the smile never was aff his face!" In 1859, at the centenary meeting in Edinburgh, a Mr. William Glover, an old "carrier," told of meeting Burns several times; and he described him as "with dark hair, and chestnut eyes." I think I have never seen him described as with "black eyes." Now his mother was a light-complexioned woman, with pale red hair, and (rather strangely) chestnut eyes. He had his eyes from his mother; but his dark complexion from his sturdy old father.

Scots and Dutch. In a speech at Glasgow in August, General Botha, Premier of South Africa, said, "The sons and daughters of Glasgow, and Scotland generally, had played a very important part in the history and development of South Africa. Amongst the earliest settlers there were a considerable number of Scotsmen; and they might be surprised to hear that even among the old Dutch population, names like those of Macdonald, Walker, and Murray were far from uncommon." (Applause.)

Scottish Home Rule. A Bill is before the British Parliament for a Local Parliament of one House (144 members) at Edinburgh.

Aye Sing Sma'.

Dinna cock yer heid ower high the warld could wag without ye,
Dinna froon as ye pass bye wi' airs that dinna suit ye,
It shows the want o' commonsense tae hear ye croosley craw,
And gie's folk fun at yere expense, sae aye sing sma.

Let modesty aye be yere guide, be void o' self conceit,
Tho' in a motor car ye ride, ye've aye tae use yere feet,
Ambitious thochts may rack yere brain, till wi' a thud ye fa'
Upon a hidden, slippery stane, sae aye sing sma'.

What though ye think yere unco smert, ye micht be led astray;
For, mind, it's no the rattling cart that first goes ower the brae.
To mak' a slip aye now and then seems pairt o' nature's law;
There's no a perfect man in ten, sae aye sing sma'.

Gin a body meet a body eating bread o' rye,
Gin the bread should suit the body need a body lie.
Every nation has its diet, that's the reason why
We like wheat, the Scots like oats, and Germans thrive on rye.

His clothes were coarse and cheap, and even darned, bearing here and there the signatures of poverty and motherliness R. E. Knowles.

Mrs. William Garden, youngest daughter of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, died on 14th June, in Aberdeen. She possessed many letters and other relics of her celebrated father, who died in 1835.

The lost langsyne! O, the lost langsyne!
The hopes that were yours, and the loves that were mine,
Hae shed a' their bloom like a flow'r i' the dwine.
Far, far awa' i' the lost langsyne!
John Macfarlane.

A motor car has climbed Ben Nevis, but it took nearly a week to do it.

There's some love kirn-milk wha could never be great,
Puir wretches, weel shaken by step-mother fate,
But kirn-milk and greatness—like bees and red heather—
They're no easy sindered, the ane frae the ither!
W. Wye Smith.

A kind word and a couthie smile will do mair gude than your penny. But they should be aye after the penny!
Scotch paper.

A Critic on Burns. "Deed, Sir," said Hugh Cowan, to an admirer of Burns, "Rabbie Burns, save just in clinking words, was just an ordinary man. I learned him the use o' the cudgel, and I should ken what he had in him, I think."

"Hawkie," whose proper name was William Cameron, a well-known beggar in Glasgow a generation ago, used to say of Sir Walter Scott: "You see, Sir, that a gude big lee gars the truth look respectable. What way, dae ye think, Sir Walter Scott gat sic a grand monument in George Square for? Just because he was a gude leear."

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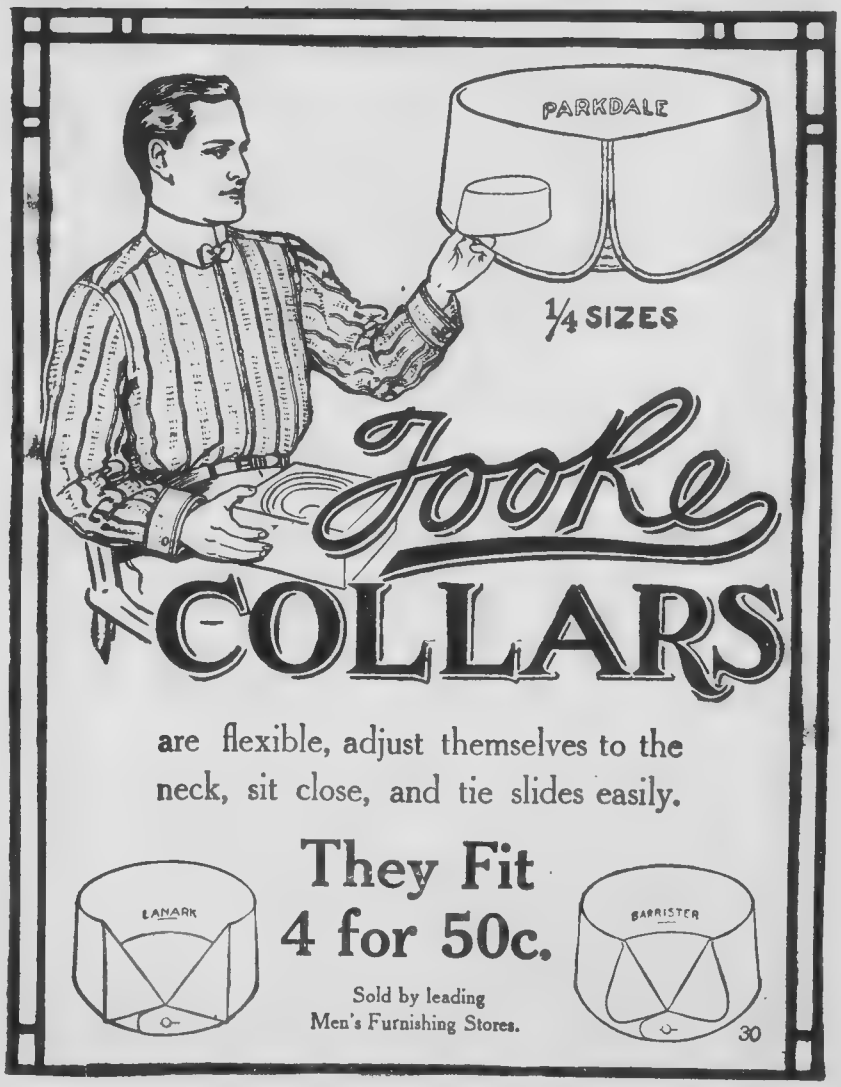

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The **Stole** is wide across the shoulders, 72 inches long, trimmed with four tails, eight paws and chain fastener.
The **Muff** is made in large fancy pillow design, trimmed with two tails, four paws and wrist cord. Muff and Stole are lined with Brown Satin to match fur.

Special price for complete set	**7.50**
Price for Stole alone	**4.50**
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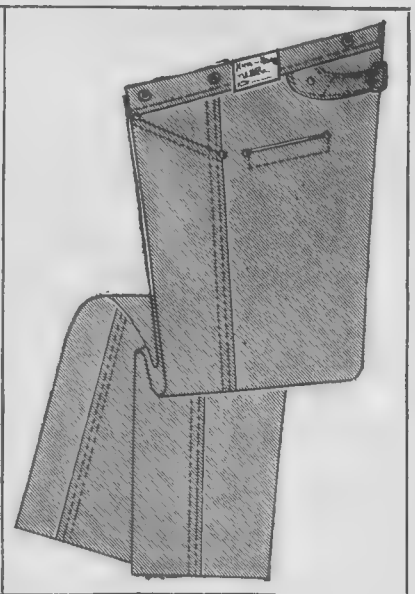

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The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Millinery.

I know that women on the farms will be just as much interested as their sisters in the cities in the kind of hats which are to be worn this season. It does not in the least matter whether a woman can afford two hats or must have her last winter's one done over—she wants to know what other people have, and what is the proper fashion. On the whole this is rather a moderate season in millinery. If there is an extreme, it is in the line of the very small hat, rather than the very large one. Certainly the small hats, while some of them are very outre in design, are calculated to stay on the head and resist the prairie winds better than anything that has been offered for a number of seasons. There are some large hats, of course, but I think the small ones will predominate, because they are more becoming and more comfortable. There is an endless variety in the small models, and they can be got to suit every face and age. There is just now a predominance of the Mother Hubbard hat—that is, the one with the long lines from the chin to the top of the crown, or from the ear to the top of the crown. There are Napoleon effects and many high-crowned turbans. With all of these small models the hair shows to some extent in the front, and with many of them it is worn low down on the back of the neck, occasionally with tiny curls falling behind the ear. This last style is very becoming to young girls. There are a good many fairly large hats among what are known as semi-dress or tailored models, and in nearly every instance the brim is bent so as to almost touch the neck at the back, and being lined with velvet, has a beautiful flaring curve, which makes a pretty frame for the face.

Materials.

Velvet, Terry velvet, and felt are the leading materials for the fall and winter; but, as the season advances, there will be a great deal of fur used, principally Alaska sable, moleskin, and musquash. The last named is simply dyed and clipped muskrat, but is almost, if not quite, as effective as seal. Ermine is shown also, but only in narrow bands and small touches. Mink is very much less in evidence. Persian lamb will be used a great deal, but not the actual pelt. There is a most perfect imitation for millinery purposes, and at a distance of a yard it would be difficult to tell it from the real fur. It is, however, only half the weight of the real skin and not much more than a quarter of the price. Though the furs named will be the leaders, almost any fur may be used on a hat this winter; and nothing looks richer and warmer for the winters in this country. A fashion which will be more popular in the towns and cities than on the farms is that of a shoulder scarf, bag, muff, and hat all trimmed with the same fur. The bags are all suspended from the shoulder by a cord; and a set of this kind is very smart. For instance, the flat scarf would be of purple velvet edged with Persian lamb, and the muff be constructed in the same way, while the center of the bag and the crown of the hat would be of the Persian lamb with velvet finishings. A fringe is a rather unique hat trimming, which is being offered this season, and which is finding considerable popularity.

Colors.

This a black and white season, and milliners declare that this combination will be more seen as the season advances than it is even at present. Any possible combination of black and white is permissible. Hats have black brims and white crowns, or black crowns and and white brims, and many of the all-black hats of velvet are trimmed with a single white plume or a Pocahontas band of heron or vulture. Colors are worn, but they are somewhat sombre, especially in dress hats. Reddish purple and emerald green are the brightest individual colors shown, while browns are of the darkest, and the most popular blue is corbeau, which is one of the indigo blues. On the semi-dress or tailored hats there is some color shown, but it is always in the form of small touches. The Coronation year has left its mark on the millinery, and more especially is this noticeable in bandeaux, which are of the most exquisite blending of oriental colors. These bandeaux sometimes show blue, red, green, brown, gold, heilotrope and deep orange, but so skilfully blended that there is never a suggestion of jaring notes. Bandeaux are made in silk embroideries, beeds, and, smartest of all, in Berlin wool.

Decorations.

The palm is given to feather mounts, plumes, sheaves of uncurled ostrich feathers, the Prince of Wales' mount, which is composed of small curled ostrich tips, combination mounts of ostrich and osprey, bands and mounts of ostrich, osprey, heron, vulture and coque feathers. Peacock bands and mounts are also very fashionable. Quite a number of these mounts have the feathers metallized, which has a brilliant effect, especially on sombre tones. Many of the straight ostrich feathers shade from white to corbeau, from cream to deep brown, or white to black. A mount being extensively offered by New York houses is known as the Gura osprey. It is quite as pretty as the genuine osprey and much more durable, while only about half the price. It is much better suited to our Western winds than the genuine osprey, and can be had in many colors.

Wool Toques.

One fashionable fancy of the moment is within the reach of any girl who can use a crochet hook. It is the little toque or turban of double Berlin wool. The crown is usually of a solid color, but the double band may be variegated as much as the owner wishes. I saw one the other day with green deep crimson and brown in the border or bandeaux, while the crown was of a rich golden brown. These little toques are not only very smart and very becoming, but they are amazingly comfortable on the head, and while almost as warm, are never as likely to give the wearer a headache as is a fur cap.

I think these pointers probably cover

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as much as will be of practical use to my readers.

The Country School Teacher.

The terrible experience of Miss Price of the Riverdale school which, for days, occupied so much space in the newspapers of the West, has reminded me of a matter on which I have intended to write, for some time. It is a rule of the Departments of Education in all the three Western provinces that, before taking a professional certificate, teachers must put in a year at least in a country school. This is a very wise provision on the part of the boards of education, but such an experience as overtook Miss Price will naturally make every mother of a daughter extremely apprehensive when she goes to a country school. Many of these schools are a long distance from any house. I have been struck with that frequently, when driving over the country. In fact, the country school which is close to a farm residence is rather rare In a country of the extent of the Canadian West, and with its large mixed population, much of it of a very floating character, the marvel is, not that occasional atrocities are committed on these school teachers, but that it does not happen much more frequently. I have again and again been amazed to find a young girl alone in one of these schools, staying after hours to correct exercises or going before the usual assembly hour in the morning for the same purpose. Now this is something altogether wrong. It is quite right and wise to be courageous and to face danger bravely when it comes along, but it is only foolhardy to court danger unnecessarily. No young girl or woman should remain in one of these school houses by herself, even for an hour or two; and more especially in the fall of the year, when the influx of harvesters is not infrequently accompanied by an influx of hoboes of the worst possible type. There is no woman in the West who will not sympathize deeply and keenly with Miss Price; but, had she gone to her boarding house when she dismissed her single pupil that morning, she would not only have been spared a horrible experience—which must remain a cloud on her life to its end—but she would have spared a community many hours of intense anxiety as to her safety. Furthermore, she would have saved many a mother throughout the West, whose daughter is teaching in a country school, much needless anxiety and pain. I think it is not going too far to suggest that school boards make it a rule that women teachers shall not remain alone in the school house except when it is so near to some residence that there is absolutely no danger. As long as the children are with the teacher, there is practically no danger. The most hardened criminal, even when intoxicated, would scarcely be likely to run the risk of being recognized by a score of children. I would say to the young women teachers (for whom I have a very deep and abiding admiration), don't, for the sake of appearing plucky, run needless risks for yourselves, or occasion needless anxiety to your parents and friends. One such tragedy as that of the Riverdale school is enough for a lifetime.

Books.

"The Winning of Barbara Worth," by Harold Bell Wright, the author of "The Shepherd of the Hills" and "The Calling of Dan Matthews," is a book which I would like to recommend very warmly to my readers. It is very superior, both in dramatic force and in construction to "The Shepherd of the Hills," and has almost a plethora of well-drawn and striking characters. Barbara, the heroine; the banker, Joseph Worth; the "Seer," Abe Lee; the engineer from New York; and Uncles Pat and Tex, form a wonderful group for a single book. The scene is laid in Colorado, and the lesson of the book is what capital owes to the country. The descriptions of the American desert, both before and after its reclamation, and the fight to keep out the waters of the Colorado River from "the hollow of God's hand" are masterpieces. "The Calling of Dan Matthews" fell rather below the standard of "The Shepherd of the Hills," but the author has more than redeemed himself in this latest work.

A Symposium.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take panes," said the Window.

"Never be lead," said the Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to grate things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything off-hand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Do the work you are sooted for," said the Flue.

"Get a good pull with the ring," said the Doorbell.

"Be sharp in your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

A Subtle Compliment.

Surely the daintiest and most graceful speeches are made by little girls. Virginia, a little five year old child, went to the house of a neighbor to exhibit her new birthday doll. It was large and beautiful arrayed in lovely pink hat, pink silk frocks, pink hose and pink shoes.

"Just her head's new," said little Virginia. "She gets a new head ev'y time I have a birthday."

"Does she get a new name every time she gets a new head, Virginia?" asked a young lady.

"Yes'm," answered Virginia. "She's got a new name now. I named her after you."

"After me!" said the surprised young lady. "And what do you call her, Virginia?"

An indescribably sweet shyness spread over little Virginia's face as she slowly replied:

"I—don't—know—your—name."

Send Us Only $1.50

receive postpaid by return mail, this handsome little dress for girls age 2 to 8. It is made of heavy rich Velveteen in cardinal, golden brown, navy and dark green, trimmed with fine white fancy braid on neck band, cuffs and pocket. This beautiful little dress also comes in age 10 and 12, only $2.25, add 18c. for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building, London, Ont.

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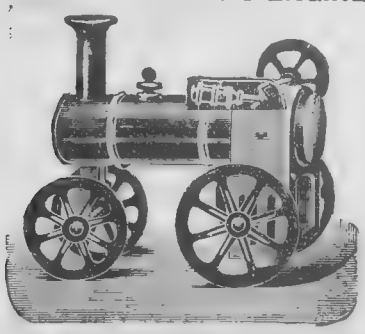

GIVEN FREE

BOYS! We are giving a number of these engines free. This is a great chance to get an instructive and entertaining article for a few hours' work. This engine runs by steam and has a boiler cylinder, fly wheel and safety valve. We give it free for selling only $2.50 worth of our high grade postcards at 6 for 10c. These include Christmas, New Years, Birthdays, Views, etc. Write now for cards; when sold send us the $2.50 and we will send engine post free to your address.

THE WESTERN PREMIUM CO.
Dept., W.H. 3, Winnipeg, Canada.

THE HIGHEST GRADE OF ALL

Tetley's Tea

IN TEAS, TETLEY'S

Is the World's recognized standard in Purity. You are safe if you use it. Its use will not only satisfy every healthy taste, and assure good cheer at every meal, but it will prove good household economy

$1.00, 75c, 60c, 50c, 40c per pound

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO, LIMITED
WINNIPEG, CALGARY, REGINA, VANCOUVER

Your China by Mail

And Winnipeg's Greatest Assortment to Select from

Our Dinner Service Catalogue

Puts the whole matter before you, and you can consult your friends in the selection at your own home.

Each Article fully described, and Illustrations are exact reproductions of the originals.

We will mail you a copy on request. This is the greatest opportunity that has been presented to out of City residents in the CHINA LINE, and it has been quickly appreciated.

Every Order entrusted to us will have Experienced and Exacting Care. A trial will be especially appreciated from those finding it difficult to get satisfaction elsewhere.

Our Prices will be found considerably lower than that of others. For instance, the Beautiful Set shown in this advertisement, consisting of 97 Pieces,

COSTS ONLY $10.45

ROBINSON & CO., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

ARNOTT INSTITUTE

The work of the ARNOTT INSTITUTE in treating Stammerers and Stutterers is becoming more and more widely recognized as perhaps the most successful on this continent.

Following our own scientific methods, the Institute treats the CAUSE of stammering—not the habit itself. It teaches the patient **why** he stammered, and once he understands that, it is comparatively easy for him to learn, in from five to eight weeks, how to speak fluently and naturally, without any of the objectionable mannerisms commonly taught. As he knows **why** he is speaking correctly, the cure is permanent.

If you know anyone who stammers or stutters, in kindness to them advise them to consult the ARNOTT INSTITUTE.

BERLIN, ONTARIO, CAN.

Canada's Field Crops for 1911.

Ottawa, September 14. A bulletin on the field crops of Canada issued today gives their average condition by provinces at the end of August, together with estimates of the production of spring wheat, oats and barley at that time. The per cent. condition of wheat is given as 86.80, of oats 84.44, and of barley 84.73, which is about five to seven per cent. higher than last year and nearly the same as two years ago. The other crops range in condition from 80 to 86 per cent. and are generally somewhat lower than in 1909 and 1910. The rains of August hindered the ripening of grain and some injury was caused by hail storms, low temperature and rust. Towards the end of the month frosts prevailed in many sections of the Northwest provinces, the full extent of which could not be determined at the date of the reports, but in the case of wheat, oats and barley production was lowered by probably 12 per cent., which has been followed in the table. In the older provinces the brains ripened earlier and little damage was sustained, excepting from drouth in some localities, and the reported condition was 75 or over.

The average yield of spring wheat is estimated at 19.14 bushels per acre for the Dominion, which is seven bushels more than last year, and the total yield at 186,928,000 bushels. The fall wheat was reported last month at 17,706,000 bushels, being grown almost wholly in Ontario and Alberta. The total wheat yield of the country is, therefore, estimated to be 204,634,000 bushels or 81,849,000 bushels more than last year at the same date. The average per acre is 19.50 bushels, or 6.30 bushels per acre more than last year.

For the Dominion the yield of oats is given as 368,153,000 bushels, which is 84,906,000 bushels more than last year's estimate at the same date, and the average at 35.81 bushels per acre, being more than last year by 7.10 bushels. The average for barley is also higher than last year by 7.31 bushels, and the total yield is estimated at 51,559,000 bushels as against 39,388,000 bushels for last year.

The estimated yield of spring wheat for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta this year is 181,535,000 bushels, of fall wheat 3,193,000 bushels, of oats 204,758,000 bushels and of barley 30,205,000 bushels as compared with 98,808,000 bushels spring wheat, 1,082,000 bushels fall wheat, 92,201,000 bushels oats and 14,723,000 bushels barley in the previous year.

In Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the estimated yield of spring wheat is 1,453,000 bushels, of oats 16,699,000 bushels and of barley 437,000 bushels; in Quebec 1,777,000 bushels spring wheat, 44,610,000 bushels oats and 2,389,000 bushels barley; and in Ontario 2,163,000 bushels spring wheat, 14,513,000 bushels fall wheat, 102,077,000 bushels oats and 18,528,000 bushels barley.

The final estimates of last year gave the production for the whole country as 16,610,000 bushels fall wheat, 133,379,600 bushels spring wheat, 323,449,000 bushels oats and 45,147,600 bushels barley.

GREAT

Farm Bargains

I Own and Will Sell Cheap the Following Manitoba Farms

Splendid for Market Gardening or Grain

No. 4.—480 acres five miles from St. Claude on Canadian Pacific Railway; directly south of Portage la Prairie; one of best districts in Manitoba; smooth land, good deep soil, very little scrub; land in same section sold recently at $40 to $50 per acre; my price only **$16 per acre.**

No. 2.—N.W. ¼ of 2-1-4, east of first meridian, 160 acres improved; half mile from International boundary; ten miles from Emerson, Man. Fertile, high land, well drained; rich, black soil; price **$16 per acre.**

No. 26.—N. ½ of 14-4-6 east of first Meridian, 320 acres; station at Marchand or Dufrost. Government drainage has reclaimed this land, which has an unusually deep, rich black soil; bumper crops can be produced on this land, and my price of **$10 per acre** is a snap for someone.

No. 33.—N.W. ¼ of 36-4-6 east, 160 acres, same township as No. 26; all old lake bottom, which has been drained, leaving rich, alluvial, productive soil; **price $12 per acre.**

No. 3.—S.E. ¼ of 19-1-6 east of first meridian, 160 acres improved; 1½ miles from Canadian Northern Railway, six miles from Stuartburn on Roseau River; near the Red River Valley famous market garden district; ten to fifteen acres broken; house on property; **price $12 per acre.**

No. 164.—S ½ of 30-22-15 west of first meridian, 320 acres unimproved; only two miles from Laurier, Manitoba, on Canadian Northern Railway; a pretty town, only about ten miles from Riding Mountain; splendid neighborhood, mostly English settlers, good schools and churches; plenty of seasonable rain; soil dark, heavy loam; 12 inches deep with clay sub; large Government ditch east to west on north side of tract; small ditch on road allowance to south; **price $16 per acre.**

No. 165.—N.E. ¼ of 18-22-15 west of first meridian, 160 acres unimproved; within one mile of Laurier, Manitoba: soil dark heavy loam, averaging 12 inches on clay sub; small stream through tract, small government ditch half mile of land, affording excellent drainage; mostly open land; **price $16 per acre.**

Dr. RALPH, 650 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN
Canada's next Premier, who led the Conservative Forces to victory, September 21st.

Donald Morrison & Co

Grain Commission

711 W. Grain Exchange, Winnipeg

Established 1904

WE handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

References: BANK OF TORONTO, NORTHERN CROWN BANK AND COMMERCIAL AGENCIES

Large Profits in Tomatoes.

If I should say that $1,000 could be realized from an acre of tomatoes by careful culture and an eye on the markets, your readers would say nonsense. If I say that $300 can be realized from an acre by ordinary farm culture and the cannery for a market, they would still demur. This latter is no trick at all.

On a test of 100 plants, with extra care and an early market, I realized $70, or 70 cents to the plant. At this rate an acre or 2,200 plants would realize $1,540. On a test of one acre raised for the cannery at $7 per ton, $305 was realized, although quite a lot were sold in the early market before they began canning. This helped swell the amount to $305. In the very early market tomatoes command 8⅓ to 10 cents per pound. For two or three weeks following they will bring from 5 to 7 cents per pound, and never run below 2 cents for good table fruits.

By proper care and management the first tomatoes can be ready for market by August 1. I have sold them as early as July 26, in a latitude of 41 degrees. With this early start the entire crop can be disposed of before the ordinary crop comes in market and at paying prices.

How to Secure These Results.

A great deal depends on the grower. He must have energy, tact and discretion in his work. Of soils I recommend a good friable soil, fairly rich, with a southern exposure and protection from cold winds. It should not be subject to excessive moisture at any time.

Start plants early in March. They should be transplanted two or three times before being set in open ground. This makes strong stocky plants at field planting time. They should not be allowed to become chilled or stunted in any way. Chilled or stunted plants are unfit for profitable use at any time.

In transplanting or planting in field never allow a plant to wilt or droop its leaves. To avoid this, either plant on cloudy days or with force enough to set plants late in the day. Watering of plants should be avoided. Plants that require watering are standing still in growth, and this is not right. They should be kept in a growing state from first to last. One week lost in getting a field to growing properly means a week's lower prices in the season.

We give ample room to our plants by planting 4½ feet apart each way. This gives each plant 20 square feet and requires 2,200 plants to the acre. By May 10th plants should be ready for the field if weather will insure safety in transplanting. If it does not we hold them a few days longer.

A good tomato plant should yield 30 pounds or one-half bushel, at a low estimate. For an acre of 2,200 plants at this rate of yield and the common price, 25 cents for cannery purposes or from 2 cents to 10 cents per pound for the markets, the tomato is a very profitable crop to raise.

At the Gateway of the West.

A Londoner's Impressions, By Joseph Bull. Expressly Written for W.H.M.

The Londoner born within the sound of Bow-Bells in that vast, densely populated old world city, has for the most part heard of Winnipeg as the "Gateway of the Golden West." Does not Ballantyne, that delightful scribe of our schooldays, mention Winnipeg and the Fort Garry trading post in his "Fur Traders?" introducing us to the great Canadian Northwest and entertaining us, as keenly, appreciative youngsters with his, the present writer suspects, not too accurate adventures as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, taking us, as with eager eyes we scanned his pages, and went with him riding upon the keen imagination of youth, to hunt the buffalo, to fight the Indians and to journey with sleigh and dog team from post to post.

The Canadian Northwest! What a strange, weird land it always seemed to us lads, and what a wild, medley of terms the name alone suggested in the boyhood days of the present writer. Redskins, with their bows and arrows, tomahawks and scalp locks, wigwams and hunting lodges, the buffalo, moose and elk, trappers living on pemmican, with their muzzle loading guns, powder horns and bullets, winning the then only known product of the country, the pelts of the fur-bearing denizens of the North.

It is said, and truly said, that the impressions formed in childhood remain implanted in a man's mind even more strongly than those created at a later period, until such a time as the evidence of his own eyes forces him, reluctantly it may be, for the memories of youth are often the sweetest, to cast aside what he finds to be inaccurate, and accept the truth as it unfolds itself before him.

So it was that upon the autumn evening, the present writer stepped out of the "Imperial Limited" at the C.P.R. Winnipeg Depot, he gazed around him with surprise. That surprise as he passed through the fine station hall walked down the road past the palatial Alexandra Hotel and turned into Main Street, brilliantly lit with thousands of bright, electric lights, changed to absolute nourishment.

Figures we certainly had in London, figures that each year in the comparatively brief history of Winnipeg, with a long imposing and ever increasing row of cyphers gave us the equivalent value in dollars of the agricultural products of the West, and we had heard that a large portion of these products passed through Winnipeg. We had also heard in London that Winnipeg was "a growing town." A growing town! Not in the slightest degree does that phrase adequately convey to the stranger the mighty potentiality of Winnipeg. A real, live, bustling city would more aptly describe the "Wheatopolis" of Western Canada. Directly a stranger enters her gates he feels in the very atmosphere that Winnipeg is predestined to civic greatness among the cities of a mighty Empire.

Wheat and Beef! These are the principal commercial pillars of business Winnipeg. Wheat and beef! won from the vast surrounding prairies by virile men, stout of heart and strong in limb. Wheat and beef, the very words themselves, the greatest of naturally concentrated foods, richest in life-giving qualities, suggest the vigor and steady growth so very evident in both Winnipeg City and citizens to-day.

To the Londoner and to one moreover familiar with the principal cities of Europe and America, buildings in themselves and the actual size of a place, do not convey much, but to anyone paying a first visit to Winnipeg, it is the thought as to how rapidly it has all been done that brings amazement to the mind and almost takes the breath away.

Winnipeg, and in a lesser degree her sister towns, stand to-day a striking testimony to the collossal, natural wealth of Northwestern Canada.

The country needs no "boosting," for the financial situation in Winnipeg is a very plain one. There is an old accepted axiom that "one cannot get anything out of nothing," and if all the wealth so very evident in Winnipeg and throughout the West to-day, has not been produced from the land by the energies of the people—where else has it come from?

Splendid buildings nobly planned, streets wide and tastefully planted with trees. Every luxury and every convenience of the old world are here. Stand, as the writer did, one fine, bright autumn morning on Main Street and watch the crowd go by. Poverty, unhappiness and incompetence there may be, but it is not paraded in the streets. Everybody looks happy and all seem intent upon their business. Each individual taking, it would appear, a very real, personal pride in doing "their little bit," as they say in the Old Country, towards making great Winnipeg, great Canada, and our great Empire, greater yet.

Virility and a cheery optimism seem to be the prevailing spirit of the people, together with a calm, unwavering confidence in themselves and in their city. What a cosmopolitan crowd they are! Gathered together from almost every nation of the earth. And yet amid all the bustle and business scurry perfect order prevails and the constables, looking almost regal in their fine fur, winter coats and hats, would appear to be superfluous.

As he stands and ponders in the bright, clear sunlit air, the Londoner for the moment forgets his native city, with all its crowded slums, dirt, disease and poverty, and realizes that here a mighty nation is in the making, whilst above him waves languidly, yet majestically, in the light, autumn breeze, clear and vivid against the azure sky, the old red, white and blue flag, emblem of a united Empire and a symbol of liberty, justice and equal rights for all.

Grain Exchange Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange was held on Wednesday, September 13. The officers, council and standing committees were all elected by acclamation, as follows:

President, Donald Morrison; vice-president, Andrew Kelly; secretary-treasurer, C. N. Bell.

Council:—H. T. Swart, G. R. Crowe, C. Tilt, A. D. Chisholm, G. V. Hastings, H. N. Baird, W. L. Parrish, F. N. McLaren, S. T. Smith, A. K. Godfrey, A. C. Ruttan.

Donald Morrison Elected President.

Committee of Arbitration:—H. N. Baird, S. Spink, A. R. Hargraft, John Fleming, C. Tilt, F. N. McLaren, A. D. Chisholm.

Committee of Appeals:—S. P. Clark, W. A. Black, S. A. McGaw, Thomas Thompson, W. W. McMillan, W. J. Bettinger, W. E. Milner.

The retiring president, Mr. A. D. Chisholm, in an interesting address, reviewed the work of the past year, dealing with all the important matters that had engaged the consideration of the Exchange. His outlook on the coming year was cheerfully optimistic.

The newly elected President of the Exchange, Mr. Donald Morrison, is head of the well known commission firm of Donald Morrison & Co. Like the majority of his predecessors he is a Scot, and bountifully endowed with the business sagacity of his race. Though still comparatively youthful, his connection with the grain trade dates back a quarter of a century, and he enjoys the confidence and esteem of his fellow members in a marked degree.

GRAIN GROWERS

AFTER the crop has been harvested, the next consideration for you is the satisfactory disposal of same.

Since 1853 we have been engaged in the Canadian grain trade. Our Eastern and Western branches and connections keep us in close touch with all current demands and fluctuations. We therefore claim our facilities the best for securing you the highest possible returns for every grade.

We pay special attention to the grading of all cars consigned to us, and the samples of same are carefully checked by our experts.

Our Option Department is prepared to handle with care and dispatch all trading in futures entrusted to it. Reference: Any Financial Agency.

WRITE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION TO

JAMES RICHARDSON & SONS
LIMITED
GRAIN EXCHANGE,—WINNIPEG
GRAIN EXCHANGE,—CALGARY

Ship Your Grain

To a strictly commission firm and have it handled to your advantage. We handle strictly on commission; look carefully after grading; obtain best prices and furnish prompt settlements.

Write for market prospects and shipping directions.

Thompson, Sons & Company
Grain Commission Merchants
703 Grain Exchange Winnipeg, Man.

Radiol

RADIOL treatment reduces swellings, cures strained and puffy joints, prevents filled legs, relieves pain from lameness, etc. No Blister, Enforced Rest, or Removal of the Hair Necessary.

Booklet on request—$2.00 flask delivered on receipt.
THOMAS REID, Agent
304 Eastern Townships Bank Building, MONTREAL, Que.

OXO Cubes are in the same class with the cable, telephone, adding machine and electric light.

They are time savers and money savers.

Just as the masculine world is beginning to realize the value of electricity, so the feminine world is fast awakening to the countless uses of OXO.

54

10 for 25c.
4 for 10c.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

A. J. Balfour: War is the most futile as well as the most ferocious of all human follies.

Lloyd George: If a man cannot stand criticism he is not fitted to be in public life.

Theodore Roosevelt: If you get down to a boy's heart you will find that he wants to be what he ought to be.

Lord Haldane: Germany has had one particular piece of ill-luck: she was born as a nation a hundred years late in the world's history.

R. L. Borden: The best way to encourage patriotism is by teaching the duties of citizenship.

"Gipsy" Smith: The need of the hour is red-hot saints who will blister somebody's conscience.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: Men may build bridges and explore deserts; but they cannot make tea.

T. A. Edison: The greatest invention the world has known was the invention of the wheel.

Rev. Dr. Salem Bland: There is no education in the world worthy the name unless the pupil teaches himself.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon: The position of women in any nation is a barometer of the civilization of that nation.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: We Canadians have never yet failed in our duty to ourselves and to posterity, to our country and to the nation from which we are sprung.

Judge Lindsey: If placed in time amid healthy surroundings, the chances are that in most cases the child of the vicious parents will rise, as the child of the virtuous parents will sink under the influence of depravity.

Admiral Togo: In industry, sobriety, commonsense, and diligence the Chinaman may be placed on an equality with the busy bee.

Sarah Bernhardt: An American who has not his auto would consider himself as lacking as a Spanish belle without a "mantilla," a German without a pipe, an Englishwoman without her coat, or a Parisienne without a pocket-mirror.

WHEN YOU SHOP BY MAIL

INSIST UPON GETTING

DELIVERY-PAID MERCHANDISE

Whether You Order Fifty Cents' or Fifty Dollars' Worth of Goods, You Will Have All Delivery Charges Paid if You Adopt

SIMPSON'S

SIMPLIFIED SYSTEM OF MAIL ORDER BUYING

No more looking up express or freight rates. The price you see PRINTED is all the money YOU SEND to have Goods Delivered to your nearest Station.

No more padding out your order to $25.00, or buying more goods than you want, in order to have charges paid.

Our Fall and Winter Catalogue Prices will show you that you're losing money by shopping any other way.

We're enroiling thousands of new customers, and receiving "delighted" letters from all over Canada.

Here's an Example from Our New Fall and Winter Catalogue

of the value you receive with all charges paid.

W. 1506.—Serviceable Waist of Heavy Jap Silk, black or white, opens in front and has groups of double one-inch tucks; centre panel of lovely guipure lace, full length sleeve, tucked cuffs and collars with lace edging.. **$1.95**

Send money order for $1.95 and we will send you this beautiful waist with all charges paid.

We take all the risk. If goods are not entirely satisfactory, RETURN THEM AT OUR EXPENSE and we will exchange them or refund your money

TORONTO CANADA

A feature of our New Fall and Winter Catalogue is its 45 pages of Delivery-Paid Furniture. Just write on a Post Card "Send me FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE, No. 34."

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

One young woman writes asking me if I will answer questions privately. I am always delighted to answer privately any question a girl requests. I appreciate very much the letters I receive and wish I might have more letters from my readers. Will some of the girls living in the country send in some of their problems for discussion on our page?

* * * * *

THE FIRST SEASON.

Lady Troubridge says that social life "may be compared to a serial story, in which the whole success of the story depends upon the power of the first instalment to awaken interest. So in a girl's debut, the first year spells very often either the success or failure if her whole career." Becoming clothes reveal a girl's personality and accentuate her charm, but she must not make the mistake of being too conscious of them. A girl who is continually feeling her hair or adjusting her belt is extremely tiresome. When she is dressing she should give the most careful attention to herself, and after she is dressed forget all about it. A girl's dress is important, because every man, and woman, too, likes to see a girl in neat attire. There is a tendency, however, to place too much stress on the clothes at the sacrifice of the dress in which she clothes her mind—in other words, her manner. Clothes do not make a girl—they cover her. To some girls social life is everything, while to others it has no charm whatever. Girls of the first class are usually too gushing—they are extremely civil, seeing in men possible husbands and in women influencial friends. On the other hand, a girl who does not care for society at all is usually too blunt and careless. Gush repels and rudeness disgusts; but the latter is the more serious mistake. A middle course should be cultivated. A young woman should aim to treat other women with respect and consideration, and their manner towards men should be natural. Men, as a rule abhor affectation in girls. I have often asked men this question: "What quality do you admire most in girls?" The answer is invariably the same—"sincerity: I like girls who are natural." The distinguishing characteristics of a lady are ease and self-confidence. Girls often say to me: "I dread to go to Mrs. ——'s afternoon at home because I do not know how to act." A girl may cultivate ease of manner and self-confidence so that it will not be necessary for her to wonder how she shall behave in such a certain emergency—she will know. To be sure, this is a natural gift with some, but it can be cultivated. The correct manner of entering a room is an erect and graceful carriage. A lolling and careless attitude in the home does not develop a beautiful carriage. Avoid any appearance of flirtation. People who know things say that a girl who gets herself talked about the first season—more or less cheapens herself. It is the old-fashioned girl who marries first or who has the first chance. When a man of good position marries, he considers the matter more seriously than we give him credit for, because he realizes that the honor of his family and his personal credit and position are at stake—and he likes to be very sure of what he is about. We often hear of broken engagements that we do not understand. A silly, frivolous remark, showing the shallowness of a foolish nature, a criticism of biting wit, revealing jealousy, or a careless uneasy manner, displaying a discontented disposition, might explain the reason of the change of mind. Many a girl prevents "The Unknown Prince" from coming because she spends so much time dreaming of him, that she neglects to cultivate the very womanly accomplishments that would attract him. Where he is anxiously waited for he seldom comes.

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WIVES OF ENGLISH STATESMEN.

Conditions of the times demand of women an education that will result in intellectual companionship and practical application. The London Graphic makes this statement: "The 'afternoon call' is doomed; it is a relic of leisurely times. With its atmosphere of artificiality and affectation, its babel of tongues, voicing meaningless nothings, it was a purely conventional function. Conversation, in the true sense of the word, never flourished there. None went away mentally richer than they came. Far removed as the poles, the English 'at homes' were from the salons of the French women, where intellect received impetus and originality ran riot." Political entertaining is an art and it is one that is fast becoming popular in England. The brilliant intellect and political zeal of Mrs. Asquith have meant untold benefit to her husband. Before her marriage she was a great favorite of Gladstone. Her marriage to the brilliant Liberal statesman drew together a most distinguished congregation, comprising all kinds of political opinions. Mrs. Asquith is conversant with every branch of literature and art as well as politics. Lady Lansdowne is the head hostess of the Conservative party—she, too, is brilliant in intellectual affairs. Lady Crewe has also filled an important place in managing entertainments of political character. Indeed, the wives of England's statesmen have established a system of political entertaining where intellect reigns supreme and where graciousness of manner commands world wide admiration

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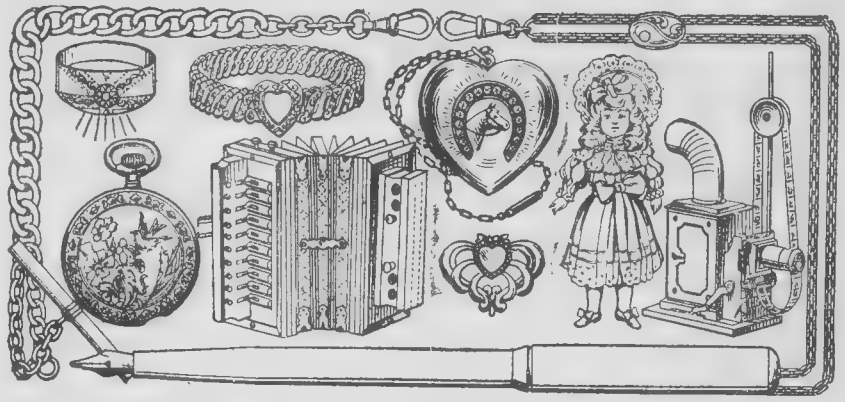
A QUESTION.

This question was asked me last week: "Can you understand why a man will fall in love with his stenographer?" The girl was surprised when I did not answer "No" immediately. But I know certain wives and have been in a few homes. I knew a man who for fifteen years tried to discuss his business affairs with his wife, but she never seemed the least bit interested and often after he would tell her about a very important move he intended to make, she would reply, "Don't bother me with that stuff;



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JUST SHOW THEM AND TAKE IN THE MONEY.

You can win any of these splendid premiums by selling $3.00 worth and upwards, and if you will write today you can also win one of the **Extra Premiums** we are giving to those who are prompt. Send us your name and address, plainly written, and we will forward you a package of cards and our big premium list. We get a great many repeat orders from our customers. Why? **BECAUSE OUR PREMIUMS ARE THE BEST.** **COBALT GOLD PEN CO. Dept.** 314 **Toronto, Ont.**

Hundreds of Western Canada's Farmers Endorse the School of Scientific Farming

WHEN a farmer talks he usually says something—very often without frills or fine words, but you know what he means just the same. He's got a reputation for practical hard-headed common sense. When a farmer says a thing is g-o-o-d you can generally bank on it that it IS GOOD. Not one, but **scores** of the best farmers throughout Western Canada have placed the seal of their approval on our work. Here is what some of our students say—they have tested our methods—they know:

"Splendid Source of Practical Information."

Judging by the men who are conducting this correspondence course I deem it of inestimable value to every farmer in the West. Any man will miss a great opportunity if he fails to take advantage of this splendid source of practical information.
A. H. Finch, Lidstone, Man.

One Hour a Day Does It.

I was a little dubious about starting your course thinking that it would take too much time to study it, but find that the lessons are so clear and everything is so plain that I can, by studying one or two hours every evening prepare a lesson in a week. I am well satisfied with the course and think that anyone taking it up would say before they were through that it was money well spent. J. Errol Knox, Keyes, Man.

"Building Better Than You Know."

I believe that you are embarking on a most valuable undertaking and are building better than you know.
Jas. Weir, Parkland, Alta.

"Explains Things."

Your course explains things to me I often wondered about. W. J. Boughen, Valley River, Man.

More than a Good Thing.

I feel very enthusiastic over farming and your course in particular as being not merely a good thing but the best practical education a farmer can secure at his own place. It's an appeal of intelligence to the intelligent farmer at a moderate price.
Thos. Duxbury, Imperial, Sask.

"Worth Double the Price Asked."

I am delighted with the clear and practical teaching of the lessons. I consider that the course is worth double the price you ask for it. It is one of the best means of putting one on the right "trail" to success. To those who are working out, I would strongly advise them to take up the course without delay as it will not only help them in their work but will be of great practical value when they have to run things themselves. William H. Hill, Halstead, Man.

First Two Lessons Will Repay.

I will never regret enrolling as a student of your School. The lessons are interesting and contain valuable information. Yours is certainly a splendid course for every farmer. The first two lessons will more than repay for the whole course, and it is money well spent. Thos. Chapman, Box 23, Elkhorn, Man.

WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS—BUT SPEAK TO A STUDENT YOURSELF

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF SCIENTIFIC FARMING — BETTER FARMING — WINNIPEG, CANADA

Correspondence School of Scientific Farming of Western Canada, Limited

5 Edward Block Opposite Eaton's

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Send me further particulars free of charge.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—W. H. A. Bach
The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Gospel Text Calendar

1912 Our Fine GOSPEL TEXT CALENDAR for the year 1912 IS NOW READY **1912**

PRICE 25 CENTS—POSTAGE PAID

The calendar consists of thirteen sheets, 12 x 17½, printed in delicate tints and colors. The cover is printed in three colors and contains a beautiful Bible picture. The other sheets contain each a calendar in large figures for the month, and a Bible text for each day of the month, selected with care. Besides these, each sheet contains a beautiful Bible picture in halftone. These sheets are also printed in three colors, and are suspended from a silk cord. The back of the cover contains a two hundred year calendar.

Thousands are sold each year for Christmas presents. You can get nothing better for your Sunday school class.

Agents do a good work in selling them. Women's Missionary Societies, Young People's Societies and Y.M.C.A. secretaries have sold large quantities in their churches and cities. Send for special prices to agents. A sample calendar with prices to agents will be sent to any address for twenty cents.

H. S. Hallman, 21 Queen North Berlin, Ontario

Agents wanted in every city and community in United States, Canada and Great Britain

I have all I can do if I think of my own work; I want to finish this dress." Now that man found in his stenographer a companionable friend who listened to his business plans with interest, and offered helpful suggestions. Another man of my acquaintance has tried to interest his wife in his business affairs and has made the remark that he would be very grateful if she would discuss problems with him, but she is absolutely listless at such times. Would you blame him if he should discuss affairs with a sensible stenographer who understands the intricacies of his business. Then, too, I know wives who meet their husbands every night with all the little trials of the day. It is a tale of woe from the time he enters till he leaves. Home should be a place of rest for the husband. There are many wives who do not think that the husband's work is hard and full of difficulties, and they do not appreciate their efforts. Now a man's stenographer understands to a certain extent the trials of a business man, and I have often heard them express their sympathy for the man whose wife was too shallow to comprehend the magnitude of her husband's work. I know stenographers who have not had the silghtest intention of accepting the attentions of their employer, and the employer in no way cared for his stenographer until he found in her a sympathetic listener, who could help him in a business way by her womanly instinct. A woman's advice is often useful in business plans. This leads to companionship, and the step is not far from companionship to admiration, and then on to the discovery of his affinity. Now I have not answered "Yes" or "No" to the girl's question. I have simply given a few statements for the reader to think about.

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A GIRL'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Girls have a wonderful responsibility in regard to the moral conduct of men. I believe they can to a great extent govern the thoughts of men. The style of dress this year has been so exaggerated by many young women that they have exposed themselves too much to public gaze. Low necks, tight skirts, and thin silk hose worn on the street cannot help but give a direction to the thoughts of those who look at the girls who adopt these extreme styles of dress. The girl who puts temptation in the way of a man by coquettish glances and questionable dress is not guiltless. A docket taken at random a few days ago, in the local police court here, showed thirty-seven cases which came before Judge Walker, and in twenty-four of them a woman, or women, showed up prominently. Parisian detectives say that in some way or another there is a woman connected either directly or indirectly, in every criminal case. Female extravagance is largely responsible for the crimes of men. Moore said, "Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman, who rules us still:" and we have from Gladstone this thought, which I want every reader to learn, "Remember, woman is most perfect when most womanly." The conduct of a pure girl is the safeguard and not the destruction of a man—she should be his moral and physical protector, not his tempter. Let every girl who reads this page determine that her conduct in the presence of men will be so wise, modest and womanly that it will be impossible for them to think impure thoughts while in her presence. In Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" he insists that we are responsible for men's ideals. "As we lead, men are bound to follow; as we rise, they rise. They look to us for the pattern of their conduct, and are strengthened or weakened, armed or disarmed, not by men's hands, but by ours."

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GIRL GUIDES.

There is an organization of girls under the name of Girl Guides that is nobly planned, for it is bringing out the very best in girls in the way of courage, usefulness and thoughtfulness. A branch of the organization in Winnipeg promises a splendid future. Girl Guides are doing kindness all over the world. There is hardly a land, except places like China and the Sahara, where there are not Girl Guides. In writing to the girls, Miss Baden-Powell, their president, says, "You and I are put into this world to be of some use; our lives are like the wheels in the machines, all meant to do something useful. Some may move slowly, some quickly; some may be very small, some great and important; but whether large or small, no specks of dust or rust must be allowed. What do I mean by specks of dust? I mean cross words and looks, bad temper, laziness, and that sort of thing. Just try how many specks of dust you can count up in yourself, and then try to remove them out of your own life—then oil the works with kindness." A remarkable case of bravery took place in Russia not long ago. One afternoon, while a girl was strolling along the banks of the Neva she heard a cry for help. Seeing that the case was serious, she threw off her fur coat and dived into the river; though she was a good swimmer, the cold water was benumbing, but she reached the young man, and after bravely fighting against the cold, she finally succeeded in getting him to a dock, to which she clung until both were rescued. The youth whose life she saved proved to be the son of a nobleman, and his father was so grateful that he made an especial appeal to the Czar to honor the young girl by bestowing upon her a title. The request was granted, and the title was bestowed with an "elaborate and impressive ceremony."

* * * * *

THE INFLUENCE OF A PICTURE.

A girl's room reflects her taste. A college girl of my acquaintance had her room filled with all kinds of trash that was not in the least inspiring, and it kept her room in a state of disorder. She is now a housekeeper, and a very untidy one. A few good pictures—copies of works of art, will have a very beneficial influence on the life of a girl. A German writer advised every mother to put a portrait of Queen Louise in her daughter's room, and almost every German mother has taken the advice. This picture of the ideal woman of the German people may account for the charming, steadfast, and courageous character of the lovely German girls. A girl refused an invitation of a questionable nature one time because, she said, the honest expression of the noble face of a picture on her dresser seemed to plead with her to remain in her room. It was not the picture of a friend, but of a general, whose brave character she admired. The likeness of noble faces, and of beautiful women, and also of scenery, are inspiring and are very helpful. A print of Sir Galahad in my room has given me the courage to finish many a hopeless task. A brave English general once said, in referring to a picture that hung in his room during childhood, "That picture made a soldier of me."

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ARE YOU RELIABLE?

There is no quality that an employer appreciates so much as reliability, and it really is surprising how little some girls think of this very important characteristic. A girl accepts a position and tells the manager she will be there on a certain day. That day she sends word that she cannot come until the next week. This act creates in the mind of her employer a lack of confidence in her. Her excuses do not convince him, for there is little sentiment in business. At all hazards carry out your promises with your employer. I mention this because two of my acquaintances this month have made this mistake, and then they wonder why they have difficulty in holding their positions.

* * * * *

EXACTING FRIENDSHIPS.

As a rule two young men who are friends will stand by each other in any

Dry Cleaning

Thorough knowledge in every line of dry cleaning, with the most modern methods, places us as the leaders in this business.

If you want your clothes cleaned the best way, call

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Office—277-9 Smith Street
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Special Attention to Mail Orders

EDSON

The last Prairie Divisional Point on the Main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, is the gateway and distributing point for the far-famed Peace River country into which thousands of people have gone this year.

This is one of the last opportunities to get in on the ground floor of a future Western metropolis and purchasers of our lots, which adjoin the Main Street, will double their money many times over in a few years. Prices of lots only

$30.00

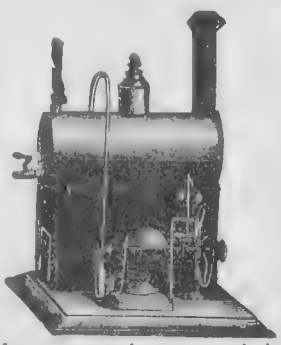
each on easy terms. It costs you one cent to obtain illustrated booklet giving full particulars. Mail us a postcard today.

The Edson Point Co.
608 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg

Send For This Dress

It is one of the best styles. Made with dark red sailor collar trimmed with wide black braid, which also trims cuffs and belt, silk tie and design, full pleated skirt and panel front. Comes in dark green Vicuna cloth, black and white shepherds check, and green and red shepherds plaid. The three materials same price. Age 4, $1.25; age 6, $1.75; age 8, $1.85; age 10, $1.95; age 12, $2.25; age 14, $2.50, add 25c. for postage. Order dress No. 14. Order to-day. **Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building, London, Canada.**

STEAM ENGINE FREE



For selling only **$4.00** worth of dainty

XMAS BOOKLETS

Boys, Attention! We want you to look carefully at the above picture and judge it for yourselves. We have gone to great expense to secure an engine that we thought good enough to satisfy our agents in every particular, and we have secured one which is the acme of perfection, and one that could not be bought at any price, as we control same. It is exactly like picture and is guaranteed in every way. We have a certain number of these engines and we are giving them absolutely free. Send to us for $4.00 of our dainty Christmas booklets, each embossed and colored, and tied with silk ribbon. These are fast sellers at 3 for 10c., and everybody will buy them and wonder how it is possible to sell them so cheaply.

Important! Order now and we will immediately reserve an engine for you. Once they are all gone will not fill any further orders. When sold send us the $4.00 and we will send engine immediately.

The Jones Mtg. Co., Dept. 93, Winnipeg

emergency. Their friendship exacts little, and it means much; but girls are usually too exacting and too sentimental in their friendships. I like to see a girl have several good friends, but I very much dislike to see a girl choose one other girl and chum with her continually. If you are the only one who is able to discover agreeable qualities in a certain person, in all probability you see more than there really is in the girl. I know a girl who told her only girl friend secrets that involved the honor of the family, and after the friendship was broken the betrayal of these secrets caused very serious trouble. The common mistake in women's friendships is that they tell too much—they are too confidential. It is a sign of extreme weakness, however, to betray another's confidence, even though the confidante become an enemy. There is no friend so close as to be entitled to peer into the recesses of our natures. Many a friendship breaks down because it is over loaded with confidences. My grandmother used to tell me when two of my friends were very intimate, "Never mind, they will soon quarrel—they are getting too intimate." When we get so friendly that we drop all formality and cease to be polite and do not respect our friend's individuality, we are going too far. A great many friendships would be better if formalities were not sacrificed in the name of friendships. When a girl demands too much of her friend, friendship becomes a tax, and it is not genuine.

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A SUGGESTION FOR CLUBS.

Last week we read of a young girl in this city who had been led into bad company, and in a few days she was taken to the police court. Her story was so pathetic, and she was so brave in refusing to reveal the name of her parents that she was allowed to go back to her home. Her pride for the name of her family and her sense of honest humility won the admiration of those who saw her. Now I sincerely hope that the women and girls who knew her will help her by reaching out a helping hand and by suppressing remarks of bitter criticism for the downfall of many girls—just because of their love of gossip. It is said that many a person has travelled through Africa and has actually kicked diamonds about without knowing it. It is the same way with girls. We have not faith and confidence in them, and yet there are diamonds there which with a little friendly kindness can be polished into the finest of womanly gems. If I had time, how I would like to send a personal letter to every girl and woman in the city and country, too, urging them to encourage any girl who is crushed with remorse. Women often say to me, "It is all very well for you to sympathize with girls, but wait until you are deceived—then you will change your mind." Indeed, and I have been deceived in my experience; but I find fifty honest girls for every one who will deceive me. Now must those fifty be denied a kindly interest for the sake of one who is false? At any rate it did not hurt me, and I am sure that sometime in her life the unworthy girl who sought my charity will think none the less of me for helping her. I expect to be deceived again; but I love girls, and for the sake of a few dishonest ones I am not going to lessen my interest in their welfare. I wish every woman's club and society would work for the suppression of gossip. Talk about means for the uplifting of humanity—nothing in the world would help the cause so much as a law prohibiting gossip. Mrs. Whitney says, "I cannot talk much, maybe; but, God helping me, I can hold my tongue. And He knows which it takes most for us to do."

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THE ABSENT MINDED MANNER.

A girl lamented in my hearing the fact that she was not interesting to others. That very afternoon I introduced her to a friend. After a little chat, the friend turned to go in another direction, bidding us a kindly good-bye. The girl with me, however, did not see her or hear her as she left us. Her mind was in a distant dreamland. My friend appeared surprised and I was embarrassed. And yet this girl wondered why she was not interesting! The person to whom one is introduced should receive undivided attention for the time being—it gives a person a feeling of neglect if the eyes are wandering in other directions, as if in search of some one more attractive. A girl should have a very deferential manner toward women. Show them, by your manner, that you appreciate and admire their greater experience of life, and remember that a girl cannot be successful without the good will of women. The least important person in the room should command your very gentlest manner. One time, when Frances Willard was being entertained, she excused herself from the women of rank and position who were talking to her and went to an old woman in a remote corner of the room, who seemed to be neglected. The most obscure persons may often prove the most powerful friends. Then a girl often tells me that she is not a good conversationalist. She may not be brilliant, but every one can be sympathetic. Always give your undivided attention to anyone who is talking to you. If a subject is used that you are ignorant of, do not pretend that you understand, but ask to have it explained; simply say, "Kindly explain that to me, if it is not too much trouble." By this request you will draw another out and you will be entertained. Listless girls are not interesting. It is a fault that any girl can overcome if she concentrate her mind.

Canada's Greatest Coat Values

The Standard of Style

The two coats we illustrate here—garments C138 and C146—are, at the prices we quote, without any reservation the best coat values ever offered the women of Canada.

We stand back of this statement with our guarantee that they, as well as any other garment you purchase from us, must be entirely satisfactory to you or we will refund your money.

C138

We are building a business in Canada for "Economist Garments" upon lines that are earning for us the good will of women from Coast to Coast. Every product we sell adds to the strength of our patrons regard of our word and the merit of our goods.

In offering specially the particular two coats shown in this advertisement we are doing so with the confidence that many women will take advantage of the opportunity and that each new buyer will be a steady customer. The value is really something exceptional.

C 146. Embodies durability, comfort and style in a way that they are rarely found in a garment selling at any figure near our special price. In this coat, you will find each of these points strongly featured, it is made of good all wool Kersey, quilted lining throughout, with a sable storm collar. It affords every protection from the cold, yet it is a stylish garment for wear on every occasion. The piping is in satin, with bone edge buttons and loop fasteners. Greatly inferior coats are being sold throughout Canada at $25.00. SPECIAL PRICE **$18.50**

C 138. Practical Tailored coat of all-wool English imported diagonal loth, self-yoke lined with velvet collar and wide braid trimming. Semi-fitted, full 54 inch length. This garment is unequalled anywhere in Canada at the price here quoted. **$7.50**

C146

Send in Your Order for One of These Coats

Give your height and your bust measurement and if you find you have not made a purchase that satisfied you in every way, let us know and we will take the garment back and refund your money.

OUR STYLE BOOK OF "ECONOMIST GARMENTS"

shows nearly a hundred other values in which every woman is interested—we send it free on request.

You can save from 25 to 50% on every garment you require by purchasing from us.

REMEMBER

We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded and, we pay all Mail and Express charges to your nearest town—no matter where you live.

ECONOMIST CLOAK AND SUIT CO.

Canada's Outer Garment House

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Glaxo

FOR YOUR

BABY

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND STERILE. FREE FROM STARCH. A PERFECT FOOD.

Made in England

Write for sample at once to Dept. A.

"Glaxo," 354 Main Street, Winnipeg

$5 Panama Skirt $3.50

Send to-day for this skirt. It's a $5 Panama skirt. Comes in black, dark green, dark red, navy, and dark brown. Give waist and hip measure, also length desired. If you wish a fine dress skirt, order this one Its a beauty, comes in 7 gores with lower part of each side gore ending in a number of fine pleats. Two tabs of self material ornament the skirt on each side gore just above pleats. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction and fit in every way. Order this skirt to-day at the wonderful low price $3.50, sent post paid, add 35c. for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building, London, Ont.

Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN SUIT.

Autumn suits show generous variety, but short jackets with closings that are made a little to the left of the front, and skirts that suggests the panel idea make favorite features. This costume shows one of the new jacket suits with trimming of corded silk, combined with black and white. It is eminently smart and it illustrates many novelties. The black trimming is satin, the white trimming is cloth utilized in such ways is distinctly new. The collar can be made either round or square at the back. The skirt is cut in four gores, but the front and back gores are stitched to suggest the panel idea. The upper edge can be finished with a belt at the natural waist line or the skirt can be cut two inches above and give a semi-empire effect. The model will be found a good one for all seasonbale suitings. Serge promises to be much used for general wear; the material illustrated is in the best style; heavy satins are to have extended vogue for the more dressy costumes and there are always

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7090 Short Semi-Fitted Coat, 34 to 44 bust.

7094 Four Gored Skirt, 22 to 34 waist.

the familiar suitings. Satin with collar and cuffs of white broadcloth would make an exceedingly smart costume.

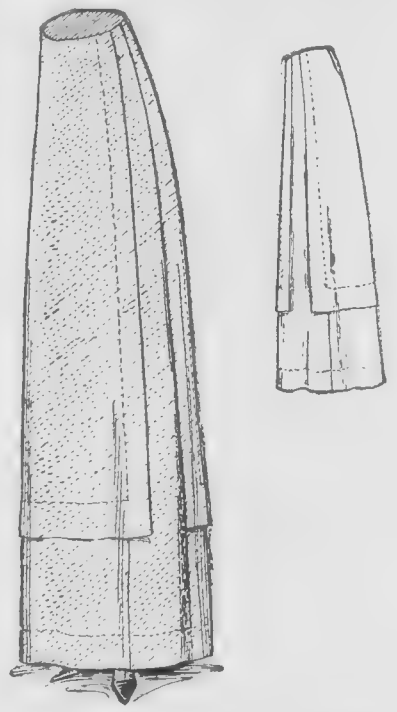
For the medium size will be required for the coat 4¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 44 or 52, with ¾ yard of silk, ½ yard of satin, and ¼ yard of broadcloth for trimming; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern of the jacket, No. 7090, in sizes from 34 to 44 bust, or of the skirt, No. 7094, sizes 22 to 34 waist, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

SKIRT WITH TUNIC EFFECT, 7117.

With high or natural waist line.

The skirt that gives a tunic effect, yet in reality is all in one, is eminently fashionable and much to be desired. It is exceedingly smart and it is of less weight and bulk than the double skirt. This one is as practical as it is attractive. It will be found as desirable for one material as for two. Combinations of stripes or checks with plain fabric are being much talked of for the coming season. The foundation portions of fancy material with the tunic of plain, or vice versa, would



7117 Skirt with Tunic Effect, 22 to 32 waist.

make an excellent effect. The suggestion is a good one for remodeling as well as for the new skirt.

The skirt is made with a four gored foundation and the two-piece tunic. The side gores of the foundation are cut to full length, the front gores to the stitching of the tunic only. The tunic is hemmed or under-faced and arranged over the foundation, then stitched to position well within the edges. The high waisted skirt is arranged over a fitted girdle. When cut to the natural waist line, the skirt is joined to a belt.

For the medium size will be required 4¾ yards of material 27, 4¼ yards 36 or 3⅝ yards 44 inches wide, width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards.

The pattern, No. 7117, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

BOY'S BLOUSE SUIT, 7102.

With knickerbockers that can be finished with knee-bands or with hems and elastic.

The blouse suit is a favorite one for the older boys. This model can be utilized for one material throughout or for trousers of heavy and blouse of thinner material. It includes all the latest features and the neck can be finished with a round collar or with a neck-band, over which any preferred one can be adjusted. The patch pocket is both convenient and smart.

The suit consists of blouse and knickerbockers. The blouse is made with fronts and back. It is finished with a regulation box plait and with shoulder straps that conceal the seams. The sleeves are without fullness at the shoulders and finished with cuffs and over-laps. The knickerbockers are of the regulation sort,

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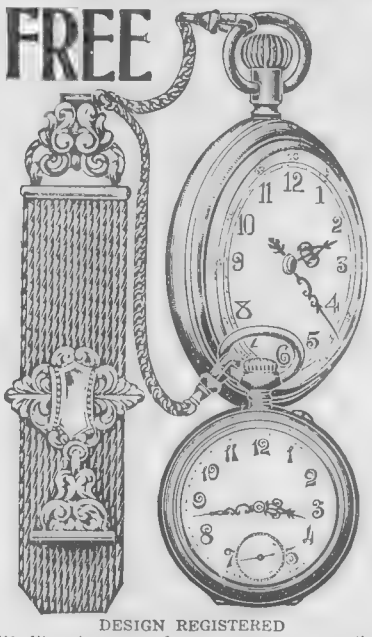

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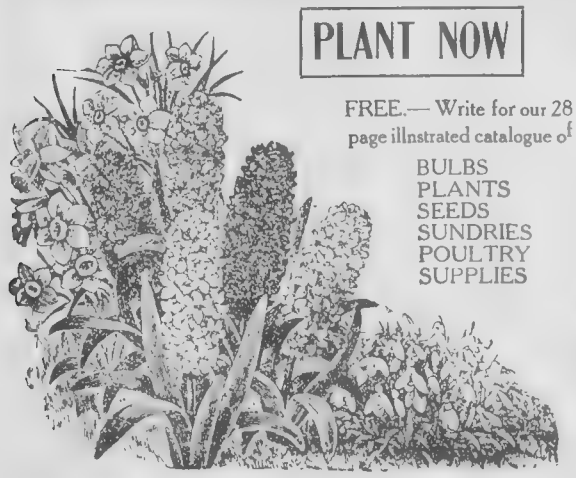

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closed at the front and their lower edges can be joined to bands that are buckled into place, or finished with hems in which elastic is inserted.

For the 10 year size will be required 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3⅜ yards 36, 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7012, is cut in sizes for boys of 8, 10 and 12 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

7102 Boy's Blouse Suit, 8, 10 and 12 years.

SAILOR SUIT FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 7110.

With five gored skirt with or without yoke, long or three-quarter sleeves, with or without applied yoke on blouse, with or without opening at front.

The sailor suit is one always in demand for young girls. This one is exceptionally smart. It includes the big sailor collar that makes such a feature of the season and it can be made with or without a yoke over the hips. The blouse can be made with a yoke facing and without opening at the front as illustrated, or it can be made without the facing and either with or without an opening at the front, and the collar can be made round in place of square. Many blouses of this sort are worn loose and this one can be treated in that way or be supplied with a casing and ribbon, as shown in one of the small views.

The suit consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made with front and back portions. The sailor collar finishes the neck edge and the shield is adjusted under it. The yoke when used is applied over the blouse. Both the long and the short sleeves are cut in one piece each, but the long sleeves are finished with straight cuffs, the elbow sleeves with rolled-over cuffs. The skirt is cut in five gores, the front gore giving it panel effect.

For the 1 year size will be required 9¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 7⅝ yards 36 or 5¼ yards 44, with ⅝ yard 27 inches wide for collar and cuffs. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 3 yards, 2 yards when plaited.

The pattern, No. 7110, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON GOWN.

Checked materials trimmed with plain satin are eminently fashionable this season. This gown shows the combination used to exceptional advantage. The blouse is a very simple one in peasant style. It can be trimmed with bands of any width on the sleeves, or with pointed cuffs as preferred. The sailor collar can be used or omitted. In this instance, the V-shaped opening is faced with lace, and collar and undersleeves are made of lace. The effect is a most dainty and attractive one, while the labor is slight, but the entire blouse can be made of one material and worn either with or without a sailor collar. The skirt is a new one in six gores with an exceptionally effective trimming band. In the illustration it is cut a little above the normal waist line, but this season both high and natural waist lines are equally fashionable, and the skirt can be finished in either way. Satin and velvet are to be extensively used as trimming and this gown is in the height of style, but there never has been a season allowing greater variations, and the same model can be treated in many ways. The gown, made of plain voile, cashmere, or material of the kind, with trimming of striped silk would be handsome and quite different from the illustration. The plain blouse finished without the sailor collar would mean a simpler dress, yet the design is just as well adapted to one treatment as to the other.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material, 27, 1⅜ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of satin 27 inches wide and ½ yard of all-over lace and 7/4 yards of lace 9 inches wide for the undersleeves. For the skirt will be needed 5 yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 27 for trimming.

A May Manton pattern of the waist, No. 7086, sizes 34 to 42 bust, or of the skirt, No. 7072, sizes 22 to 32 inch waist, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7086 One-Piece Waist, 34 to 42 bust.
7072 Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

SAILOR SUIT FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 7110.
7110 Sailor Suit for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

A politically "Independent Labor Party" has been very active in the West of Scotland lately, especially in Lanarkshire.

Old Tom was fond of a dram, and seemed to enjoy a joke with the best of them. One day he was gey fou' when he met the minister on the street. "Oh, Thomas!" exclaimed his reverence, "where have you been?" "Och! me; I was up seeing some o' my auld cronies." "Well," said the minister, "when I go to see my cronies, they don't fill me drunk." "Na! na, mester, I ken that fine; for ye see yere na sae weel liket as me."

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Sunday Reading.

"Aim High."

A Song of Ambition.

By John Prescott Guild.

"Aim high!"
Altho' not with a single bound,
We can the gleaming summit gain;
We higher rise upon each round,
As we for topmost ascent strain.
He who because he fears he'll fail
To cross the widest surging seas;
Will not a "ship of Tarshish" sail,
Must "comb the beach" for smallest fees.

"Aim high!"
Altho' you take not largest prize,
Yet strive therefor, and lesser win;
Tho' yon balloon not thro' the skies,
Fly from the sun—rise thro' clouds thin;
What, tho' you grow not angel wings?
To throne of Jesus yet aspire;
The lark beneath the azure sings—
Do thou as well, altho' no higher.

"Aim high!"
Whate'er assail, be not afright,
Faint heart will not the triumph see;
Fight on, tho' wounded in the fight:
Strike as if sure of victory.
Attempt to gain immortal name,
By conquest worthy of thy power;
Unto the utmost honor claim,
That grace may thy strong effort dower.

"Aim high!"
Be fix'd on excellence thy thought;
That you may yet with Gabriel vie;
Tho' you fail in the task, you ought,
To do the task you ought, yet try.
Work for the pure and spotless white,
So cleanse thy soul of shame and sin;
Tho' in dense shade, turn toward the light,
And all thou cans't of glory win.

Chinook, Alberta, Canada.

Snoqualmie, Lake Winnipeg.

Shown By A Telecope Lense.

Some time ago the writer paid a visit to a factory to witness the testing of the huge lens for the famous Lick telescope. At the end of the long dark room the largest flint glass then in the world was set up on edge.

"Now," said the maker, "I will show you the wonderful sensitiveness of the lens to outside influences.

Every Human Body Gives Out Heat, and when brought near to extremely sensitive substances, affects them to a greater or less extent. Now watch."

He walked down to the lens, and held his hand under it about two feet away. Instantaneously a marvellous spectacle burst into view. It seemed as if the great glass disk had become a living volcano, spurting forth jets of flame. The display was dazzling. Waving, leaping, dancing, the countless tongues of light gleamed and vibrated. Then, fitfully, reluctantly, they died away, leaving the lens reflecting only a pure, untroubled light.

"What is it? How do you account for the wonder?" were the eager questions.

"It is only the radiation of heat alternately expanding and contracting the glass. If I had put my hand upon the lens itself, the phenomenon would have been

Even More Violent."

To a person ignorant of lenses the almost supernatural sensitiveness of a mass of glass weighing several hundreds of pounds was astonishing. But to the scientist it is an every-day matter, for he has instruments that will register with unfailing nicety the approach of a person fifty or a hundred feet away.

The human heart is not unlike the great lens. It is similarly sensitive, and so cannot afford to surround itself with evil. The radiations of influence are infinitely fine. Inevitably we vibrate to "the company we keep." Before we know it we have taken the color and tone of our neighbourhood.

Is Civilization Only Skin Deep.

The stout man had jostled and fought his way through the crowd at a London railway terminus, and was scowling fiercely as he pushed out a big dent in his hat. Seated next to him in the omnibus was a man who happened to know him.

The stout man pointed to the battered hat and said: "I believe men—and women, too, for that matter—are no better than savages. It's everyone for himself. There isn't a day passes but that I see something which convinces me civilization is only skin-deep."

"I'm afraid you see only one side of it," replied his neighbor. "There are

Lots of Good Things

to be seen every day, too. Now here is something that gives me a deal of happiness during the year." He pulled a small note-book from an inside pocket. Then he went on: "I used to feel as you do –that people are very selfish; but when I began to study them more closely, I saw so many pleasant things that I got in the habit of making notes of them, and so carry this little

book. Here's what I've jotted down today, for instance:

"On my way to London Bridge this morning my hat blew off; I chased it, but before I reached it, three other men were after it, and one of them caught it for me. Now, there was an

Entirely Unselfish Act

on the part of men who were strangers to me; and you may see the same thing any windy day.

"As I was crossing Fleet Street, a woman in front of me dropped a glove without knowing it. Two boys made a dive for it, and shouted, 'Lady, you've dropped your glove!' Another act of kindness.

"Just as I reached the Strand, a cabman's horse fell. The driver had hardly left his seat before the drivers of three other vehicles stopped, got down, and began to help raise the horse. They did it because they saw a fellow-workman in trouble, and knew that they mnght need the same help at any time.

"On my way back to the office I passed a heavy two-horse load of flour,

Stuck on the Tram Lines.

I stopped a minute to look, and saw several men put their hands to the muddy wheels and push till the dray started. They had no selfish interest in that load of flour; they only wanted to help.

"These are all little things, but I think they show something very different from savagery. Some days I see even more, and some things I see every day. The reason we don't notice them more is because they are so common. You watch when we get off the 'bus now, and you'll see

Half a Dozen of These Men

give the paper they have just glanced through to the newsboy at the foot of the stairs. They might easily throw them away, but they know the boys can sell them again, and, therefore, make a few extra pennies."

First Thing First.

I prayed for riches, and achieved success;
All that I touched turned into gold.
Alas!
My cares were greater, and my peace was less.
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name,
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But, ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and through brain,
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst,
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength—
Oh! had that prayer been first.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Everyday Blessing.

The accustomed things are usually accepted as a matter of course. One seldom stops to think of the beating of his heart, which causes the blood to flow through his body, or of the process of breathing by which the blood is filled with life-giving oxygen. Immunity from disease does not impress one until it ceases. Ability and opportunity to work are not always regarded as blessings. Friends with whom one has genial intercourse—wife or husband, children or parents—how little, after all, we appreciate them until we lose them!

The mute appeal in the eyes of the dumb beasts is too often denied, and we are thus deprived of the kindly comradeship of our fellow mortals. Even when we do accept that comradeship we fail to prize it as a divine blessing.

The old earth itself, swinging through the infinite spaces of the universe, might fly from its orbit into chaos, for any serious thought that we give to the matter.

If one pauses a moment to consider these things, he will be filled with wonder at the orderly plan of nature, and will be moved by reverent awe in the presence of a power and a mystery beyond his comprehension.

Respecting The Sabbath.

One Sunday a minister called at a cottage in the south of Midlothian and requested a glass of milk, which was promptly handed him. He offered the woman who attended his wants a few coppers, but she curtly responded, "I canna tak siller on a Sawbeth!" The minister thanked her, and was turning away, when she whispered: "Mon, ye can drap the bawbees in that tub wi' the grath (soap-suds) in't. I'll get them oot the morn!"

Poor Overworked Belshazzar.

A well known minister, whose speciality is conducting missions, says that once, having been requested to preach at a very famous church, he gave an address on Belshazzar, a subject which fascinated him, and which alone had power to inspire him to extemporaneous speaking.

The next day he began his tour of mission work. He preached on Belshazzar in the morning, and made him do duty again at night at the next town. On Tuesday he went to a third place, and intoxicated with his previous success, used the overworked Assyrian again. After the service, a gentleman stepped up to him, shook hands, and said:

"That is a very fine sermon of yours."

The preacher was flattered, and ventured to hope that it had done his hearer good.

"Yes," said the other, "it has. I thought it was a fine sermon when I heard it first, two Sundays ago. I liked it better when I heard it last Sunday morning, and as I happened to be in the town where you preached Sunday night, I heard it there also. When I came to this town—I am a commercial traveller—and heard that you were to preach, I thought I would see if I couln't meet my old friend. I have liked it better at each hearing," he continued, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Won't you let me know when and where you are going to offer it again?"

The preacher, in shame and confusion, owned that Belshazzar was his only extemporaneous sermon, and therefore his best beloved. The confession delighted the hearer even more than the rest of the joke had done, and the two became the best of friends.

But the minister owns that he has since scarcely dared to use Belshazzar since. He is afraid of getting the Belshazzar habit.

Religion And Silver Polish,

A well known minister told an incident in his prayer meeting one evening, which is now first published.

George Henry, we will call him, was a butler in the establishment of a great earl who lived in Scotland and had there a country residence of large capacity. The butler had under his charge a pantry of considerable dimensions, and where, arranged on the shelves, was kept the silverware belonging to the house. As the earl was a very observing man, he noticed at one time that a wonderful change had taken place in the manners and conduct of his butler.

On a particular occasion, Lord C., with a few other guests, was dining with the earl. Just before finishing the repast, Lord C., noticing the extraordinary cleanliness and brilliancy of the silver, said to the earl, "Where did you ever get such silver?"

The earl answered: "It is my butler who has given it such an unusual polish. He is a strange man. Come into the pantry with me and look at the reserves."

They stepped together into the pantry, and the butler was there. After Lord C.

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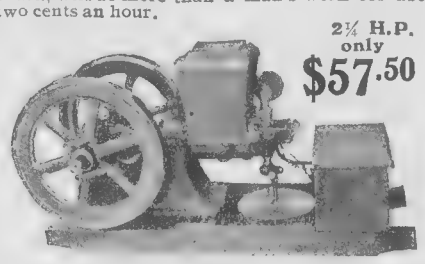

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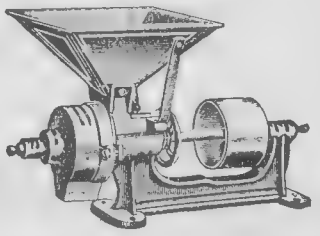

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had admired the arrangement, the nicety, and the brightness of the silver vessels, he turned to the butler, and said, "Why did you take all that pains?"

"Well, my lord," said George, "I will tell you. I became a Christian, and joined the Baptist Church, and I was thinking and thinking how I could best please the great Master. It occurred to me that I might do it by trying every day to do my work better than I had ever done it before; and that is what makes the silver so bright and clean."

The Oldest And The Newest Song.

By John Prescott Guild.

"I will put a new song in their mouths."
—Bible.

The oldest song was a song of the sword,
When the first blacksmith a kinsman slew;
The newest song is a song of the lute—
A joy note ringing out clear and true.

Chorus—
O, then forget the sword song of old,
Which gloated in gore and mocked at pain;
O, sing with glee the joy song of gold—
The song of those who are born again.

The oldest song was a song of fierce hate—
Which dealt a neighbor a cruel blow;
The newest song is a song of sweet love,
Which ever will banish mortal woe.

Chorus—
O, then forget the hate song of old, etc.

The oldest song was a song of mad war;
As a proverb sayeth: "War is hell."
The newest song is a song of pure peace—
Which is high heaven come here to dwell.

Chorus—
O, then forget the war song of old, etc.

The oldest song was a song of grim death—
That devoted one before his time.
The newest song is a song of glad life;
Renewing age to youthful prime.

Chorus—
O, then forget the death song of old,
Which gloated in gore and mocked at pain;
O, sing with glee the life song of gold—
The song of those who are born again.

Chinook, Alberta, Canada.

Conversion By Masses.

When a few individuals in a heathen community embrace Christianity their faith is tested and their characters developed by the opposition of their neighbors. But when the majority of the people look favorably on Christainity quite different problems are presented.

In the Cuddapah district of South India, says the Rev. W. H. Campbell, of the London Missionary Society, comprising four counties, the entire Malay population is either Christian or could easily be persuaded to adopt Christianity. In such a case the strong social bond, instead of being an obstacle to the Gospel, becomes a mighty force in its favor. There nearly everyone wishes to become a Christian, though most of the people have little idea of what the religion of Christ is, beyond the impression that it opens the way to a better life and nobler conditions.

The missionaries receive from such communities a written pledge that they will abandon idolatry, join in Christian worship and try to obey the teachings of Christ. The people are required to build or help to build a schoolhouse, and a teacher and pastor is sent to live among them. They are treated as Christians, but are not baptized nor received into the church till they have been instructed and give evidence of faithful purpose to live a Christian life.

Mr. Campbell says that such mass movements are taking place in almost every part of India, and though as yet confined to the lower strata of society, are likely before long to develop not less rapidly among the higher classes.

Indian Summer.

Mrs. H. M. Sweet, Emerson, Man.

A rose blooms in my garden,
But it will not long be red.
For the sun will steal its blushes,
And its leaves fall white and dead.

He takes the poppy's crimson,
And the pink carnation's hue,
And the proud petunia's purple,
And the modest violet's blue.

He hides his loving purpose,
And he hoards the colors fair,
Till the days of Indian summer,
When he flings them in the air.

He gives back all the beauty
In an opalescent mist;
And the mountain, plain, and valley
By the purple haze is kissed.

And perhaps our Heavenly Father
Is taking our joys away,
To restore them in fuller measure
On some heavenly summer day.

Japanese Politeness.

The Japanese are the most courteous people in the world. Mr. Mortimer Meneps, the artist, in his book on Japan, tells of a remarkable illustration of native politeness which he witnessed in Tokyo. A man was pulling a cart, loaded high with the boughs of trees. One of the boughs happened to catch the roof of a coolie's house, and tore away a large portion of it.

The owner of the house rushed out, thoroughly upset, and began to expostulate with the cart man, explaining how great a distress it was to have one's roof pulled off in this manner.

The offender stood calmly, with arms folded, listening to the harangue, and said nothing; but when the coolie had finished, the man with the cart pointed in silence to the towel which in his haste the coolie had forgotten to remove from his head.

At once the coolie realized of what an offence he had been guilty. Both hands flew to the towel and tore it off. Then in confusion the coolie bowed to the ground and offered humble apologies for having presumed to appear without uncovering his head. In Japan one must always uncover to a servant or to the mikado.

The two men parted the best of friends. One had been impolite enough to neglect to uncover his head; the other had torn away a roof. The rudeness of one equalized the injury of the other. So offences are weighed in Japan.

Mother And Queen.

A pretty story is told of Queen Victoria's home influence.

Her late Majesty always made it a point to keep the religious instruction of her children as much as possible in her own hands. Once when the Archdeacon of London was catechizing the young princes, he said:

"Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly."

At which the youngsters piped up:

"It's mamma who teaches us our catechism!"

Four Kinds Of Men.

An Arabian apothegm divides men into four classes:

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not; he is a fool, shun him.

He who knows not, and knows he knows not; he is simple, teach him.

He who knows, and knows not he knows; he is asleep, waken him.

He who knows, and knows he knows; he is wise, follow him.

But there is a fifth class, and it is perhaps the largest of all. It is composed of those who know not, and yet think that they know. They are not merely ignorant of their ignorance, but so conceited that they regard it as the perfection of wisdom.

The Home Doctor.

Sore Mouth.

This is a condition that frequently disturbs the peace and happiness not only of the child but of others. It may be avoided by giving care to the diet and keeping the mouth cleansed. If the lips, gums, and tongue are sore, wash the mouth with a solution of 10 grains potassium chlorate to an ounce of water before and after eating. For a very young child this may be done by using a clean cloth on the end of the finger. A saturated solution of boracic acid is also excellent.—Dr. Rossiter, in Good Health.

Ice in the Sick Room.

A saucerful of shaved ice may be preserved for twenty-four hours with the thermometer in the room at 90 deg. F., if the following precautions are observed: Put the saucer containing the ice in a soup plate and cover it with another. Place the soup plate thus arranged on a good, heavy pillow and cover it with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely embedded in them. An old jack plane, set deep, is a most excellent thing with which to shave ice. It should be turned bottom upward and the ice shoved backward and forward over the cutter.—Medical Summary.

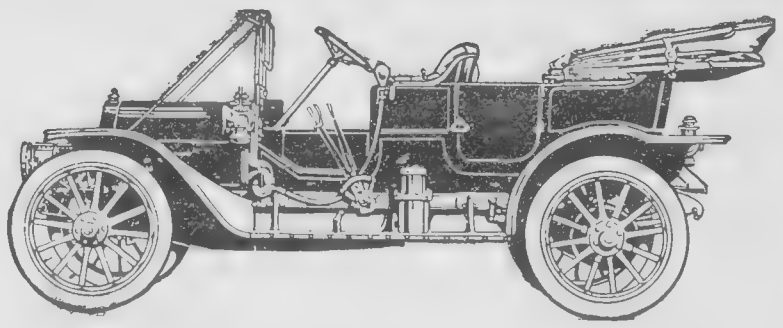
Colds.

From the point of view of the ordinary observer it is often from the seemingly most insignificant causes that the greatest events and greatest disasters spring. By disregarding proper sanitary precautions, by rearing a child in an injudicious manner, or by neglect of an apparently slight ailment, seeds of disease are allowed frequently to be sown, which in some constitutions, if not leading directly to fatal results, are never afterwards completely eradicated. Parents do not, as a rule, sufficiently appreciate the immense importance of bringing up their children so that they may be enabled to successfully withstand the assaults of sickness, and do not fully recognize the fact that a delicate frame may be, by intelligent means, built up and rendered strong. Undoubtedly upon the early training of children and upon the habits of life formed during youth depend their attainment of a vigorous maturity. These remarks especially apply to what is usually referred to as catching cold. It is a matter of general belief that the greater number of illnesses commence with a cold. This belief is to a great extent correct. Again, the view of the majority is that all colds are occasioned by exposure to some kind of draughts, damp, cold, or wet. The result is that parents and nurses, in their fear that children should be the sufferers from these exposures, are apt to coddle them tenderly. This treatment has, in many cases, a contrary effect to that hoped for, tending to make the little ones more and more delicate, more and more susceptible to exposure, and less and less capable of reacting against the depressing effects of cold, and what is worse, confirms parents in the belief that fresh air and ventilation are harmful. Many authorities are now of the opinion that colds are really catching, and can be directly communicated from one person to another. Whether an ordinary cold is contagious is, however, a point that has not up to the present been definitely decided. Acute catarrhs are probably mutually contagious, and Dr. Moore, of Dublin, says that "cold in the head is notoriously infectious and the means of communication is the discharge from the nostrils." He further states that he is satisfied, from repeated observations, that this troublesome affection spreads through a family of children and then through an entire household through the pernicious use of the pocket handkerchief. When the fact is taken into consideration that a cold in the head more frequently than not attacks most members of a household, this opinion would seem to be warranted by experience. Influenza is undoubtedly contagious, and the same may be said in a lesser degree of whooping-cough. But whether colds are catching or not, will, doubtless, be settled in the course of time. The point with which we would particularly wish to impress our readers is, first, the importance of preventing children from taking cold, and, secondly, the necessity of regarding a cold, when contracted, in a serious light. It does not, by any means, follow that because a healthy child will quickly shake off the effects of a cold that this will happen in all cases, and every step should be taken to stop such attacks in the bud and to prevent further complications. For instance, if a cold habitually flies to the chest, the parents of children with such a predisposition may be certain that there exists a weakness of the lungs, and should use their utmost endeavors to overcome this tendency. The old motto, "prevention is better than cure," may be applied to the treatment of colds with special emphasis, and it should be remembered that if proper care is taken of children when young, and if their bringing-up is conducted more with the view of hardening them, the need of sanatoriums for consumptives would be much less than is at present the case. Cold water bathing is often of benefit in preventing colds, but in this practice discretion must be observed. Such a course should not be pursued with delicate children; the use of warm or lukewarm water should be substituted, and in both instances should be followed by energetic rubbing. It also goes without saying that healthy exercise in moderation tends to increase the resisting powers of children to withstand disease. Suitable clothing is another important point to be considered, especially with children of marked catarrhal predisposition. Such children should wear woolen underclothing throughout the year, varying in thickness with the change of the seasons.

How to Treat Measles.

This is a very simple matter. The disease itself requires no treatment. There is no antidote for measles; and in spite of drugs and medicines it will run its course. The chief thing to be aimed at is to take care that while the child is suffering from measles it takes no harm. The patient should be kept in a warm, well-ventilated room, and is probably safer in bed than running about. Happily the patient often prefers being in bed, so that there is no difficulty in keeping him there. The light should be partially excluded from the room if there is much soreness of the eyes, and these, as well as the nose and mouth, should be kept scrupulously clean by occasional washing with warm water. If thirst is complained of, toast and water or lemonade, made without or with very little sugar, may be given to drink. The skin should be sponged once a day with warm water, to which a little vinegar has been added. This should be done with the greatest care, since any undue exposure to the risk of catching cold is above all things to be avoided. The food should be bland, nourishing, and simple, and should vary according to the age of the patient. Milk, barley water, soft puddings of custard and farinaceous articles, beef tea, mutton or chicken

THE REO THIRTY



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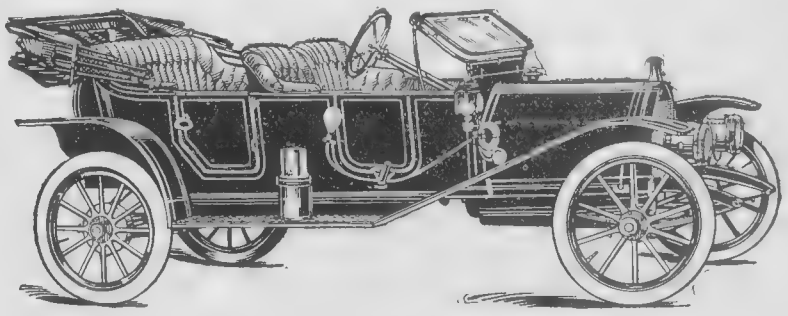

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broth, bread crumbs and gravy; and for older children, a dinner of boiled mutton or chicken may be given. Food should be given at regular intervals, and, as a rule, no departure need be made from the necessary regulated time for meals. If drugs become necessary, they should be given only by the sanction and under the supervision of a medical man.—The Family Physician.

A Prolific Source of Sickness.

If the cellar is not dry at all seasons, not only should no vegetables be kept in it, but the house above should be considered uninhabitable until it is made dry. The husband himself may not become ill, but his wife and family almost certainly will, on account of being within doors so large a proportion of the time. In some cases cellars are never entirely cleaned from one year's end to another. If entirely dry, potatoes and apples in limited supply may be stored in cellars, but they should be well looked after, and decaying specimens removed as fast as found

Diet.

When infants are bottle-fed it is a wise plan to dilute the milk with oatmeal water instead of plain water, as oatmeal has a mild laxative effect; neither barley nor rice should be given during a constipated period, as they will aggravate the trouble. From the foregoing it will be apparent that one of the greatest causes of constipation is improper feeding. The same rule also applies to older children. The writer has made it a rule during many years to insist, when children are old enough, on regular exercise, that is walking and romping about, to relieve an existing constipation. Such children should not be permitted to eat much bread, nor potatoes, nor pies, nor cakes. Large quantities of fruit, such as peaches and grapes, when in season, oranges, sliced bananas with fresh apples, will be found decidedly advantageous. All green vegetables, such as spinach, cauliflower, peas and beans, asparagus and celery, will do well in this condition. Buttermilk, cream, prunes and stewed apples, or fresh raw milk, care taken to obtain either a certified or guaranteed milk that has been thoroughly aerated. It is well to remember that sterilized milk and pasteurized milk and all boiled or steamed milks have a decided tendency to constipate, and while they are very valuable for many conditions, they have no place in the treatment of constipation. Cereals given at breakfast, chiefly oatmeal, hominy, cream of wheat, farinose, and similar cereals have a decided tendency to aid in producing an evacuation of the bowels by a decided mechanical action; thus I have found, contrary to the experience of some physicians, that when barley is taken at breakfast (it must be barley with husks, such as the pearl barley) and boiled in milk or a barley pap, with cream, that it will frequently have a decidedly laxative effect upon the bowels. One of the best remedies for young children is butter; thus, I order oatmeal to have some butter on it, also crackers with butter, bread and butter, and when meat is given would rather have some butter or fat with it. There is one rule which I always insist upon, and that is never allow an infant or older child to go to sleep at night with an overloaded bowel. Thus, the infant or child has not had at least one movement during the day, then an injection of some lukewarm soap water (castile or glycerine soap is the best) will not only relieve the constipated condition, but certainly make the child very comfortable. When children are old enough to understand, they should be put on their little chair at a certain time every morning, and in this way gradually accustom or train, if you please, the bowel to have a regular movement at about the same time every day. It is the duty of every mother or nurse to watch her infant, and closely question the older child, and to insist on regularity in habits until the same are firmly established.

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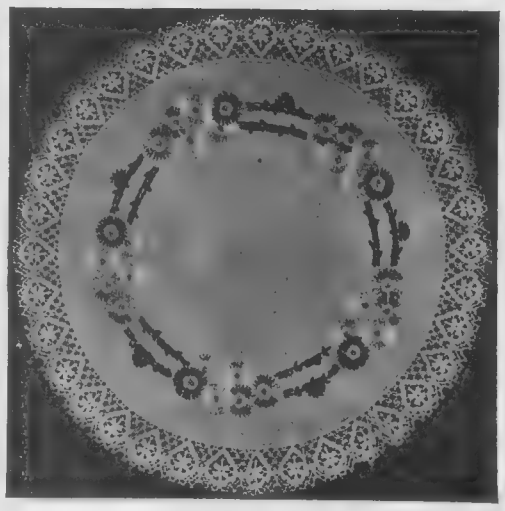

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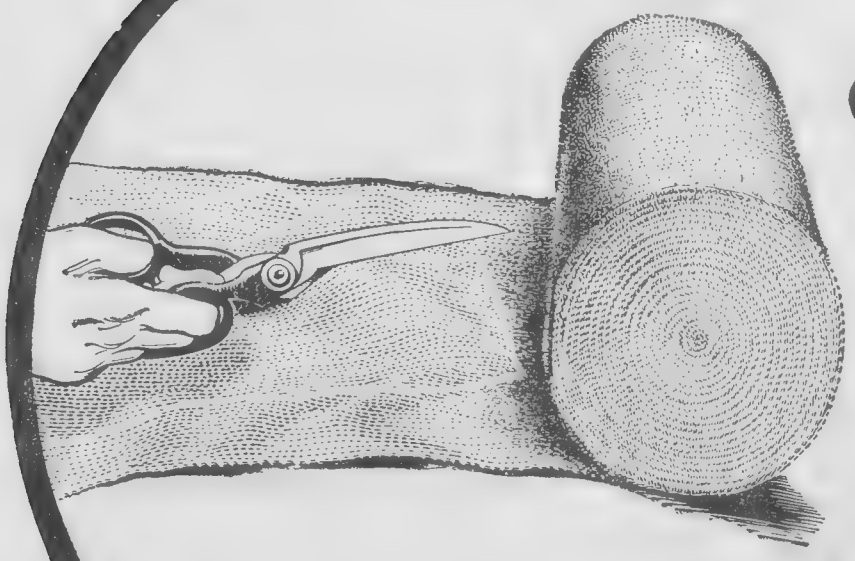

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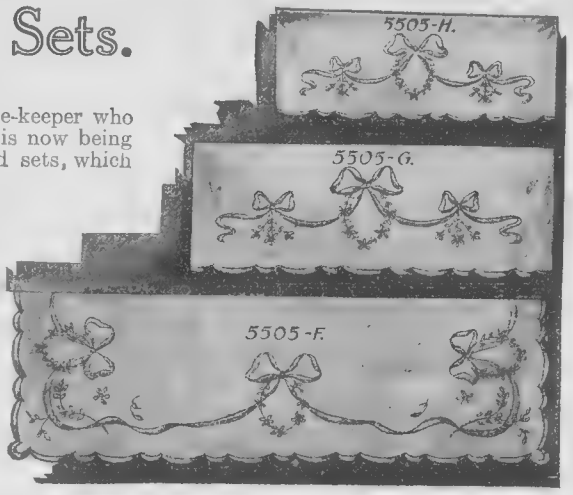

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No. 5505H—Guest Towel, 16 x 27 inches, 30 cents each.

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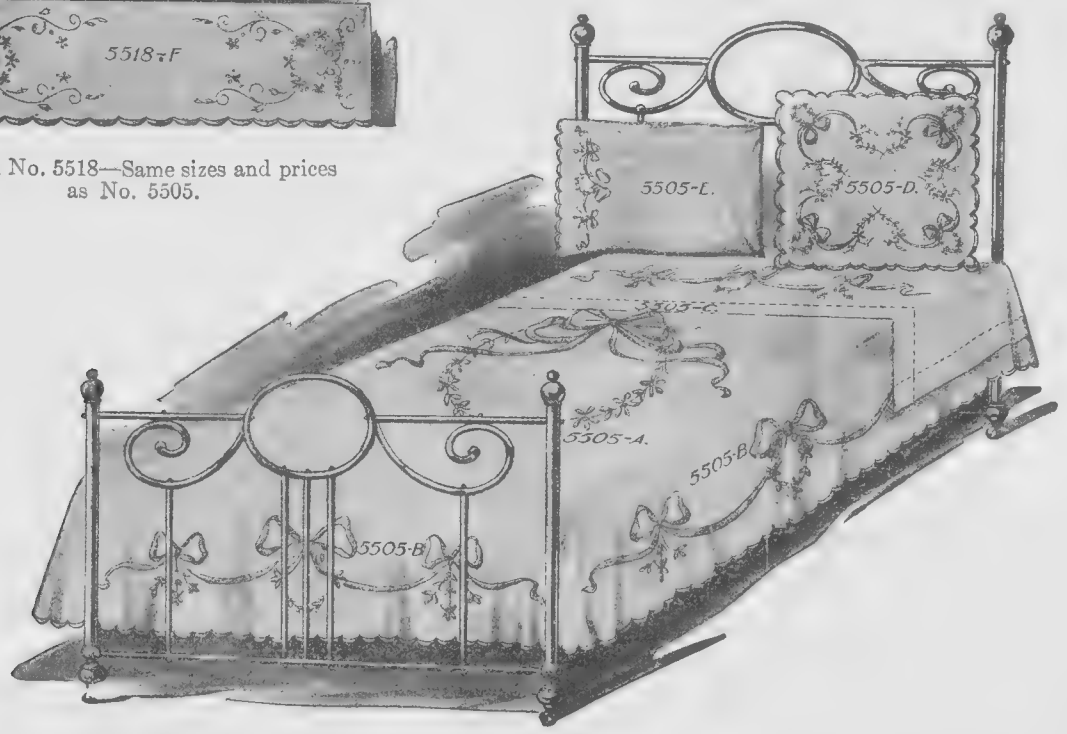

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Bed Spread, 90 x 99 inches, $5.00 each.
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Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 80 x 99 inches, $4.50 each.
Shams, 32 inches, $1.00 each.
Pillow Cases, 45 x 39 inches, 60 cents each.

It will be seen that several pieces comprise a set, the full details of which are given above, and the pillow shams may consist of two squares or one long straight sham which some prefer, although, at present many handsomely furnished bedrooms do not show the sham, but have what are known as "day pillows," so the beautifully embroidered or hemstitched pillow cases are used on these The remainder of the set consists of dresser scarfs and embroidered towels, and if preferred small table covers and pin cushions may be had to match these sets. The second set No. 5518 may be also supplied in the large set as shown in No. 5505, and any other information as to the working up of these sets will be furnished on request.

We do not ourselves supply any of the articles described on this page, but readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly and carefully filled. Allow at least ten days from the time the order is received for filling, and when ordering mention the article required as well as the design number, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake.

Some Household Hints.

Meat and Tomato Pie.

This dish presents an excellent way of using up small quantities of either cold beef or cold mutton. If fresh tomatoes are used, peel and slice them; if canned, drain off the liquid. Place a layer of tomato in a baking dish, then a layer of sliced meat, and over the two dredge flour, pepper and salt; repeat until the dish is nearly full, then put in an extra layer of tomato and cover the whole with a layer of pastry or of bread or cracker crumbs. When the quantity of meat is small, it may be "helped out" by boiled potatoes or other suitable vegetables. A few oysters or mushrooms improve the flavor, especially when beef is used. The pie will need to be baked from half an hour to an hour according to its size and the heat of the oven.

Cornstarch Blanc Mange.

One pint of milk, pinch salt, 2 rounding tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 teaspoonful vanilla; wet the cornstarch in a little cold milk; heat the rest of the milk; when boiling add cornstarch; boil 2 or 3 minutes; remove and add sugar and vanilla. Pour into cups that have been wet with cold water; let stand until cool; turn on to dessert plates; serve with cream and sugar or whipped cream.

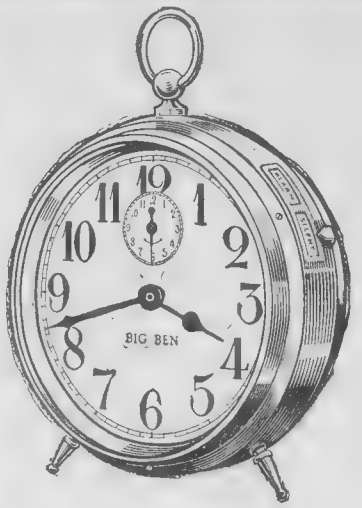
Summer Drink.

For farmers. Into a gallon of water stir a pint of oatmeal, a heaping tablespoonful of salt, and 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar; also grate a little nutmeg into it; it should be stirred before using.

House Hints.—Do not cut lamp wicks; instead, the burnt part should be rubbed with a soft piece of rag until it is even with the burner. Keep old nighlight cases, for they will be found most useful in lighting fires on account of the grease on them, which helps the fire to burn quickly. Keep the range from soot in all its parts, clearing all the flues of soot and dust that quickly accumulates, and regularly remove all clinkers that get fixed in the bars and inside the grate. A hot-air passage clogged up with soot will prevent the oven from baking well. If a spoonful of borax be put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, it will whiten them very much. The borax should be dissolved in a little hot water before being added to the rinsing water. Several newspapers laid one upon the other, then covered with a sheet of brown paper, and stitched together near the edge, make an excellent mat to lay upon a hardwood floor in front of the sink or range in a kitchen, and will save the cook a great deal of work. When soiled, this mat can be thrown aside and easily replaced by a fresh one.

Cane chair.—To restore the elasticity of the seat of a cane chair, turn over the chair, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane so that it may be thoroughly soaked. If the cane is badly soiled, use a little soap, but don't use the soap if it is not necessary and never use soda. Dry in the air, never near a fire, and it will be as good as new.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach an intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as undue laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.



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Is it hard to get "the help" out in the fields *on time?* Then, let me solve it.

I'm Big Ben, "the big watch with a breakfast bell"—the *truth-telling* and *reliable* alarm clock.

I get you up. I never fail.

You are always first in the field if I am in the sleeping room.

See me, today, at some good dealer. Hear me ring my breakfast call.

Learn *why* I keep *watch-time.*

$3.00 is my price. When you know me you'll be glad you paid it.

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep," said old Ben Franklin.

"It's *time* for wise men to get up," say I, *Big Ben, the reliable alarm clock.*

BIG BEN

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If your dealer doesn't sell me I'll come duty prepaid on receipt of $3.00.

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When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

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Temperance Talk.

The Spider.

By Frances, Port Morien, B. C.

'Will you walk into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly;
Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."
Those words were written long ago,
But still their truth applies,
The spider lies in wait and weaves
And watches for the flies!

He has such brilliant "parlors,"
All fitted up so fine,
Your eyes are almost dazzled with
The glitter and the shine.
But O! the silly flattered flies!
Attracted by the glare,
Find, when within those parlor walls,
The web that's hidden there.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
That voice so sweet and bland;
It charms away the children's bread
To deck those parlors grand.
His furnished parlors are the price
Of precious, human souls,
Their cry of hopeless agony
Forever upward rolls.

How well those shining "parlors"
Their cunning nets conceal,
And "gambling hells" and "drinking dens"
To poor, weak men appeal!
"How long, how long must we endure?"
A suffering nation cries!
For yet the subtle spider waits
And watches for the flies.

The day will come, when as he sits
And ogles for his "fly."
The "parlors" will be swept away
"In twinkling of an eye."
The spider called upon to face
The victims of his snare,
While calls for veangence on his head
Will ring upon the air

A Wail From the Drunkard's Home.

The following is the extract from a letter, I will read it as I can then better answer it.

"Once before I asked your prayers in behalf of my husband. Since that he has been more under the influence of liquor than before. Our darling children are sorrowing as few young people sorrow. What am I to do? What can I do without the aid of my husband? Why does not my Father in heaven answer me? Will you pray that my husband may hate the wine cup, and that I may be faithful and patient? I must save him from the destroyer. You know the promise 'that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.' Oh! pray for him who now lies sleeping such a sleep—oh! pray, pray for him!' "

Such a wail as this interprets the evil of intemperance more than a thousand lectures could; yet this is one instance out of ten thousand. Every neighbourhood has just such suffering. How little, in comparison with this, is the ordinary sort of suffering to be thought of! How little that which comes from the pain of sickness, or disappointments in business, when you come to such anguish as is depicted here, and consider the sufferer a child reared by most tender care, with exquisite feelings, so that every sensibility is prepared for exquisite joy or suffering. There came to her the blossoming of love and the eager expectations of life. Then the awakening: now every cord of that heart is stretched to be played on by the fierce hand of anguish. There is baffled love, mortified pride, intensest anguish on behalf of the children —not from one thunder crash of summer, but day by day, week by week, and month by month. You might go by the house and never know that a column was rising to God full of anguish from it; you might meet the person and never suspect she covered a wounded heart. What are those troubles we hear of, when children are suddenly destroyed? A boat is swamped, and some boy or girl sunk like lead to the bottom, or some sidelong blow sunders the head of the family. These are great afflictions; but what is death compared to life and the presence of death in life? What suffering like that which begins in the heart and never leaves it—that drags down the very cords of life? We are commanded "to remember those in bonds as bound with them."

If a young man has fallen into bad habits, some say, "Well, it is a great pity;" others are indignant, and say: "What a fool to throw himself away!" How many remember to sympathize with the father and mother, and make the case their own? How many think, sympathize, and pray as they would if the trouble was brought to their side? How many go to the household, share its grief, and feel as though bound with them? When such cases as this come to our notice, every man must feel how precious are the efforts made to restrain this dreadful evil. Our unknown friend and petitioner desires us to pray, and says there is nothing left but prayer. I think that is important; but we must not suspend the patience and work of faith and hope. Drunkenness is a disease as much as paralysis, gout, or insanity. We are to remember one of the effects of intoxicating drinks is to take away moral stamina. We are to look upon such as our patients—not as monsters before God. They are to be borne with and treated as if they were paralytics or had any other chronic and stubborn disease; and we are not to give them up because for months and years our efforts have been unblessed. We are too apt to treat them as if they were responsible. Drunkenness takes away will-power. God knows it is not safe to release any from their responsibility, yet God measures it and makes a great difference when they have incapacitated themselves by intoxication. There have been final restorations in such cases, and though they are as hopeless as any that are to be found, we are to work and hope for beneficial results.

Weak Men, Read

Perfect health and strength denote the absence of disease. When you are weak it means that you lack that which is the foundation of strength—of life itself—Electricity. You may be afflictedwith Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Lame Back, Weak Kidneys, Nervous Debility, Sciatica, Constipation or any of the numerous diseases which lead to an early breaking down of the system. If you have any of these troubles they should be attended to at once. You have tried drugs, and found that if they even stimulated you they did not cure, but left you with some new trouble as a result of the poison they put into your system.

It is pitiable to think of the vast number of men who go on from day to day suffering mental and physical torture as a result of their weakness, while right at their doors other men are being cured of the same disease. One who has not known it himself cannot realize the feelings of a man in an advanced stage of Nervous Debility, nor does he hear it, for these men do not talk of their troubles. Even when they are fortunately led to use the remedy which is now so well known—Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt—and are cured by it, they do not mention it to their closest friends; hence the prevalence of this trouble, and the means of cure are appreciated only by those who have had experience. And yet I have thousands upon thousands of grateful patients who are willing to testify to their cures by

THIS BOOK FREE

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

and who would be glad to share their knowledge with others if written to. I send the names of these men to any one who requests them. There is not another remedy in the world to-day that has proven as effective. Its cures speak volumes for the good work it has accomplished. My confidence in my method enables me to offer to any man or woman who will offer me reasonable security to use the Belt at my risk and

Pay When Cured

If I don't cure you my Belt comes back to me, and we quit friends. You are out the time you spend on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

BACK AND LEGS CURED.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir —The Belt I purchased from you last November has given me the best of satisfaction. It has cured my back and my legs and I am a new man. I am 44 years of age but I only feel 18. I can do a hard day's work now and not feel it. If this is of any value to you, you are perfectly welcome to publish it. Wishing you every success with your Belt, I remain,

Yours truly, J. Penson.
Transcona

AFTER ONLY 30 DAYS' USE.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir.—I have worn your Belt as directed for just one month and I can say that it is a Godsend. The pain in my back is all gone. I can sleep now and my ambitions are rising. The Rheumatism in my right arm is getting better. I have not taken any medicine during these thirty days and I can say that my bowels have been in fine shape. You are welcome to use this letter as you wish and whenever I get a chance to do anything for you, I will be too glad to do it. If any one wishes to write to me I will tell them what your Belt is doing for me. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Yours truly, By. Dielschneider.
Dugald, Man.

I cannot take up more space with these extracts, but if you will send me your address I will mail you free my beautifully illustrated book, along with testimonials from thousands of grateful people, who have been fully restored to health and strength.

This appliance has cured in almost every town and city in the country, and if you will write to me I will send you testimonials given to me by people that are probably well known to you. My Belt not only cures weakness, but Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Kidney Trouble, Nervousness, Constipation, Indigestion and Stomach Trouble. I have a beautiful 80-page illustrated book, which I will mail, sealed, to any address, FREE This book is full of lots of good, interesting reading for men. Call to-day. If you can't call, send coupon for Free Book.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN.
237 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
Please send me prepaid your book.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Office hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m, Wednesdays and Saturdays until 8.30 p.m.

Wherever it can be done, the inebriate should be treated as the insane are in institutions. Medical treatment will heal these cases where many would go down without it. While prayer should not be intermitted, we are not to think prayer is the only help, though it is a great comfort and help. Persons say, if any one is sick with dropsy, has broken his leg, has a stroke of paralysis, or is taken down with a fever, would you send for a skillful physician to prescribe for him or pray for his recovery? I'd do both. I'd do the best I could; I'd bring to bear the best skill I could, and then what is to hinder me from asking God to step in and heal the sick? We are not to pray to put a premium on laziness, but while we do the best we can, we are to ask the higher wisdom of God to inspire ours, and He can and does so help us as to make it worth while to pray. I believe firmly that this is so, and I do not desire to see this belief knocked out from under me. Prayer is the weak man's sword, the support in death, the help of the despairing and hopeless, and without it the heart would break or be crushed with the burdens and cares of life. Now, I suppose this man—a middle-aged man, I presume, from the letter—began these habits in plenary courage; when advised to let the cup alone, I presume he resented his friend's advice, and thought, while others perished, it was safe for him. Conceit is one of the worst of all traits in those who indulge in the wine-cup. I don't mention it by the way of justification, but to show their utter presumption. If one could see what suffering he would endure and entail on those dear to him, it could be no pleasure to put all he is and has in peril for the sake of that flash of intoxication that for a moment goes up, and then is lost in ashes.

O Thou who didst stop the bier and bring the young man to life, and didst permit the woman to weep at Thy feet, and didst send her away, speaking peace to her soul—Thou who didst everywhere look for the lost, and didst go and inspire them with hope that there was a place of repentance for them; didst open Thy heart to those who were shut out from the society of respectable men—O Lord Jesus Christ have compassion on these in sorrow, on this captive who is bound hand and foot. Had he not a praying mother and father? Remember the innocence of his youth and the hope of his manhood. May his wife's heart never give up in despair. May she be strengthened to gentleness and patience—to hope that will not give up, and, without chiding God, still supplicate. In the name of God, we ask it. Amen. H. W. Beecher.

Victory At Last

Less than two years ago there died in his early prime a minister of the Gospel who was first the victim and at last the conquerer of drink. Some years ago, after a severe illness, he stimulated by medical advice. When he had fairly recovered from his sickness, he found himself in the coils of a serpent. It was the old story, alas, more than twice told. He fell, struggled to rise, stumbled, and fell again. He resolved and resisted, prayed, and then, in exhaustion, yielded. At length he was induced to enter an inebriate institution, where for a year he remained beloved and respected by all the officers. When his cure was supposed to be complete, he left, to accept a call to a vacant pulpit, his heart still yearning to be engaged in his Lord's work. On entering that church he frankly told the people his weakness, and the terrible temptation to which he was subject, and threw himself upon their sympathies and prayers. The people rallied round him, and nobly worked with him. Immensely popular in the community, he laboured with untiring zeal for the salvation of souls. His labours God richly blessed, but at the close of one year his strength gave way. Again was he tempted to stimulate, and—resisted. By the help of divine grace and human sympathy he stood. But he died—died a hero for he conquered the foe which conquered Alexander the Great, and by which many strong men have been slain. At his funeral his wife seemed unusually composed. Wondering at this, the officiating clergyman enquired of her about her apparently happy feelings. "Oh" said she, "he's safe. You don't know anything about what we have passed through. For years he and I have been standing on the brink of a precipice trembling with apprehension that at any time he might go over. But now he's safe"

A Resolute Boy

A little boy, nine years old, a member of the "Band of Hope", was at a dinner party a short time ago, and those present wanted to test the strength of his principles. A half sovereign was put in the bottom of a tumbler, which was then half filled with ale.

"Now," said they, "if you'll drink that you shall have what is at the bottom."

"No," replied the noble little fellow, "nor a dozen half sovereigns shall not make me break my pledge."

Surely the "root of the matter" was in him. That noble child will make a noble man.

Fitting Names

"Many a true word is spoken in jest." Standing, the other day, near the entrance of the saloon at a large hotel at the seaside, we saw several young men pass in. As they stood at the bar, one said to another, with a smile: "Nominate your poison" He had said a terribly true thing in joke. Yes, name your poison—just the word And they swallowed the poison and went their way. Soon another party went in. Said the leader to his companion, as they leaned against the slab, "What is your family trouble?" meaning "What will you drink?" "Family trouble?"—rightly named; for what has made such domestic misery as liquor? And we walked away, feeling that we had learned two new and strikingly appropriate names for liquor: "poison" and "family trouble."

Christian Temperance

A few years ago, two men were caught in the rapids, above Niagara Falls. They were being irresistibly hurried on to destruction. The end of a rope was thrown out. One of them seized upon it, but the other caught hold of a floating log. The first was drawn to the shore; the other, in a few moments, passed with the log over the falls.

So we look at two men endeavouring to save themselves from the rapids of a terrible appetite. One of them seizes upon the rope of a Christian faith, that is fastened in heaven, and is saved. The other depends merely upon his own uncertain purposes and resolutions, and appetite sweeps him on to his ruin.

He who would successfully struggle with temptation and appetite, and he who would work successfully as the saviour of the degraded, must not only add patience to his temperance, but also godliness to his patience.

The madness of appetite is like the demoniac of the Gadarenes. You may bind it with the fetters of laws, and pledges, and resolutions, and they may all be broken. You cannot bind intemperance, "no not with chains." You cannot tame it with constant watching. Christ must come near, and bid the fiend "Come out of him;" changing his heart, with divine love, ere he can be seen clothed, and in his right mind."

Andrew Carnegie: A philanthropist is often a man with more money than sense.

Joseph Martin: Politicians are not usually famed for keeping their promises.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that ace violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg s Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

Early Morning in a down-town Park Winnipeg

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:
Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.
Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.
Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., President Victoria College.
Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board of Moral Reform, Toronto.
Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto
Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, *Catholic Record*, London, Ontario.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certain cure.

Consultation or Correspondence invited.

$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Gan Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Send $4.25

Receive by mail postpaid this very attractive tailor made dress, comes in the latest style as shown, two pleats extend down the front from the yoke to the foot trimmed with 2 dozen buttons, lace yoke, side gores of skirt end in fine pleats, skirt is in 7 gores. The whole suit is finely made and bound to please in every way. Material consists of fine French luster in black navy, dark red, and dark green, can also be had in a smooth faced warm soft cloth suitable for cold weather in black, navy, dark red and dark green. Order one of these dresses to-day you will be well pleased with your bargain. Simply give the number of inches around the largest part of bust and hips. Also around the smallest part of waist and length of skirt from belt to desired length. Order dress No. 11. STANDARD GARMENT CO., 10 Standard Building, London, Canada.

LETH COU VER

SOLID GOLD WATCH PUZZLE

GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known Canadian **TOWNS**, and fulfils conditions below, we offer our 15-Dollar Lady's **SOLID GOLD WATCH**, fully jewelled. Stamped, as a **FREE GIFT.** (Silver Watches are presented to Gents.)

Send your attempt, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FELLOWS & Co., Wholesale Watch Merchants, 79 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were:—

Mrs. S. Shaw, Box 330, Wapella, Sask.; Mr. W. Nesbitt, 413 Syndicate Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE.

C. E. Brooks, 94 Brook's Bldg., Marshall, Mich

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sur and mention the paper.

Be Ye Wise as Serpents.

(Continued from page 6).

plied Angus, but I'll see the barrel is weel rinsed."

"Mr. McRae," said the minister controlling his voice with an effort, "kindly call off your dog at once."

"Ye'll excuse me," replied Angus entirely ignoring the request, "if I smoke a wee bit tobacco,—it keeps aff the 'meskittries' ye ken."

Now MacDuff had been for some minutes unpleasantly conscious of the said mosquitos, who were having a glorious feast upon his unprotected back and shoulders. This last remark, therefore, caused him to lose all self-control:—

"Call off your dog at once, McRae," he shouted; "have you no respect for a minister of religion?"

"Dinna owerheat yersel, Mr. MacDuff," replied the imperturable farmer; "'tis a terrible dangerous thing to do in cold water Ye ken weel I respect the ministry fine—wi' its claes on, ye'll understand. 'Tis wonderful the difference a few bit claes makes till a mon;" he continued, puffing away at his pipe; "it puts me in mind o' the time—"

But this was more than MacDuff could stand:—

"Stop this disgraceful conduct, he rudely interrupted: "The water is most confoundedly cold, I'd have you know!"

"Och, MacDuff, for shame! I'm fair shockit to hear a minister use sic awfu' language," said the unsmiling Angus. "As I was saying," he began again, "it puts me—"

"I have no desire to hear your profane recollections," shouted the exasperated minister, whose face was now taking on a bluish tinge.

"Ye'll just listen till me and no interrupt," said McRae, in a very firm tone of voice. "I'm in the pu'pit the noo, ye'll understan. As I was tellin' ye,—'twas just after Flora and me was wed; y 'll recollect the time, MacDuff?" he continued significantly.

But what this story was the minister was never privileged to know. Cold and mosquitoes had made him well-nigh desperate. Placing both hands upon the edge of the barrel, with a great effort he got his two feet up beside them, and balanced there precariously, while he screwed up courage for the next step.

This, however, was settled for him. The

At the Old Quarry, Stony Mountain, Man.

barrel, now less than half-full, swayed ominously. The next instant, amid the frantic barking of the dog, and the unholy laughter of the unfeeling Angus, 200 lbs. of ministerial nakedness alighted with a "thwack" in a mud-hole, while the barrel pursued by the excited animal trundled gaily along until it brought up at a tree.

The minister stood not upon the order of his going. Seeing the dog engaged, and disregarding the black mud covering his back, he seized clothes in one hand, and catching up bag and stick in the other, dived head-formost into the trees, and made good his escape.

Such a story was naturally too good to keep, and Angus McRae did not scruple to repeat it with full details. The loss of prestige in consequence was great, and even now a sly reference to cold water was occasionally indulged in at the minister's expense by the more irreverent members of his congregation.

To-day, as he progressed slowly onwards down the hot white road, his thoughts were busy with his present difficulties. On one thing he was firmly resolved, viz. that if he could accomplish it by hook or crook the farmer should not marry the widow.

Suddenly the sound of wheels broke upon his ears, and directing his gaze ahead, he saw a farm wagon approaching at a smart trot.

The minister regretted that it was not travelling in his direction for a lift this hot afternoon would be most welcome.

Though covering by far the larger por-

Important to Grocers and Consumers!

Registered Trade-Mark

The absolute purity and healthfulness of

BAKER'S COCOA and CHOCOLATE

are guaranteed under the pure food laws of Canada. Made by a perfect mechanical process, they are unequaled for delicacy of flavor and food value.

The New Mills at Montreal are now in operation and for the convenience of the Canadian trade we have established **Distributing Points at Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver**

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Canadian Mills at 1000 ALBERT STREET, MONTREAL

BON-TON

The 1911-12 Bon-Ton Fall & Winter Catalogue is a Model for Style and a Revelation in Value—and it is your interest madam, to have a copy.

We manufacture all our output in a large, modern, hygienic factory in the most economical manner—buying our dress goods etc. direct from the mills in the world's best markets and avoiding all unnecessary expenses of high rents and so forth, and sell direct to you madam, and this is the secret of our excellent values.

Controlling every point of our product we know we can please you, so we renew our guarantee to cheerfully and unquestionably return the money for any article which does not please.

Though our prices are so low, we will continue this season to pay delivery on all orders large or small.

BON-TON STYLES ARE RIGHT.

Our designers are proud of their foresight in hitting off the change of style and our skirts are models of the latest fashion.

Every page of our catalogue is of interest. We illustrate two attractive models—but send for the book. In it you will find hundreds of real bargains in underwear and overwear—bargains which will make you friends of ours by their good style, good material, excellent value.

592.—Misses' Cloak, in good quality iron grey cheviot,—fancy weaves, and in plain black, in navy blue, or bronze, in diagonal texture. 48 inches in length, this coat is semi-fitted. The collar is sailor fashion in the back, and with the velvet trimmings give it a very stylish finish; little buttons and silk soutache loops complete its appearance. The back opens into a pleat on either side, below the hips. The lining mid-back of same material, add still more to its value.... **$8.75**

No. 592

5102.—Tailored Suit of good quality, English Cheviot in black or navy blue. The individual style of this model, which is not dear, assures us that it will be in great demand. The goods will give satisfaction and the workmanship is characteristic of "Bon-Ton". The **Coat,** 30 inches long has a large sailor collar, pretty black velvet trimming, buttons and little silk soutache loops; pockets on the sides, and buttons with soutache loops on the sleeves; the lining is of good diagonal mercerized. The **Skirt** is of the latest style with plain panel in front, and **trimmed panel in the back.** The panel in the back is cut several inches from the ground, and trimmed with buttons and soutache loops. This skirt will be appreciated by ladies seeking the very latest models. A really valuable suit at..... **$10.25**

No. 5102

Direct from the Factory.

Saving intermediate profits.

THE BON-TON CO., 441 St. Joseph Street

QUEBEC.

tion of his journeys on foot, he never despised, and indeed kept a sharp look out for any chance of a ride, and had a special partiality for an empty wagon. In one of these jolting vehicles he was often met, lying flat upon his back upon a bundle of hay, a position far preferable in his eyes to sharing the driver's spring seat. The wagon was now drawing near, and it was with no great pleasure that he realised it was Angus McRae himself who was driving. Their intercourse was restricted, and conversation when quite unavoidable usually consisted of a colorless "good-day," with perhaps a passing reference to the weather. As it came abreast of him, the minister affected to be deeply interested in some object upon the horizon: but to his surprise the farmer halted his team.

"Good-day, Mr. MacDuff," he cried in the friendliest tones: "And how are ye the day?"

"My health is excellent, thank you," replied the minister over his shoulder.

"Terrible hot weather we're havin', are we no?" continued McRae.

"It is as you say exceedingly warm," again answered the minister, eyeing him warily and preparing to proceed. But the farmer ignored the hint and continued:—"Ye'll be makin' for Mrs. McBain's the night, I suppose, Mr. MacDuff?"

Now the Rev. James was known, not without good cause, as "an inquesitive buddy," and this last question touched the very matter that was troubling him; so turning, he replied in most professional tones: "God willing, Mr. McRae, it is my intention to sojourn there this night."

Now the farmer, much as he disliked it, was in the position, willy-nilly, of having to seek a service from his enemy; so with a smile he resumed: "Mrs. McBain thinks a deal o' your guid sense and judgment, Mr. MacDuff; she was e'en speakin' o't this very afternoon."

"I trust I have the good opinions of all sober and godly people, replied the minister pompously, upon whom this piece of brazen flattery was not without effect.

"Aye, na doot," replied Angus; "and I'm no sayin' she isna richt—though the women takes queer fancies whiles," he continued, his gaze travelling over the reverend gentleman's figure.

"Well?" the minister's tones were frigid.

"Well, Mr. MacDuff, to speak truth, ye were the very person I was in search o'" replied Angus, most deferentially; "and I'll tell ye for why" "Ye've heard the talk that's ganging roun' aboot me and the widder makin'a match o't? Na doot, na doot," he continued. as the minister nodded. "I was ower there the day, and askit her straight, but she canna quite mak' up her mind till it. though it beats me what's stoppin' her However, it seems she's gotten a queer fancy against widders marryin'—Well, Mr. MacDuff, she finally said she wouldna gie me an answer till she had your advice"

"This is most extraordinary," said the minister, whose face was a study and who mentally resolved that whatever his advice on the point in question, he should strongly deprecate a marriage with McRae

"'Tis indeed sae," agreed Angus "for she will na hae sic a chance every day but though I gied chapter and verse for't, as weel as ye could yersel, Mr. MacDuff, she would na budge from 't. Sae I would be muckle obliged, if ye could contrive to speak till her aboot it."

"I—I—" stammered MacDuff, at a loss what to say. "It is not an easy task you are setting me, and besides," he continued warmly, "our relations hitherto have not been- - - -"

"I ken what ye mean, Mr. MacDuff," interrupted McRae, "but the Guid Buik tells us something for sic occasions. And I needna tell ye," he continued, noting the effect of his last words, "that as long as I'm spared, ye shall never want a welcome —gin we are marrit—at the house on the hill. Ye'll ne'er regret it, Mr. MacDuff."

"Well, McRae, I'll see what I can do to remove her scruples," replied the minister ambiguously.

"I'm mor'n obliged till ye, MacDuff," said the gratified Angus; and drawing from his pocket a large leather purse with an enormous buckle, he carefully selected from its well-filled interior a whole ten dollar bill.

"MacDuff," said he, bending over and holding it towards the minister, "I guess ye'll be needin' a new suit for the weddin'!" And before the astonished minister could find words to reply, he chirruped sharply to his horses, and drove off smartly down the road.

For some moments the Rev. MacDuff gazed blankly at the stiff new bill which he held by one corner in his outstretched hand. His mind was filled with two conflicting emotions. The novel and pleasurable sensation at the sudden possession of so large a sum made him loth to part with it; not within his recollections had he been presented with so much at once. But there arose the uncomfortable thought—how could he reconcile it with his conscience to keep it, while intending to do his utmost to thwart the donor's designs upon the widow. However McRae was now too far off to make it possible to return it at present, so folding it carefully, he placed it in his pocket and once more continued his journey.

As he progressed onwards, a plan slowly matured in his brain, which promised by stretching a point or two to satisfy this silent mentor, while still allowing him to retain possession of his prize, and also to repay McRae for the trick he had once played on him. Upon this, therefore, he resolved to act immediately.

It still wanted a good half-hour to six o'clock when a sudden turn in the trail brought the minister abruptly upon the widow's humble abode. The neat whitewashed log-house with its tiny windows nestled closely almost in the centre of a large bluff, and was securely sheltered from whatever direction the searching winds might blow. From the short chimney curled comfortable wreaths of smoke, which told his appetite, sharpened by the long tramp, of pleasant operations in progress within

At one end of the house had been added, when necessity demanded it, a rather unsightly lean-to of plain boards, which served as kitchen and dining-room.

On the threshold, her hands on her hips, and her buxom figure completely filling

Autumn woods—Manitoba.

"A CURED MAN"

HIS INDIGESTION BANISHED THANKS TO

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

For over ten years, Mr. C. R. Williamson has been the Postmaster at Rowena, Victoria Co., New Brunswick, and his word should carry weight when he says he has been cured of indigestion—after a quarter of a century's suffering—by Mother Seigel's syrup.

A few month's ago, Mr. Williamson wrote us as follows;—"For the past twenty-five years I have been a great sufferer from Indigestion. I could not sleep at night and would rise in the morning with a nasty taste in my mouth, feeling more dead than alive. The pain after eating was terrible, and many times I have vomited before I could get relief. I lost about twenty-five pounds in weight, and at times had to give up my business. I tried various remedies, but nothing seemed to do me any good.

"Some two years ago I was advised to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I did and with wonderful good results. I felt relief after taking two or three doses. The pains in my stomach left me and I felt my food was doing me good. In all I took two bottles and am now a cured man and feel that I owe the result to nothing but Mother Seigel's Syrup."

It is not an uncommon thing, but it is a terrible thing, all the same, to suffer for twenty-five years from the tortures of indigestion! If you get up, day after day, feeling tired and jaded; if you never relish your breakfast, and never eat a meal without trouble to follow, you may well imagine that life has no sunshine. But when, in addition to these troubles, you have headaches, bilious attacks and constipation, when you can't sleep and your "nerve" has gone, you may well do, what Mr. Williamson did, look anywhere and everywhere for relief!

But you won't look far, if you look first to Mother Seigel's Syrup to help you. The herbal extracts contained in the Syrup tone and strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver and bowels, aid digestion, expel the evil products of indigestion from the system, and thus restore your lost health.

No other medicine approaches Mother Seigel's Syrup in world-wide popularity, because its success has never been equalled. Try it yourself!

In sixteen different countries, Mother Seigel's Syrup is the regular family medicine in hundreds and thousands of homes. Keep it in yours.

WEARY DAYS

AND WAKEFUL NIGHTS OF

INDIGESTION

When you rise in the morning fagged out, and dreading your work; when your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and your bowels costive; when you have pains in the chest, stomach, back, all over—your stomach and liver are out of order. Indigestion is poisoning your blood and sapping your vitality! But Mother Seigel's Syrup will stimulate the action of your liver and bowels, clean your tongue, renew your appetite and your digestion, and give you new strength and energy!

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Mother Seigel's Syrup, the favorite family remedy for indigestion is made of more than ten different roots, barks, and leaves, which in combination possess in a remarkable degree, the power of toning and strengthening the stomach and regulating the action of the liver and bowels. This is the secret of its great success in curing dyspepsia, pains after eating, headaches, bilious attacks, constipation, and all kindred ailments. It cures in a natural way, and better still, it cures permanently. Take it daily after meals.

Mr. James McPhee, Boulardie, Cape Breton, says:—"I suffered for years with severe stomach troubles and sick headaches. I could not eat without having most agonizing pains, and would often vomit after taking food. My appetite failed, and I could not rest day or night. I tried all sorts of medicines, but nothing seemed to do me any good until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup. I continued taking the medicine for about two months, and to-day I am entirely cured."—Feb. 17, 1911.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

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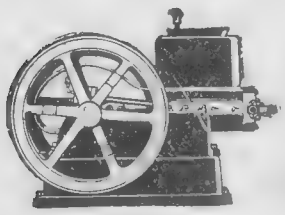

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With each machine goes free a secret washing formula that alone is worth $5.00. It has never before been available to housewives. Treatment as per this formula loosens up the dirt, and the soiled things are the more thoroughly washed, absolutely without injury to the fabric.

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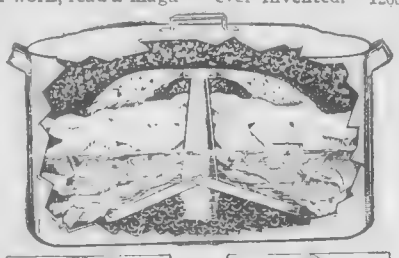

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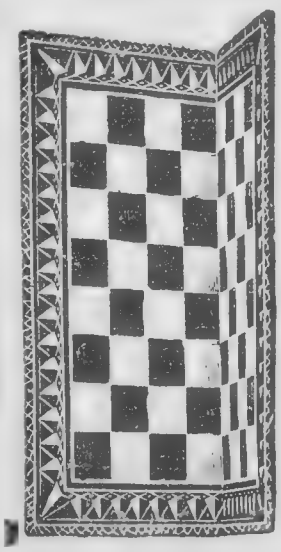

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the doorway, stood Mrs. McBain herself.

Her bright yellow hair was tightly coiled on the top of a rather broad head, while her rather plain but pleasant face was covered with freckles. A dress of black sateen, evidently donned in honour of the minister's expected arrival, was covered with a clean white apron, and showed beneath the short practical skirt an unmistakable pair of men's boots.

"I was just looking for you, Mr. MacDuff," said she, with a welcoming smile, as the minister drew near. "You'll be just in time for supper, and needing it too I expect."

"I've no doubt I shall be able to do justice to your excellent fare, Mrs. McBain," replied he with a laugh; "but I did not think it was so near six."

"Aye now, Mr. MacDuff, but it's not often I have to complain of you being late,' said the widow with a sly dig at the clerical weakness for good fare, "but we're having it early to-night. The boys are mad to go to this play-acting at the Hall."

"But come in, come in," she continued hurriedly, and relieving him of bag and stick led the way inside.

After MacDuff had rinsed his face and hands at the little tin basin, which stood on a stool just outside the door, he took his accustomed place at the head of the table, the party being completed by the widow's two boys, lads of nineteen and seventeen. After pronouncing a somewhat lengthy grace, and helping himself to everything within reach, the minister sat down and the meal began.

Conversation was not brilliant, as the lads were engrossed with anticipations of the evening's entertainment, while both the elders were pre-occupied with their own busy thoughts.

Ample justice, however, was done to the tasty home-made cakes and pastry, stewed fruits and cream, especially on the part of the minister. It was his custom, under the mistaken idea of saving trouble, to refuse to have anything passed to him, but saying, "I can reach, thanks, I can reach," he insisted on getting it himself, a proceeding for which his short arms and rotund figure were anything but suited.

Supper ended, the widow commenced to wash-up the dishes, while MacDuff having put on a roomy pair of carpet slippers—a present from his hostess—and retired to the large easy chair in the little parlour. Not long afterwards the boys, both rather self-conscious in new store suits and the latest style in felt hats, drove off in the buggy, thus leaving the minister a clear field.

Pans and dishes carefully polished and put away, and the kitchen tidied for the night, the widow removed her apron and joined MacDuff in the parlour. There she established herself with her knitting on the couch by the window.

For some time nothing was heard but the 'click' of the knitting-needles and the rustle of the paper that the minister was pretending to read:—

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

The small congregation who awaited the minister's coming next morning were gathered in knots outside discussing the effect of the prolonged drought on the crops, the scarcity and high price of hired labour and the many other matters of interest to a farming community.

"The minister's in grand fettle the day," said one as his approach was noticed, "he's comin' along like a two-year-old." For his elastic step and jaunty carriage were evident to all.

"I'm danged if he hasna got a flower in his coat," said another: the flower in question was a large nosegay pinned there by the hands of the widow herself, who had at the same time excused herself from attending the service.

The minister greeted and shook hands with most of the members of his little flock, but studiously avoided Angus McRae, who as he could see was anxious to have a word with him.

Angus, however, intercepted him at the entrance to the building.

"Weel, Mr. MacDuff," said he in a loud whisper, "do ye mind what I was speakin' till ye aboot?"

"Yes, yes, answered the minister hurrying past, "and I am glad to say I have persuaded her to alter her views."

"Ye dinna say sae!" exclaimed the delighted Angus.

The minister preached that day with a fine eloquence that made his hearers open their eyes in surprise; not a few of whom felt relieved that the carefully selected five cent piece was the only coin in their possession at the moment. However, when the hat was returned to him on this occasion it contained in addition a whole new silver dollar placed there as a further expression of his gratitude by the joyful McRae.

At the close of the service, MacDuff having cleared his throat to attract their attention, addressed his hearers as follows:

"My friends, before we depart to our various habitations, it is my privilege to make an announcement, which I trust will be of interest to most if not to all of you. It is that a wedding will shortly be celebrated between two persons, who are both well-known to everyone present here." (At this point McRae squared his shoulders and blew out his chest.) "It has been my duty in the past to be present on many such occasions, but upon none of them do I remember looking with such feelings of pleasure and satisfaction." ('Guid for ye, Mr. MacDuff,' said Angus to himself, for the minister was certainly exceeding his expectations.)

"The bride is a lady who has lived amongst you, respected and admired for many years as widow of the late Mr. McBain" (here several people glanced at Mr. McRae, who tried to look dignified and happy at once). "As for the bridegroom," continued the minister, "I need not say how unworthy he is of such good fortune" "ch!' said Angus, sitting bolt upright). "The older amongst you have known him ever since you came to the country, and are well aware that in spite of his many faults and weaknesses he has tried to do his humble duty." ('Guidness gracious! is the mon daft?' exclaimed Angus, for this was beyond a joke.) "However," continued the speaker," in spite of his failings and unprepossing exterior, Mrs. McBain has done him the honour of bestowing on his unworthy self her hand and heart." ('Honour, indeed!' snorted McRae, now

Typical Irish Cottage, Killinchy Road, going to Comber.

thoroughly enraged; 'if the minister does na smart for this!') "The name of this fortunate individual," continued MacDuff, "is, as you no doubt have already guessed, James MacDuff, your humble pastor and servant." ('Done brown,' exclaimed the astonished and disgusted McRae, 'an' by a meenister; this beats a'!')

After the sensation caused by this announcement had subsided, McDuff, turning his gaze full upon the crestfallen McRae, resumed: "I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. McRae, who was the first to express his regard by presenting me with a magnificent "wedding suit."

This naturally turned the gaze of all present upon the furious farmer, who by no means wore the pleasant expression suited to the occasion. It was more than flesh and blood could stand, and muttering fiercely, "Eleven dollars clean bang it awa'," he rose grimly in his seat and stalked stiffly from the room, leaving the smiling minister to receive the congratulations of his somewhat bewildered congregation.

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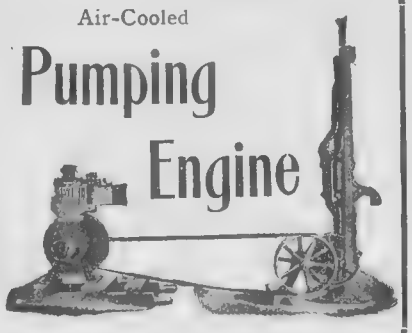

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About the Farm.

Alfalfa.

To the Home-Builders of Our State That Are Settling Within Our Borders:

Heretofore I have written giving you the benefit of my experience along certain farming lines in the West. I hope the former advice has done some good in assisting you to make a few mistakes as possible so you will become firmly and successfully established in our young and most desirable state. This time I will confine myself to giving you what I think the best course to adopt to start alfalfa successfully. Some seeds and plants are advertised as mortgage lifters, but if you get started aright with this plant you will not have such a disagreeable millstone galling your neck.

The primitive home of this plant seems to be in the arid or semi-arid regions. It had such popularity in these parts that the farmers in the humid sections introduced it as one of their principal crops. Now from the Atlantic to the Pacific it has spread with wonderful success and advantage as a forage plant to the farmer, even to the isles of the sea, not overlooking the great continent of Australia. Never was a plant known of such signal value to husbandry. What are its characteristics that produce such widespread fame? Only a few may be mentioned, as they are too numerous to go into details. When it is firmly established, it remains productive perhaps for a century, and instead of depleting the soil, it has the faculty of nourishing it, which is contrary to most any other plant. It being so deep-rooted, drawing its nourishment from greater depths, bringing its fruits to the surface for the support of man and beast, even its flowers produce the sweetest nectar that pleases the palate of any epicure, it will even vie with the orange and lemon in bringing adequate returns to the tiller of the ground. It produces the most gorgeous dies that the Parsians can find to make their adornment. Its leaves are used for the healing of the people and our sheep and kine fed on such forage will capture first prizes wherever shown. What sight is more gorgeous than a field of alfalfa in full bloom, with its grand, purple flowers, and the busy bee humming and flitting from flower to flower drinking in the sweet nectar to store for its winter use. Our professors tell us it possesses elements that will sustain human existence. Also from what I read it is very highly recommended as one of our most nourishing and choicest breakfast dishes. Perhaps it was this plant that Nebuchadnezzar grazed on for seven years, and after all there may not be any myth about the Biblical narrative.

But I must proceed to the practical part of the subject and give you the benefit of my long experience in the handling of this plant.

To be most successful with this plant is to start the year previous to which you wish to seed, cultivating a root crop of some kind so the land will be kept free from all kinds of weeds. We will suppose you had your ground in potatoes where you wish to seed alfalfa.

The first thing to do is to investigate your sub-soil. If of sand and gravel, so much the better. This is the kind the plant delights in; in fact, this is the general character of our sub-soils throughout this western region. Still there are some we call hard pan, and even clay will be met with. Either of these sub-soils are unsuited to successful alfalfa growing. Happily, these conditions are seldom met with and generally found along the margin of our streams. Such might produce fairly well with ample rainfall, but under irrigation where so much water is generally used the ground gets over-saturated and the soil becomes sour for lack of aeration and the water intended as support for the plant has become poison to it.

When you have the desired sub-soil you will look over your land and observe if there is any unevenness on it. Most likely there is. Then plow the knolls and take the Fresno scraper with four good horses and scrape these down a little lower than you think is right, dumping into the depressions so as to bring all th ground as uniform as possible. After this is done thoroughly, take the leveler I have heretofore mentioned, or some other that will do effective work and go over the land and level down the irregularities left from the scraper. I want you to be most particular about this leveling. Remember, this is an improvement on your farm that will last for all time, and you may let the alfalfa remain for five or twenty years. Besides, it will save the wear and tear on farm machinery and teams, and, not least, you will be able to conduct the water over the land with greater uniformity, thereby producing better crops and with greater economy of water.

Your ditches will have been previously cleaned of all trash that would impede the flow of water. Now start the water at the highest point of your land, and don't be afraid to give the land a good soaking; two or three feet deep will not hurt. I am anxious you should fill the sub-soil, and you will see that the water covers every foot of the ground; don't imagine it will soak up to this or that part. Generally speaking, it will not, as the water has a downward tendency and in most cases very little laterally. After you have done ample justice to this part of the work and have the land in suitable condition, the spring harrow is the most suitable to use. Let this cut three or four inches deep. After this operation I use what is called a pulverizer, which has twenty knives set at an angle that pricks the ground. On the same is attached a bar with forty spike teeth. This breaks the small lumps and makes the ground fit for any vegetable garden.

You are now ready for seeding. There is a diversity of opinion whether a nurse crop should be used with alfalfa. I have always adopted the nurse crop, especially where you have command of water at all times, but in seeding, whether oats, barley or wheat as a nurse crop, I only use about one-half the amount as for ordinary seeding. I should recommend about three pecks of Kherson oats with the alfalfa. These oats grow short and they mature early, giving the young alfalfa still a good time to get well established before winter and at the same time you will get some return from the land the first season. Now, as to the amount of alfalfa seed to sow to the acre, this depends at least on two things: the proper seed bed and the quality of seed. If your seed bed is as I have outlined and first-class seed, from eight to ten pounds is ample for an acre. I have seeded twenty-five pounds, but the seed was of poor quality, and the seeding on first breaking. Again, I have used ten pounds and it appeared to me the stand was on the thick side. Now here is the maximum and minimum, so leave the decision with you what amount to sow. I use a press drill seeder, and seed the oats and alfalfa at same time, about two inches deep, but if you have first-class seed, and by that I mean the plump, well-filled kidney-shaped, having a rich golden color and free from weed seed.

Now you will see the advantage of the former copious watering. Should the season turn dry we have the moisture stored in the soil to support the tender rootlets as they make their downward journey in quest of nourishment. Again, should we have occasional showers, so much the better, but the underground being thoroughly saturated, will obviate the necessity of irrigating so early, so the plants will get well above ground before the necessity of watering. Don't water until there is evidence that it needs water, which you will notice by the color of the leaves beginning to show the white feather, then give a thorough watering from three to four inches deep over surface. Had you watered before the plants were above ground, many of the weakest would

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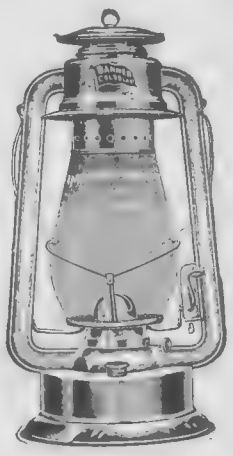

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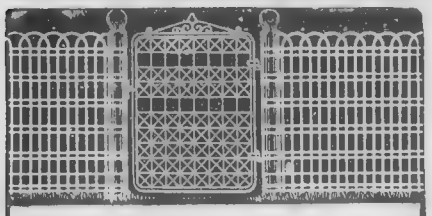

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have died in the attempt to reach the surface. It is one of the most tender plants to get established, but once well rooted, it will withstand great abuse without a murmur. Don't allow your stock to graze and tread it to death and then complain it don't yield larger returns. To get the largest returns it will require more water than any other plant I am aware of. Some seem to think because it is deep-rooted and reaches the sub-moisture this is all that is necessary, but on examination it will be seen its greatest feeders are a short distance from the surface. Don't pasture any the first season. Most likely you will have a light cutting in August or September. This will be perhaps mostly weeds. Leave such on the ground. This will be protection during the winter and I would recommend giving a good watering during the latter part of September or the early part of October. I do believe the roots grow in the winter, and why not when they reach below the frost limit? I want you to take good care of the plant, as it will put a value on your land you little dreamed of, and even in its death throes when you plow it to plant other crops it will exhibit its fructifying influences in doubling the yield above any other portion of your farm.

Good Roads.

By R. M. Dolve, Ass't Prof. of Agricultural Engineering.

The economic importance of good roads appears to me to be so apparent and self evident that to anyone who has given the road question any thought a discussion of this subject must seem the mere rehearsal of familiar truisms. Nevertheless, as long as our roads are the poorest in Christendom the good road enthusiast may be pardoned for so constantly endeavoring to call the attention of people to this subject. During the past decade the good roads propaganda has made rapid strides and many of the foremost men in the country have enlisted their influence and support in its behalf. Although many miles of good roads have been built, the advance has been largely educational, and but little has been accomplished in the actual construction of better roads. So far it has been a comparatively easy task to interest a few people in this question but no far-reaching results can be looked for until the majority of the people become enthused and thoroughly alive to the importance of the subject. Then, and then only, will it be possible to secure through concerted action the enactment of better road laws by which the road laws may be more efficiently extended and national, state and county aid secured.

One reason why more has not been accomplished for the betterment of roads is that a majority of the people remain indifferent to the subject because they deem it of direct importance to the farmer alone and are consequently content to leave to him the onus of road building. This is a grave mistake for it may be shown that people in every walk of life are interested, pecuniarily, at least, in the condition of our country roads. It has been conservatively deduced from governmental statistics that the cost of living is 10 per cent. higher because of the toil exacted by poor roads through the high cost of marketing food products and the raw materials for clothing and other necessities. Aside from this, anything conducive to the prosperity and welfare of the rural population means greater prosperity for the city and country town population who are directly dependent upon the farmer, who is the only actual producer of wealth.

The merchants of small towns are jealous of the infringement of mail-order houses upon their business but if they want the business of their community let them help build the roads from the farmer's place of business to theirs. If these men were given to understand that they had a choice between good roads and the parcels post they would immediately become enthusiastic advocates for better roads and would readily lend their aid toward securing state and national aid.

The Farmer's Right.

The farmer has a right, both moral and legal, to receive state and national aid in the building of his roads. He already pays an unjust proportion of the taxes. His property is largely of such a nature that he can neither hide it nor conceal its value and, when the assessor comes around, it has to be said, even the pigs squeal as though determined not to be overlooked. On the other hand it is a well-known fact that a large percentage of city and corporation property escapes taxation. Then too, do not cities profit from public improvements out of proportion to the amount of taxes they pay? Look at Fargo, for example, with the agricultural college, the state fair, the Cass county courthouse, the federal building and many other buildings and improvements from which the city secures a revenue vastly greater than the taxes paid by its citizens for the support of these institutions and improvements. Being recipients of these special privileges why should they not in turn, by a system of state aid, help the farmers build adequate roads which would be of great and lasting benefit to the city as well as the country?

The national government has expended millions upon the improvement of harbors, rivers, canals, and other waterways; it has given millions upon millions of dollars worth of land to private corporations for the building of railroads but it has been conspicuously parsimonious in aiding the building of public highways. The result is that we have the finest steamships, the best harbors and the most efficient railroad service in the world, but our public roads are incomparably poorer than those of the least civilized country of Europe. The state is taxing its entire population for the support of educational institutions that are of direct benefit only to the few who take advantage of those schools and yet we all admit that the state is more than justified in making this expenditure. The expenditure of money secured through county, state and national aid for the improvement of our country roads is equally justifiable and can be defended:

1. On the ground of justice to the people in the country who are not receiving their full share of benefits from the expenditure of most public money.

2. Because it would effect a reduction of 10 per cent. in the cost of living and otherwise benefit people who do not live in the country.

3. The future of the country demands that the comforts of country life shall, as far as possible, equal those of city life.

Not Expenditure Question.

It is sometimes thought that the building and maintaining of good roads will necessitate the expenditure of vast sums of money, but such is not the case. It is not a question of any new expenditure.

Everyone will readily agree with the statement that good roads would greatly increase the market value of farm lands. If this were not so, then why do farms near towns where the roads are not good, invariably sell at a much higher price than those at a distance? Good roads would tend to equalize this difference and I believe that uniformly good roads would increase the value of farm land by an average of at least $1 per acre throughout the entire farming section of our state.

The profit from a farm, as well as from every other line of business, is the difference between the cost of production and the selling price. If the cost of marketing is too great to leave a fair margin of profit, the land will command a meagre price and its cultivation will be unprofitable regardless of its fertility. In some parts of our country, timber is considered an incumbrance on the land, potatoes rot in the ground and fruit on the trees while in other sections these commodities are so high priced as to be beyond the reach of most people and all because the cost of transportation does not permit the producer to transport them to the markets at a price which the consumer can pay. The question of roads is, therefore, a vital one and is of practical importance as the only way of reducing the cost of reaching the market and thus increasing the profits.

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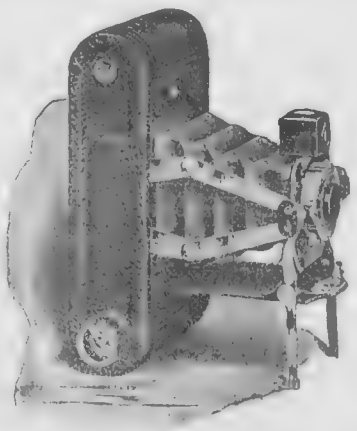

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Spraying a Few Trees.

Concerning the amount of material needed for spraying about twelve 'ordinary' trees, if they be the size of a full-grown peach tree, you can count on their taking from two to three gallons to a tree. A full-sized apple tree will take from three to ten gallons. This would mean from one to two fifty-gallon barrels of the spray liquid for twelve trees. The best thing you can do for trees with San Jose scale is to boil seventeen pounds of sulphur and twenty-two pounds of lime in enough water to boil it, using anything but a copper vessel. It will not injure iron. Stir it occasionally. After it has boiled for fully an hour, strain it, and add enough water to make a total bulk of fifty gallons. Water can be added during the process of straining and will help to wash it through the strainer. Do not use a cloth strainer for the fibers or little threads may go through and help to clog the nozzle. The best kind of strainer is one with a straining wire put across the bottom in such a way that it will be higher at one side and lower at the other, or one built like a cone standing upright and pointing upward with the funnel. The best material to use in making this strainer is brass wire cloth, with about thirty meshes to the inch. You can have such a strainer made by any tinsmith at a cost of about one dollar.

Spray your trees thoroughly after the leaves drop. Do this when the wind is blowing slightly in one direction, and when it blows in another direction spray them again. Be sure that you touch every speck of the bark from tip of the most remote branches to the base of the trunk. Coat them so there is not a spot missed. If you do this faithfully and thoroughly, you will be surprised at the beneficial results that will appear next summer, and which will pay you many times over for your efforts. In addition to the spraying, cut or prune back the trees severely, or in proportion to the amount of injury, removing not only the dead but also the dying wood. —Prof. H. A. Surface in Penn. Zoological Press Bulletin.

A Genuine Manitoban in the Flower Garden.

The Dairy Cow Industry.

The high prices of dairy products, milk, butter and cheese, would seem to indicate that there should be a strong demand for the specialty dairy cow. The dairy cow of good quality is attracting attention in the markets all over the country. The demand for milk has caused the fresh cow of any breed to be sought after by the milk dairyman. There is no longer an expressed prejudice against the Jersey cow or the Holstein. Persons who could scarcely tolerate an animal of these breeds on their farms a few years ago are now found singing the praises of the rich milk cow, the big, milk cow, just because there is a demand for her product at a big price and incidentally for the cow herself. This is because she is selling at public sale, at private sale, in fact, any place, on her ability to produce milk.

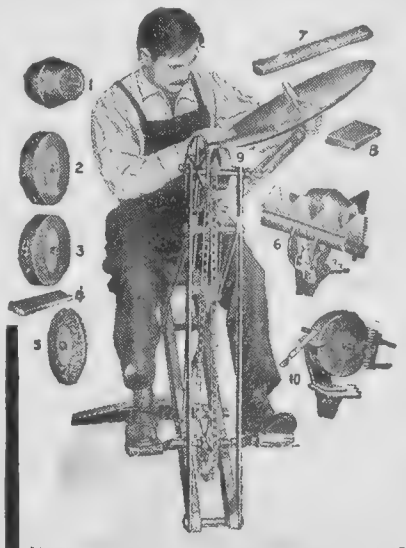
It is strange, yet true, that public opinion is quick to get on the side that the dollar is on. When the cattle question, not many years ago, had all gone to beef, that an animal with a dark color in nose, a drab color in the ear, black with a few white spots on the hide, disqualified it for beef, in fact, disqualified it for ownership, with the great majority of farmers, feeders and cattle owners, it seemed that the Jersey and Holstein were doomed to a very narrow demand.

There has never been a time when the demand for good, young, strictly dairy-brew cows was so urgent as right now. There has never been a time when a whole carload of good, dairy-bred heifers would sell so readily as now in any section of the country. What does this indicate? It indicates a changed condition in the mind of man in relation to the strictly dairy-bred cow. What has brought this about? The evidence of the ability of the good milk cow to produce her owner a handsome revenue for the investment he has in her.

There is no better breeding outlook now than the production of high-bred dairy heifers to fill the demand that is everywhere present for the cow that is able to produce a good yield of rich milk. The strictly dairy cow that can deliver the goods is a top-notcher in the public or private sale. There is little attention now paid to the limit in price for the really good ones. There is an element that has recently become interested in the dairy industry that is not inclined to look seriously upon price. A hundred dollars or two, or three, or five hundred dollars on a cow of excellence in milk performance and pedigree is not regarded so embarrassing as to stop a sale or purchase. The dairy cow industry is advancing rapidly all over the country.—20th Century Farmer.

Broilers and Roasters.

The rearing of broilers may be regarded as one of the specialties of the poultry business and does not appeal



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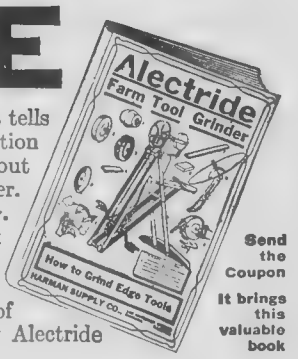

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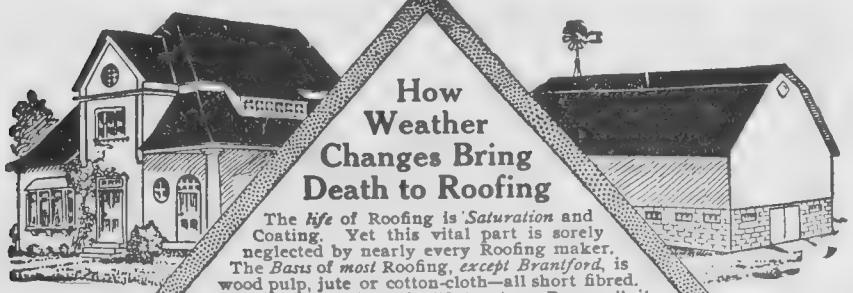

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particularly to the farmer, but it can often be made a paying occupation in connection with an egg farm, or as a winter employment for those whose regular occupation gives them plenty of leisure at that season. Great skill is required to bring this work to its highest perfection, and anyone contemplating the production of broilers on an extensive scale should not depend on written directions for his guidance, but should make a careful study of the market demands and should visit one of the successful broiler producers, for the practical experience of such men is the safest guide.

Broilers are young plump chickens, weighing, when dressed, from ¾ of a pound to 2 pounds, and are usually killed when from 6 to 12 weeks old. The name is derived from the fact that they are usually split down the middle and the halves broiled. The market demand to-day is for broilers of three sizes—squab broilers, small broilers, and large broilers. Squab broilers, when dressed, weigh from ¾ of a pound to 1 pound each; small broilers, the size most in demand the greater part of the year, weigh from 1 to 1¼ pounds each. In most American markets a yellow-skinned and yellow-legged bird is preferred, but this is not of as much importance as good quality of meat.

In broiler raising, an incubator is a necessity in getting early-hatched chicks. After the chickens have been hatched they may be removed to the brooder, where the temperature should be kept at about 95 deg. F., which is about right for the remainder of the first week. From then the temperature of 5 degrees each week until 70 deg. F., is reached. It is important to keep an even temperature whether raising chickens or broilers or for other purposes. The raising of broiler chickens is practically the same as the raising of chickens for other purposes. The main point is to keep them growing rapidly.

A fat broiler is quite a rarity; the best that can be done, in general, is to have them plump, for the natural tendency of the chick is to use all nutriment for growth and development. When the birds are nearly large enough for the market they should be given all the fattening feed they will eat, and for this purpose corn in various forms should be fed freely. They will digest more feed if fed ground than if whole or cracked. A moistened mash, consisting of about two-thirds corn meal and one-third bran by milk is good. Cooked potatoes are good, and milk, with a little sugar added, will hasten fattening. Broilers may be sold alive or dressed according to the discretion of the grower. If dressed, this should be done according to the demands of the market.

Manitoba Pumpkins.

The Incalculable Value of Grass.

The following beautiful, poetic eulogy of grass, pronounced by the late Senator J. J. Ingalls, of Kansas, a few years before his decease, is brought to mind by the advance of spring, and should be preserved:

"Majestic, fruitful, wondrous plant! The corn, triumphant, with the aid of man hath made victorious procession across the tufted plain and laid foundation for the social excellence that is and is to be. This glorious plant, transmuted by the alchemy of God, sustains the warrior in battle, the poet in song and strengthens everywhere the thousand arms that work the purposes of life.

"Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Exaggerated by tropical heats and vapors to the gigantic cane congested with its saccharine secretion; or dwarfed by polar rigors to the fibrous hair of the northern solitudes, embracing between these extremes the maize with its resolute pennons, the rice plant of Southern swamps, the wheat, rye, barley, oats and other cereals, no less than the humbler verdure of the hillside, pasture and prairie in the temperate zone, grass is the most widely distributed of all vegetable beings, and is at once the type of our life and the emblem of mortality. Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and the dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of the mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass: and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and the forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made; and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

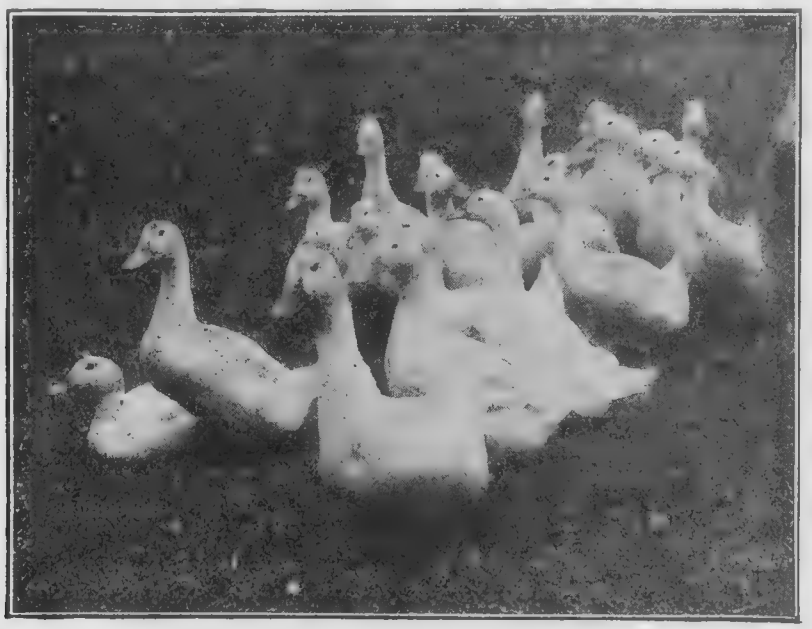
"Grass is the forgiveness of nature; her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood and torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleagured by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds; by the wandering birds; propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the nude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitudes of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains; modifies climates and determines history, character and destiny of the nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed or the dynasty has perished it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled but which it never abrogates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth, or air; and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world."

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

Don't Neglect the Swine.

Don't let the rush of work at harvest time and threshing time make you neglect the growing pigs. If, by any chance, they get stunted at this season of the year, they are not likely to ever get caught up with the ones that were kept growing steadily. If the pigs are not worth enough to be grown out properly, then they are not worth having at all.

Plenty of slop is a fine thing for the pigs, but don't get the idea into your head that slop-fed pigs do not need any drinking water besides. Some men seem to think that if a pig gets a drink of thick, sour swill three times a day that no other liquid is needed in the ration. Now if you are one of these fellows and have been feeding your pigs in this manner during the hot weather, there is an experiment that you should try. Place a supply of cool, fresh water where the pigs can have access to it and see if they will take a drink. It is a safe bet that every pig in the lot will hunt up the drinking fountain a dozen or more times on every hot day. Don't make the mistake of putting the drinking water in a long trough where the pigs can wallow in it and where it soon gets hot. An automatic drinking fountain is almost a necessity in a properly arranged hog lot. There are numerous patents of this kind on the market and most of them operate successfully. The main thing to bear in mind is to get one that is substantially built and hence not easily broken. With an arrangement of this kind the drinking water can be kept in a covered barrel and will always be fresh and cool. On farms where drinking fountains of this kind have never been used, a trial of one will prove a revelation to the hog feeder.



A product now becoming popular with Manitoban Farmers.

Properly Fitted Hogs.

With the approach of the fall fair season a few words of advice to the exhibitor of swine, and more particularly to the new beginner, would perhaps not be out of place. In nearly every show ring some complaints generally develop, no matter how good the judge may be, and nobody is able to remove the cause of these complaints except the exhibitor himself. When a man has fed a hog all summer and given him the best care that he knows how to give, it is natural that this hog will look very good to him and perhaps his faults will not get apparent until he stands alongside the good one which the other fellow has. A man, to be a successful and cheerful exhibitor, should be a good judge of hogs and be willing to recognize the faults in his own animals and the good points in the other fellow's stock.

Perhaps one of the greatest causes of dissatisfaction in the show ring is the showing of hogs that have not been properly fitted. A man may go a long way from home, buy a high priced pig, and one that has considerable merit, but if this pig is not properly fitted when brought to the show ring, he is apt to be beaten by a hog not nearly half so well bred, but at the same time one that has been "fitted to the minute" as feeders express it. It is a sad fact, but true, that the winning hog must be probably fat enough for market purposes, even if this be done at a sacrifice of his breeding qualities. The show ring standard demands that the winning hog carry with him evidence of his flesh-producing ability, and the hog that does not show up to this standard suffers in consequence. A man may prefer to show his hogs in only breeding condition, but by so doing he can do justice neither to himself nor to the hogs. While in the estimation of many good breeders the present show standards are not the best, the man who starts out to show must conform to them. The judge is not supposed to know the breeding of the various hogs before him nor what they may have accomplished in the breeding herd. He can only place the hogs as they stand before him on the day of the show and the man who does not have his hogs in the proper condition on that day has himself to blame.

Rockwood, Ont., Jan. 14th, 1911

To the Editor of the Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,—

It may be of interest to some of your readers, as laying records are the order of the day, to know what a pen of pure-bred White Wyandotte pullets have done for me for the year 1910. This pen of pullets began laying Jan. 1st, 1910, and in the year ending Dec. 31st, 1910, laid an average of 220 eggs each. At 35c. per dozen these eggs would bring $6.41 per hen.

Two years ago a pen of our B. P. Rocks averaged 218 eggs each, which we consider a very high record. Up to this year our B. P. Rocks have had the lead as heavy egg producers but now will have to take place as close second to the White Wyandottes.

Very truly yours,
L. R. Guild.

The Fisher. But, Johnnie, I maun as yer frien' warn ye that it's no the flee, nor the water, nor the rod, nor the win' nor the licht, can dae the job, wi'oot the watchfu' ee an' steady han', an' the feelin' for the business that's kin' o' born wi' a fisher. But hoo that come aboot I dinna ken.

The great Tay Bridge in the extreme heat this summer lengthened on an average two inches at each end of the 16 places where provision was made for such expansion; a lengthening of about three feet in all.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

FREE ADVICE ON CURING CATARRH

Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer!

Don't let it destroy your happiness—your health—your very life welfare itself.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless nostrums.

Don't think it can't be vanquished just because you have not sought help in the right place.

Write to me at once and learn how it can be cured. Not merely for a day, a week or a year—but permanently. Let me explain my new scientific method of treatment, discovered by myself—used only by myself.

Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble—more than an unclean disease—more than a brief ailment. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and may open the door to the most dreaded of diseases. Take it in hand now—before it's too late.

I'll gladly diagnose your case and give you free consultation and advice. It shall not cost you a cent.

LET ME TELL YOU JUST HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—to-day they are free from Catarrh. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. I am a graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service and just for the asking you'll have the benefit of my 25 years experience—my years of study—my wide knowledge of the disease.

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail them to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information. Address

Catarrh Specialist SPROULE,
117 Trade Building, Boston.

Don't lose any time. Do it now!

Read these questions carefully answer them yes or no and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon. Specialist Sproule will study them thoroughly and write you in regard to your case, without its costing you a cent.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does you nose feel full?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON Catarrh Specialist SPROULE 117 Trade Building, Boston, will you kindly send me, entirely free of charge, your advice in regard to the cure of Catarrh.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—**you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you **a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment **a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week**, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost** my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness **and** health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies **of** your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 WINDSOR, Ont.

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Write to-day for patterns, measurement forms, testimonials, etc., sent post free.

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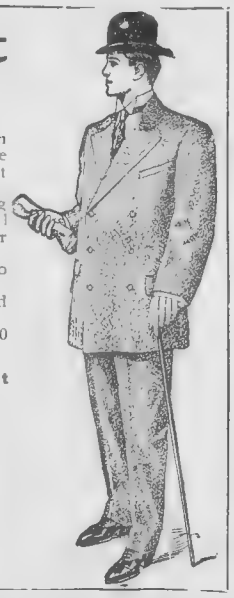

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When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Woman and the Home.

The Little Worn Out Shoes.

By Aloysius Coll

The little worn out shoes—what trips
To Wonderland they made
Before they quit the little feet,
And many a roguish raid!
What journeys to the flowers and bees,
The garden and the well!
What racing to the orchard trees,
When golden pippins fell!

When birds awoke the sleepy dawn,
And gave a voice to morn,
Went gladly forth the dancing shoes
That now are still and torn;
And, the sun hidden in the West
By shadows dark and deep,
The little shoes came home to rest,
The little feet to sleep.

All day they tripped a double tune
Of music on my ear,
Which brought the heaven down, they seemed
So like the angels near.
Ah! melody of broken chords,
Ah! fancy come in vain,
The little pegs are turned to swords,
The patter into pain.

The little worn out shoes—what tours
To reach the Elfin Hill!
What visits to the Faerie Folk
And Giant Hollow!—till

Manitoba Elk.

So weary grew the little feet
They scarcely left the hints
Of their light presence, soft and sweet,
So delicate the prints.

O baby shoes, O worn out shoes,
Why do you linger here,
Each little peg a sword for me,
Each little bead a tear?
Ah! well you guess the little feet
At last have turned to go
A way for you too far and fleet—
A way you cannot know.

The Child as a Plaything.

By Florence Hull Winterburn

The love of playthings does not die out when a person is grown up, and a little child is the most interesting plaything one can find. It is easy to forget that the little thing is an individual, and that what is sport for us may be hurtful to him. Sometimes, from sheer idleness, a visitor will essay to draw out the demure child whose bright eyes have been fixed upon him, and eliciting frank replies to remarks that would justly have been considered impertinent if addressed to another grown person, become desperately offended.

Yet it was his own fault if he was unceremoniously treated. He chose to make a jest of one whose self-possession was easily shattered and whom excitement might make rude. It is easier to start fun of this sort than to put a stop to it.

Children are seldom rude to grown persons unless some time familiarities of an injudicious nature have occurred between them. It is not necessary to be stiff and cold with a child in order to retain his respect. We may play and frolic with him without incurring any inconvenience, if we use the same tact and discernment we exercise toward other acquaintances. It takes time for children to become acquainted; they have the same reserve and dignity that belongs to their elders, and added to these is the shyness of one new to social usages.

Mothers sometimes thoughtlessly expose their little ones to the curious observation of strangers by dressing them too exquisitely. There is always a temptation to treat a pretty, picturesque-looking child as a doll. When nature bestows beauty and gives to us a tiny creature with starry eyes, silken curls, and rose-leaf skin, we delight to array it in cunning garments of velvet and lace, and surmount the beauteous head with a mass of ribbon and towering plumes How knight-like is the boy of five in his dainty frilled shirt and velvet knickerbockers; how enchanting his baby sister in her flowing, lace-ruffled skirts, with the gleam of a gold chain on her snowy neck! Who can refrain from petting and flattering them, or hide the admiration aroused by their grace and loveliness?

But if we read the hearts of our playthings we might be shocked to see the amount of vanity and selfishness our stupid flattery arouses.

Not long ago at a kindergarten entertainment I was much puzzled at the singular demeanor of a little daughter of a friend, who had appeared previously an agreeable, retiring sort of child. She was "dressed to death," and was frightfully conscious of her clothes. Constantly making nervous, fluttering movements, she fell into such strange poses when standing that I wondered why I had never before noticed that Mary was humpbacked. Not until the next day, when she appeared again in her ordinary school dress and her ordinary manner, could I convince myself that all her bending and posturing were the result of pure affectation and not of deformity.

There are children with enough strength of mind to keep their simplicity under the bewildering influence of gorgeous apparel. But the test is too hard. When we treat such mites to indulgences only befitting old shoulders we overburden them. If we could adorn our living statues with flowers and jewels to gratify our own tastes, without their being aware of it, the harm would be slight. But this is not possible. So we should exercise commonsense, and content ourselves with freshness and simplicity, or else render our dear little ones liable to all the evil of pride of heart and injudicious notice from strangers.

There is however, another tempting bait held out to those who like children

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SEND POST CARD FOR FREE PATTERNS which will be forwarded free from our distributing Agents in Canada, as below. Together with patterns we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement and tape measure. We fit you, no matter where you live, or refund the full amount of your purchase money.

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The Secretary, Board of Trade, Armstrong, B.C.

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or are entertained by their company, which is more insidious than personal beauty. This is precocious intelligence. The attention of educators has frequently been drawn to the danger of exciting children's minds by encouraging them to behave like adults, and the clever child, adept at repartee, is a well-known subject of caricature. But my remark has reference to a kindred matter less canvassed.

In households where children are much studied, as is now often the case, there is a tendency for the family to give careful heed to all youthful sayings which seem to indicate new phases of mental development. Our modern psychology has taken "child-study" for its plaything. The well-instructed mother is ever on the alert for signs of awakening faculties. Yesterday John said something which showed that he begins to reason; today Dorothy gave evidence of preference which throws light upon the subject of the child's natural tastes.

Now, interesting and valuable as are studies of human development, there is a valid objection to this vivisection of children. When devoting ourselves to analysis how shall we govern and guide? And when a child discovers that he is regarded as a mine of useful knowledge the effect upon him is apt to be disastrous. I had a lesson regarding this not long ago.

My little son is given to sayings that have significance, and several times I repeated them in privacy to his father, believing the young wiseacre totally ignorant of my fond exploit. But once after saying something exquisitely funny the tot gave a quick look into my face, and then ran into his father's room, where he took his stand in an attitude of expectancy. I followed, but seeing the situation, remained dumb; whereupon the child shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and said to me, encouragingly: "Now, tell him!"

Since then I have not hastened to relate his sage sayings.

Nearing the prey.

Miscellaneous.

Vinegar will brighten copper.

Sifted ashes make the best polish for steel table cutlery.

Boil cabbage, onions and other strong smelling food in uncovered vessels.

Wash table silver in boiling hot water; this will keep it bright without polishing.

Brass spigots are easily cleaned with lemon juice and salt and polished with whiting.

Clean grease or rust from plain iron or galvanized iron sinks with kerosene and wash them with boiling hot soapsuds.

Newspapers, moistened and torn into bits and strewn over a matting-covered floor, will aid greatly in the sweeping.

Add a little turpentine to the water with which the floor is scrubbed. It will take away the close smell and make the room delightfully fresh.

A delicious flavor may be given to coffee by rubbing the lump of sugar which sweetens it over orange or lemon rind. People who like the slice of lemon in their tea will appreciate a slice of lime instead, which will give a delightful piquant flavor.

According to the *Public health Journal*, mosquitoes cannot abide the touch of permanganate of potash. It is instantly fatal to the insects in all their stages of development. A handfhl, it is averred, will kill all the mosquito embryos in a ten-acre swamp. It is recommended to scatter a few crystals of permanganate widely through marshes in which mosquitoes abound.

Studying Children.

In a recent magazine article, Arthur MacDonald gives the results of some interesting experiments in the study of children. The deductions are based on a tabulated statement of tests made on 20,000 children, so that, while of course not infallilbe, the observations made should be of great value.

Children of the non-laboring (professional and mercantile) classes are superior to those of the laboring classes, indicating that the advantages of good social conditions are favorable to mental brightness. The boys showed a greater percentage of defects than the girls. Girls in private schools, who are generally of wealthier parents, were found much more sensitive than girls in the public schools.

Girls are more sensitive to pain than boys at all ages. This agrees with some previous experiments, showing that women are more sensitive than men; but this does not necessarily refer to endurance of pain.

It was found that girls from about twelve to fourteen years of age are both taller and heavier than boys, but at no other time; that is, they excel in average height and weight. This pubertal period is the time when girls are growing fast, and so need most of their vitality to adapt themselves to new conditions of life. For this reason they should be free from care and work more than at other times; but we regret to say both their home and school duties seem to be increased at this time, so that their health is often impaired, if not undermined.

* * * * *

In an examination of about 5,000 school children in Chicago, 35 per cent. were found to have defective eyesight; the defectiveness increases the most during the first three years of school, and it seems to be due to faults in school conditions.

In the tests of hearing it was found that a large number of the pupils could hear with one ear better than the other.

A statistical investigation of the early life of great men showed that they were absent-minded, but had strong memories for anything in which they were interested. It is generally said that great men owe their success to the mother's influence. This, while often the case, has exceptions. They were always influenced by some "one person," but sometimes the one was an aunt, a sister, or a more distant relative.

One often feels that many unnecessary fears and pains are inflicted on children by well-meaning, but indiscreet parents. The children of the poorer classes showed a marked difference in their answers to children in more comfortable conditions. The poor children are more natural in

WAS TROUBLED WITH

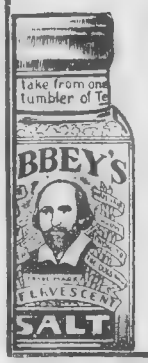
HEADACHE

FOR OVER TEN YEARS Dr. told him to try

Burdock Blood Bitters

Mr. Henry Sirot, Dumas, Sask., writes: "For over ten years I have been troubled with headaches every morning, accompanied by an acidity or bitter taste in the mouth. Thinking the cause of it was the too great use of smoking tobacco, I have quit the pipe for two months, but it was always the same. I went to the doctor and he told me to try some of your Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and found quite a relief before I had done with it. I then bought another one and used it all. Now I can say that I am perfectly cured. I used to be without appetite especially in the morning and now I feel as good as a new man. I cannot too highly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to all persons suffering from headaches and sour stomach."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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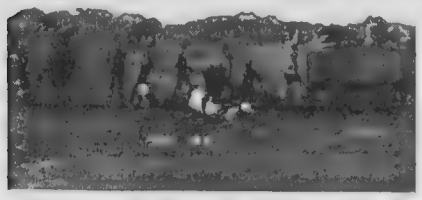

Natives digging and loading asphalt at Trinidad Lake

Genasco is the roofing of the age. Its foundation has stood for ages past.

It beats shingles. They warp, crack, split, and rot—more so now than ever before (lumber is getting scarcer, and shingle-quality is becoming poorer every year).

Beats tin, which rusts and needs painting regularly. And even with paint tin doesn't last like it used to—quality has deteriorated here, also.

Coal tar has the same old faults it has always had—gets soft and melts in the summer sun, and gets brittle and cracks in the cold, and leaks.

Genasco

the Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt Roofing

is the one roofing that lasts. It is made of Nature's everlasting waterproofer.

Trinidad Lake Asphalt has withstood the suns and storms of centuries; and in Genasco it gives the same lasting resistance to sun, rain, snow, wind, heat, cold—and even fire.

The oily nature of this natural asphalt keeps Genasco alive and strong to defend itself; and this is why Genasco is lastingly waterproof.

The Kant-leak Kleet waterproofs the seams of Genasco without cement, and prevents nail-leaks besides. It gives the roof an attractive appearance.

Ask your dealer for Genasco mineral or smooth surface Roofings with Kant-leak Kleets packed in the roll. Guaranteed, of course. Write us for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book.

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their fears, are not afraid of the dark or wild animals or the coal man, or even the policeman, but their objects of dread are the upsetting of a lamp, the possibility of father or mother becoming sick. Here we see how hard conditions of life develop practical judgment. There are few evils without some good.

In order to find out the teacher's influence, a large number of persons were asked to recall their past school experiences and recollection of teachers, good and bad. It was found that pupils were most susceptible from ages eleven to nineteen, and the good influence of a teacher does not depend upon the length of time the pupil is under his or her care.

The influence of a bad teacher will affect a pupil earlier than the influence of a good teacher. A teacher in a moment of indiscretion may fatally or seriously injure the pupil's future life.

There is an unconscious influence in the teacher's personality, which remains a power in the pupil's character; this influence is based on what the teacher is, rather than on what he says.

The pupil is attracted by externals much more than one would suppose, as manners, dress, good looks and voice. This suggests the importance of neatness and good taste on the part of the teacher.

Care of the Hands.

By Adelaide Agnes Williams.

The hands, like the face and neck, being exposed more freely than other parts of the body, require care and attention such as no woman should neglect. The face is considered the source of a woman's beauty, yet in the hand is the possibility of a beauty scarcely second to that of the face.

The hands, in cold weather, should be properly gloved to protect the skin from the cold, the dust, and dirt. Upon entering a heated room the gloves should be removed and the hands rubbed together to restore the full circulation of the blood. The hands should be washed at least twice a day (morning and evening) in lukewarm water, using a good toilet soap.

When washing the hands do it thoroughly. Splashing them in hot or cold water, or "rinsing" them, will grind the dust in the skin, and will cause red, rough, and coarse hands. Soft water is beneficial, and a few drops of ammonia or a teaspoonful of borax is sufficient to soften a basin of hard water. Cheap soaps are dangerous to use, and will utterly destroy the skin. By using a mild, pure soap, one containing oil, unsightly hands can be avoided. Olive oil soap, which can be purchased at any drug store, is excellent. In order properly to wash the hands take good soap and soft, warm water, making a lather, and using a brush for the nails. To remove stains and other imperfections that will not yield to soap a little lemon juice or a pumice stone is necessary. Then rinse the hands and partly dry them on a towel. Now pour a few drops of perfumed glycerine into the moist palms of your hands, and rub it thoroughly into the skin. If any moisture remains, dry the hands upon a towel. A little violet talcum powder or cornstarch used when the glycerine is partly rubbed into the skin of the hands has a softening effect upon them. If glycerine cannot be had, pure honey is a good substitute, as either of them is healing and produces a whitening effect. Following this treatment will result in hands soft, white, and beautiful.

When hands are easily reddened by housework or exposure to the weather, do not wash them too frequently. Take a few drops of olive oil and rub it into the hands thoroughly, and then give them a good dusting with talcum powder, and wipe them upon a coarse towel. This treatment will cleanse them and prevent the flesh from growing callous with any kind of labor. Hands of this nature should always be gloved for hard or rough work or when exposed to cold air. The following is an excellent formula for whitening the hands:

Lanolin.....	100 grammes
Paraffin.....	25 grammes
Vanilla.....	10 centigrammes
Oil of rose.....	1 drop

Apply night and morning.

Glycerine and lemon juice in equal proportions will whiten the hands when they are not very red. For rough hands the best treatment is washing them in soft

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Stop starving yourself—stop suffering the pangs of indigestion—stop worrying about what you dare and dare not eat.

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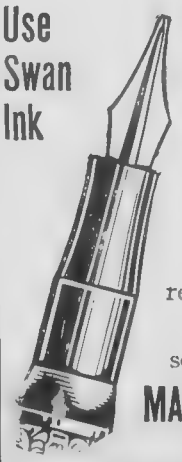

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water with a bland soap. Wear at night a pair o gloves three or four sizes too large, which have been ripped open and spread with this preparation

Refined pine tar.....	1 teaspoonful
Olive oil	1 pint

To prepare tar and oil use a double boiler. Put the tar and oil in the inner receptacle, then fill the outer receptacle half full o boiling water and set o r a slow fire. When the tar and oil have mixed, stir them and add a little perfume such as the oi of rose if you wish. Spread the gloves and sew up the ripped seam. This is rather heroic treatment, but it is alway effec ual. Do not try ordinary pine tar for this. The refined lacks the disadvantages of the crude.

For profuse perspiration of the hands this formula is excellent:

Cologne water ..	90 grammes
Tincture of belladonna	15 grammes

Rub the hands two or three times a day with half a teaspoonful of this mixture.

Chapped hands are always the result of neglect or carelessness, and their relief will cause twice the time, care, and attention that the hands ordinarily require. To soothe them bathe them at night in a clear pulp made of linseed meal and bitter almond meal. Rub this in thoroughly but gently, then rinse in a solution of benzoin, not benzine, using one part of tincture of benzoin to sixteen of hot water. Dry the hands carefully and powder with violet talcum powder. A famous specialist recommends the following pomade for chapped hands:

Cocoa butter	1 ounce
Oil of sweet almonds	1 ounce
Oxide of zinc	1 drachm
Borax	1 drachm
Oil of bergamot	6 drops

Heat the cocoa butter and oil of almonds in an earthen vessel, and when they are thoroughly blended add the zinc and borax. As it cools stir and add the oil of bergamot. This is an excellent preparation and is very healing.

A simpler and cheaper remedy for chapped hands is the oxide of zinc ointment. It is healing and stimulating. It is made by adding one part of the oxide of zinc in a very fine powder to six parts of simple ointment. Mix in an earthen or marble mortar. The oxide of zinc ointment should always be on hand in the household, especially in small country towns or cities. It is excellent for all cases of chaps, burns, scalds, and eruptions, and is much better than some of the preparations sold at druggists.

Warts which are so disfiguring and annoying, can be removed. It is said that frequent rubbing with salt will drive them away Wet the spots before applying the salt. Let it remain on for ten minutes. This remedy must be repeated frequently. Another remedy is to touch the wart with lunar caustic or acetic acid. These remedies turn the skin black and eat the wart away. The caustic or the acid must be applied carefully to the wart only, and not to the surrounding skin. The following is an ointment highly recommended by a famous specialist to remove warts It acts in a manner similar to lunar caustic:

Soap cerate	1 ounce
Powdered savin	1 drachm
Powdered verdigris	1 drachm

Spread upon a piece of kid the size of the wart and allow it to remain on over night R peat if necessary. Any ordinary wart may be removed by tying it about with a white silk thread, tightening it day by day. The wart becomes black and pulls off.

Never cramp the hand n a tight or ill-fitting glove. It is far better to wear gloves a trifle too large than too small. The hands lose expression when so cramped.

It should b borne in mind that only a hand in good condition can car y out well the messages sent it by the brain. A woman's hand should be tender as well as firm, and she cannot do her duty by her sick or by those who need the touch of loving hand when he hands are rough and stiff.

Tonic Food.

I think we scarcely stop to consider the value of one kind of food above another when we are preparing the menu from day to day.

I cannot emphasize too strongly the benefit of eating the fruits and vegetables, in their season. An All-Wise Creator has given us different fruits at different seasons of the year, for a reason. If we make use of the provision we will benefit just to the extent that we employ them.

Now, very soon the rhubarb or pie-plant will be in season. This valuable plant contains acid properties that the system needs after the long period of carbonaceous feeding, consisting of fats, starch and sugar.

Following close upon the heels of the rhubarb come the young onions, which should be eaten freely by the majority of people for they contain iron in the form most readily assimilated by the system.

Lettuce, too, is an early relish, that abounds in both chlorin and iron and is useful as a nervine.

The strawberry, the first of our berries, is rich in malic acid and should be eaten every day— yes, twice a day, while they last. Never mind if there are none left to "do up," for cooking destroys the organic salts in the fruit, making them less useful.

Perfectly ripened raspberries, cherries, currants and apples all contain malic acid and to eat freely of these fruits in their natural state is to benefit materially in health.

Old Country people realize the benefits to be had from utilizing the ripe fruits in their natural state, better than we do. They are not in the habit of canning and preserving to such an extent as we are, but they eat freely of the fruit while in season.

Use greens—the leaves of young beets, spinach and dandelion. This last is one of our most valuable plants. It is worth its weight in gold. To eat freely of dandelion greens for two or three weeks, when they first appear in the spring will take hold of your liver and improve your looks as nothing else can.

Young radishes, carrots and beets contain sodium properties that make them specially healthful eating in the spring and early summer.

In connection with the above drink plenty of pure water. Three or four large tumblers full daily, this becomes necessary when we consider that two-thirds of the bulk of the body are water, and that a healthy man loses something like four pints of water daily, in the urine, breath and sweat.

Water is a powerful solvent and its copious use will insure perfectly dissolved food, which in turn will be more easily taken up by the various organs of the system, thus promoting health.

Don't Hoard.

It is always a mistake to hoard things that are not necessary and have passed their usefulness. To sacrifice convenience to sentiment is wrong. The little bootie that Jack wore when he was a baby may have a sentimental association for the mother, but every time Jack sees it he feels grouchy and sore about it. The fact is Jack has no further uses for the thing. Then there are so many women who can't part with father's old uniform, if he ever had any; with the haircloth parlor furniture set that belonged to mother, and which has been accumulating dirt and filth in the cellar or the garret for more years than the children can remember. There are many ways of avoiding hoarding, than which there is no home practice more insanitary. The best way is to start in to clean house with an eye only for the things you actually have use for. Gather everything else together and ship it away.

Perhaps many would like to know, as I was glad to find out, that a piece of lime placed in the fire pot of a furnace through the summer months will prevent it from rusting.

The change of d etry that comes with spring and summer has the effect in weak stomachs of setting up inflammation, resulting in dysentery and cholera morbus. The abnormal condition will continue if not attended to and will cause an exhaustive drain on the system. The best available medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It clears the stomach and bowels of irritants, counteracts the inflammation and restores the organs to healthy action.

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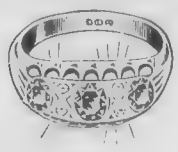

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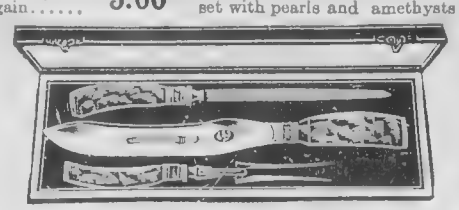

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A Month Under Water

Mr. A. Smith Blaengarw, Wales, writing recently says—

"My brother bought one of your "Acme" Levers 7 years ago. Unfortunately he got drowned off Vancouver Island, and the watch being a month under water made no difference whatever to it. It keeps time to a second.

"Lucky" Wedding Rings

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Frank Advice.

Congressman Eddy, of Minnesota, enjoys a joke, even though it is at his own expense. He relates this story of how one of his constituents got the best of him and curbed his youthful vanity: "In making the campaign in my district one year," said Mr. Eddy, "I took along as an attraction a veteran of the War of 1812 and of the Civil War, who was a famous hand at beating the drum. He was a drummer from away back, and could arouse a whole township. Drum music is an incendiary kind of thing any how, and the old captain's drumming was particularly stirring. Well, one night, after the captain's drum had given the usual overture, I commenced my speech to the populace which had been lured to the scene by his drum. I noticed at the foot of the rostrum, the same being a big dry-goods box, a bright-eyed little fellow about twelve years old, who sat through the speech, following me with great attention. It pleased me very much. Any fool can interest an audience of adults, but it takes a genius to hold a child. So, after the speaking, I went down and spoke to the little fellow, and after shaking hands with him, asked him how he liked my speech. 'Oh, it will do,' he said, 'but if I was you I would keep the captain a-drummin' all the time.'"

Kootenay apples on the branch.

Her Ladylike Descent.

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down stairs like a lady."

Frances retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes, re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear, I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come down quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise."

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

Not Expected.

A farmer entered a small restaurant where a girl is in attendance. The farmer announces that he would like some dinner. Many of the dishes he orders are not on the bill of fare. Finally he says he would like to have some hard boiled potatoes.

"We haven't any," replied the girl. "We didn't expect you."

"Well, then," says he, "give me a couple of loose eggs."

"Haven't any," is again the answer. "We didn't expect you."

"Well," asked the farmer, "didn't the hens expect me either?" and she answers:

"No; if they had they would have been laying for you."

Cheerful View of It.

"Yes," said the Gentle Optimist, "I confess I am superstitious enough to wear a lucky stone."

"And do you really think it gives you luck?"

"Oh, I'm quite sure of it."

"Did you have it with you yesterday?"

"Certainly."

"And in spite of it you lost a five-dollar gold piece out of your pocket, tore your coat by catching it on a nail, sprained your ankle and failed to close the business deal of which you expected so much."

"True," replied the Gentle Optimist,

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Mrs. Harry Smith, 31 Eagle Ave., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"I have suffered with my heart a great deal, and could not stand any hard work. I was doctoring with the Doctor and he told me I had to stop doing anything; but, however, a friend told me about your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I got a box and tried them. I had to take several boxes before I felt any benefit, but after doing so I found they were beginning to help me so I continued their use and am now in a position to do all my own work, which I felt I would have to give up."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all weak run down women, whether troubled with their heart or nerves, and if you will only give them a trial we can assure you that they will have the desired effect.

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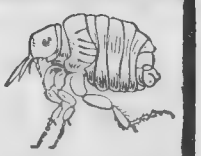

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SPECIAL CALENDAR.

"but think of what might have happened to me if I hadn't had my lucky stone."—Chicago Post.

Going One Better.

In the Canadian House of Commons one of the most interesting personalities is the Honorable D. C. Fraser, of Nova Scotia. As a stump speaker he is eloquent, persuasive and ready-witted. But once at least "D. C." found his resources to fail him. It was on the eve of a by-election in Ontario, and "D. C." had been sent for to assist the Government candidate. It was an "agony" call, for the candidate was a poor platform speaker; and so Fraser went well prepared. His man spoke first. The substance of his speech was this: "Fellow-citizens, you know me—I'm a self-made man—you know me."

The rival candidate was a non-resident and a stranger to most of the audience. For some reason he was not able to appear in person that evening; but he was fortunate in his substitute, a little French-Canadian lawyer. "I'm verra sorry," he began, "ma freend could not coom—I'd like mooch you haf seen heem. He verra deeferent from dis man dat has joost sit doon. He says he made heemself. I believe dat. But ma man—God made heem! And, ma freends, dere is joost as mooch deeference between de men as dere is between de 'makers'!"

That was all his speech; but that was enough for the audience, and too much for "D. C." and his friend.

A Long Lived Family.

"Three forms!" exclaimed an official to an applicant for the Old Age Pension. "You can't have three forms. One person, one form."

"Yes, I know, master. One for grandfeyther, one for feyther, and one for Oi."

The Domestic Problem.

"What!" said a lady to a friend. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl three pounds a month for cooking?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "We only pay her one pound a month for cooking; the other two pounds is for staying!"

Quite True.

"Owd George's wooden leg been giving him pain lately," declared one rustic to another.

"Don't you be talkin' so foolish, Willum!"

"It's sure enough," responded the first speaker. "Is owd woman's been a-whoppin' him wi' it!"

A Difference.

"I hope, madam, you do not object to children?" queried a seeker for seaside lodgings.

"Oh, not in the least! I have nine myself," replied the woman who had apartments to let.

"Um—er—if I decide to take the rooms, I will send you a letter. Good day!"

A Kaiser.

A teacher was giving a geography lesson to the class.

"Now," said she, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please 'm," replied Tommy Jones, "a stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth!"

A Good Trade.

A loafer, on being asked by a cottager from whom he had begged the other day what trade he followed, replied, "I am a picker."

"A picker?" said the enquirer. "What is that?"

"Well, mum," he said, "in July I picks strawberries, in August I picks 'ops, in the winter I picks pockets, and the rest of the year I picks oakum!"

Philosophy.

An individual who posed as a philosopher was recently seen at a garden-party strolling slowly among the people and muttering repeatedly, "Do I exist—or am I non-existent?" Eventually another guest of considerable avoirdupois stepped heavily on the sciolist's foot.

"You clumsy idiot!" roared the philosopher. "What are you doing?"

"Merely helping you," the other explained. "Evidently you feel—therefore you exist!"

Private Murphy's Inspection.

The commanding officer of a certain regiment was at a loss to know what to do with one of his men whose persistent untidiness was a source of great worry. Reprimand and punishment had been tried, but it was of no avail; the man was incorrigible. At last the Colonel hit upon what he thought was a good idea of shaming him into decency. So the company was drawn up on the parade ground, and Private Murphy was ordered to march up and down the ranks, the men having previously been told to have a good look at him. Murphy did so and, unabashed, halted in front of the colonel, saluted, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole company, said:

"Dhirtiest regiment I ever inspected, sorr!"

Random Readings.

Why is poverty like a policeman?—Because it "pinches" people.

"Johnson tells me that his new watch will run sixteen days without winding." "How long will it run with winding?"

"Please, lidy, I'm a-lookin' fer work." "What kind of work do you want?" "Well, I should prefer some work for my teeth!"

"Clothes don't make the man," quoted a sage. "They made me!" said a retired tailor. "And where should I be if it wasn't for suits?" chimed in a lawyer's clerk.

"Did you notice how hot it was at the show to-night?" queried a dramatic critic of a colleague. "Yes," replied the latter; "every one was roasting the play!"

"Do you know that I've been playing in several pieces on tour," said a rather conceited young actor to an acquaintance, "and I got such notices!" "I suppose so! Fortnightly!"

"I have a riddle for you," said a frivolous girl to a friend. "If ten men proposed to me, what would that be?" "What?" "A tender." "Very likely. And if one proposed to you it would be a wonder!"

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day he asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one of the lads: "he was a poet!"

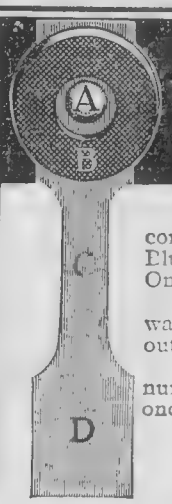
"I say, Jack, when are you going to pay me back that fiver you borrowed at least six months ago?" asked a young man of an acquaintance. "My dear boy," replied the borrower, "I'm a beastly bad hand at prophecy!"

Doctor: "Most—er—fortunate you consulted me. I'm just the very man to—er—cure you." Patient: "Ah, that's lucky. You are quite familiar with my complaint, then?" Doctor: "Familiar? My dear sir, I've had it myself—er—this twenty years!"

"I say, mother, Tom Brown and Patty Robinson are to be married to-day! Shall I take some rice to throw at them?" "No, my dear," replied the practical mother. "Wait a month or two and then give it to them; from what I know of their characters they will be glad of it as food!"

A commercial traveller had dwelt eloquently and at some length upon the superior merits of a new sewing-machine, but the woman of the house heard him calmly. "Why," said the traveller at last, "a child could work that machine!" "We have no children!" responded the woman as she shut the door and locked it.

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.



The Millions Who Don't Have Corns

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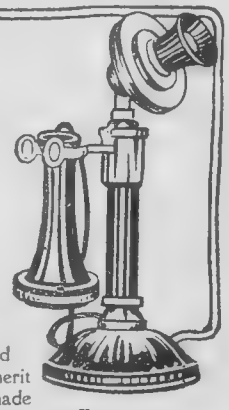

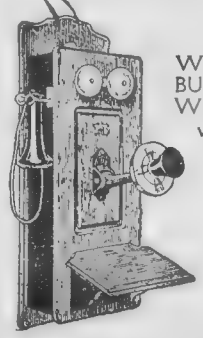

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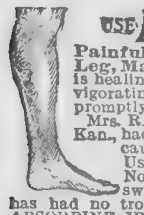

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Correspondence.

Contributors to the correspondence columns of The Western Home Monthly are reminded that space under this heading is primarily intended for the large circle that constitutes our regular subscribers. The volume of correspondence sent us for this department is so great that it becomes necessary to give preference, if not exclusive attention, to names that appear on our mailing lists, but then all our friends of these pages, young and old, should be subscribers to "The Western Home Monthly."

Not Aggressively Patriotic.

Regina, Sask., Aug. 7, '11.

Dear Sir,—May I be allowed to offer "Raymore" my congratulations for his excellent letter which he wrote in reply to an article by a Mr. Chew entitled "An Englishman's visit to the Old Land," which appeared in your June issue.

I feel sure that Raymore's letter echoed the feelings of every man and woman from the Old Country, and they must have felt very sorry that one of their own countrymen should have stooped so low as to slander the working man of the land of his birth. It would, perhaps, have been different had his statements been true, but they were so absolutely false and misleading, that they wasted a whole page of your valuable magazine.

I am an Englishman, and strange to say, am not aggressively patriotic, so here, at least, Mr. Chew and I agree; but he has apparently been unable to strike the happy medium between patriotism and unpatriotism—this can be done by the simple process of using a little common sense, and whatever you do, don't air your views on a subject that you know nothing about, which seems to be Mr. Chew's chief offence.

There are some Englishmen who come to this country who, in order to become popular, as they think, become Canadianized, or perhaps I should say, Americanized, and they lose no opportunity of throwing mud at the land of their birth, which absolutely disgusts any true American. It is this class of Englishman who Americans laugh at and treat with scorn—surely Mr. Chew does not class himself with these.

I certainly commend Raymore's letter to Mr. Chew's attention, and I feel sure that Raymore, as well as myself, would be pleased to hear his further views on the subject.

Apologising for taking up so much of your space, Yours, E.J.C.

Just Arrived from the Old Country.

Moose Jaw, Aug., 1911.

Dear Sir,—We are a Christian family, and have only been here one month. I have three daughters, and we have to wait a long time for letters from England, so they would like a friendly correspondence and so be a help to someone as well as themselves. My husband and I go on the homestead, and they will be left in the town to earn their living. They will take the W.H.M. as soon as settled: we happened to see it at a house we went into, so do not know if this is right to write to you first. Should be glad to hear from any who care to write.

Yours truly, Newcomer.

Would Not Be Without It.

Fielding, Sask., Aug. 28.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find a blank envelope, would you please address it to the lady who signed her name in the issue of your valuable paper of August. "I Am Weary."

I thank you for your trouble, and might say here I would not be without the W.H.M.; but as your paper is taken at our house there is no need of my subscribing.

Yours truly, Satisfied.

Little Willie Wants Correspondents.

Mortlach, Sask., Aug. 20, '11.

Dear sir.—I am an interested reader of your paper, and in looking over the correspondence columns thought I would write letter. I am a homesteader in Saskatchewan, and homesteading is a very lonely life, and if any one would like to write to me, don't be afraid to, for I like to get letters from people in other parts of the country. I would like to get a letter from the girl that signs herself A Western Girl. Well I think I had better tell what kind of a guy I am. I stand 5 feet 8 inches high, weigh 157 pounds; I have dark brown hair, almost black, and brown eyes, and for looks, I will let someone else say—some of the girls say I am good looking, and others say I am not, so I don't know which to believe. I am fond of all outdoor sports, also dancing and music.

I will go and have a smoke, and if any of you girls would like to write to me don't be afraid. I will sign myself,

Little Willie.

A Lady Reader of Artistic Ability sends us the above Sketch Depicting the Arrival of the W. H. M. at her Home in the Remote West.

Archibald Once More.

Waldron, Sask., Aug. 16, 1911.

Hello! everybody.—Welcome another Saskatchewan girl. I have been a silent reader of the W.H.M. for over two years, and have obtained a great deal of enjoyment through the correspondence columns.

I noticed in the July number a piece of poetry describing Archibald's ideal of a woman. Poor fellow, how I pity him as he catches it from every side. I believe he is trying to scare the girls, but when the right time comes he would be right there with bells on, and help his woman at every turn, and probably bring her a cup of coffee before she is up in the morning. I would like to correspond with Archibald, if he will write

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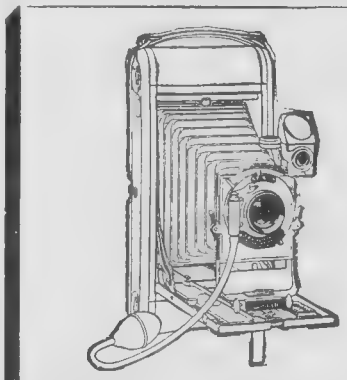

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Then after you have proven to yourself what it can do, you will go to the druggist and get a 50 cent box.

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Thousands of fat women are beautiful of face. But they lag behind in the race for preference—because a too ponderous outline dashes the favor their face has gained them.

Now, pretty fat women can reduce that fat (not the good pure-lined flesh) in a very simple way. No exercising—no dieting is necessary. Let them take one Marmola Prescription Tablet after each meal and at bedtime for a month. The fat will simply fade. No wrinkles or pouches of skin will form, but the loss will be uniform. The fat will go as stealthily as it came; fade away. The health will improve, the eye grow more brilliant, the wit sprightlier. Marmola Tablets are a boon—and harmless (being made from the famous fashionable prescription, ½ oz. Marmola, ½ oz. Fl. Ex. Cascara Aromatic, 4½ oz. Peppermint Water), and are likewise cheap, a large case of the druggist or the Marmola Co., 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. costing only seventy-five cents.

first, as I think he would be my ideal of a man; if not he might improve in time with my help.

Talk about Western bachelors, they are plentiful around here—seven to every girl. So we have a lot to choose from; but they are so slow there is no hope for some of them unless leap year comes a little oftener, and I am so shy that the bachelors won't take the hint that I would get married if any of them would have me.

I notice everyone describes themselves. So will tell them what I look like in the glass (not as other people see me, though). I am about 69 inches tall—have to look twice to see my shadow; weigh 120 pounds; have a very dark complexion (especially when I forget my powder box and pail of paints); have a lovely head, brown curly hair; brown eyes, with a twinkle in them at times; a large nose, which is always in the way. My hands, they look big to some people, but they can work like Archibald wishes (I think I wear number eight gloves).

How funny the girls never mention their feet, when they are the most important part; some are hard to cover up, like mine, from toe to heel respectively, they are 15 inches short as for number, oh, they are out sizes. My age; oh I am a little way from being an old maid—between 18 and 25 years of age. Oh how I'd dread to be an old maid.

With best wishes to the W.H.M. and all the members, I will sign myself,

Brown Eyed Julia.

A Poem to the W.H.M.

Ont., Aug. 20, 1911.

Here's to The Western Home Monthly,
The paper we all love the best;
For we hear from the lonely bachelors
Out in the Golden West.

Not only the lonely bachelors,
But the lonesome maidens, too:
Who are looking for a man with money,
And one that don't smoke or chew.

So let us all join hands in a hearty welcome,
For friends we intend to be;
Though you may live in the wild and wooly West,
Or across the bright blue sea.

You will wonder, dear readers, who's writing,
Or what sort of creature I am—
Just wait a minute and I will tell you,
If you promise to keep perfectly calm.

I live in Eastern Ontario:
A farmer's daughter, I'm proud to say;
I've dark blue eyes and straight brown hair,
And a smile like the sun in May.

I'm five feet six inches tall,
And my weight is one hundred and three;
And as for my age, I'm twenty-two,
Just a right age to be married, you see.

I'm a dressmaker by trade;
And a clipper to dance and sing;
Am very fond of all sorts of sports;
And can make the sewing machine ring.

I've read this paper with pleasure,
Especially the correspondents' page:
Letters from every nation,
And from people of every age.

I wrote to this paper once before—
But oh! the fate of that letter;
For it failed to appear in print
But I hope that this one fares better.

I hope that some lonely bachelor
Will find time to write to me:
And I'll answer their letters cheerfully,
And as promptly as can be.

I'll have to close, dear readers;
For I've taken up quite enough space—
Wishing your paper every success,
From the girl with the smiling face.

"Duckie."

Two Lonely Bachelors.

Edmonton, Alta.

Sir,—We are homesteading in Alberta, and in common with many of your correspondents we find it awfully lonely. The arrival of the magazines each month (of course including the W.H.M.) makes a welcome break in the monotony. Work, of course, there is in plenty, but outside that we find nothing in the way of society, our neighbours being for the most part Russians, and conversation not sustainable for any length of time. We should be pleased to have a line or two from anyone who cares to write, and will promise a reply as interesting as we can make it. We are not thinking of anything but mere friendly correspondence. Wishing the W.H.M. all success,

"Man of Devon and Kentish Man."

A Chance for the Girls.

Grand Forks, B.C.

Sir,—I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for some time, and I thought I would like to join the correspondence column. I am 18 years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. tall, and weigh 165 lbs. I was born on the Pacific coast, although my people are fish-eaters. We moved into the interior of B.C. when I was 4 years of age. Although not nineteen, I have followed quite a lot of different occupations. I have clerked in a grocery store, drove team in a lumber camp, and put in some time as a cowboy. Last summer I went out to Sask. to look at some land, but did not find anything that I liked. I expect to go up to the Peace River country in the spring and see that country. I quite agree with L. H. Stanton when he calls it the last great frontier, and in such a country there must be great possibilities for any young man. Now, if this should attract the attention of any nice, jolly young lady under twenty, I should be very pleased to hear from her. I wish to correspond simply as a pastime, and will answer all letters promptly. I would be pleased to hear from "Moon Bird," "Ted," and "Jolly Girl" of December number, if they will please write first. So, wishing your paper every success and hoping to see this in your next issue, I will sign myself

"Happy-Go-Lucky."

Successful This Time.

Wabamun, Alta.

Sir,—I have read with great interest the W.H.M. for the past four years, and found nerve enough to write once, but failed to get space, which I hope to do this time. I have 160 acres in one of the best parts of the north-west, have the railroad close at hand, also boating, fishing and skating. Came out here green five years ago, now can turn my hand to anything, but farming beats them all. I think "Only a Mere Girl" very sensible. "Prescotts" of the same number (December) is all right too, except that he goes the limit and seems to forget that there are times when the strongest of men are on milk diet, and times when the strongest brain needs relaxation. If one thought of notning but facts, work, studies, and what people thought of them, what a melancholy lot we would be. No, I think the first-mentioned's argument way ahead. I'm a bachelor on the bright side of thirty, who would very much appreciate a letter from any girl between 18 and 25. I forget what nom de plume I used last time, but I hope it doesn't matter much, and let it go at

"Guttapercha Willy."

Not in Favour of Women's Rights.

Keeler, Sask.

Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I read the correspondent columns in your interesting paper, and as the long winter nights begin to drag I would also like to put in my application for a few correspondents. I am not at all on the matrimonial list, and have no intention of marrying for six or seven years yet. I suppose I might as well say a little about what I think of a woman's work. In my opinion I do not see why a man should expect his wife to be chore boy and milk the cow, feed the pigs and calf. If a man can bach and do his farm work besides, why can he not do his chores if his wife, when he is married, does the housework? I do not altogether agree with "Bashful Bess" on "women's rights." If I can judge correctly, there are plenty of girls even in the west longing for a place to rest a weary head. Now, I would

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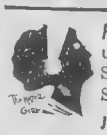

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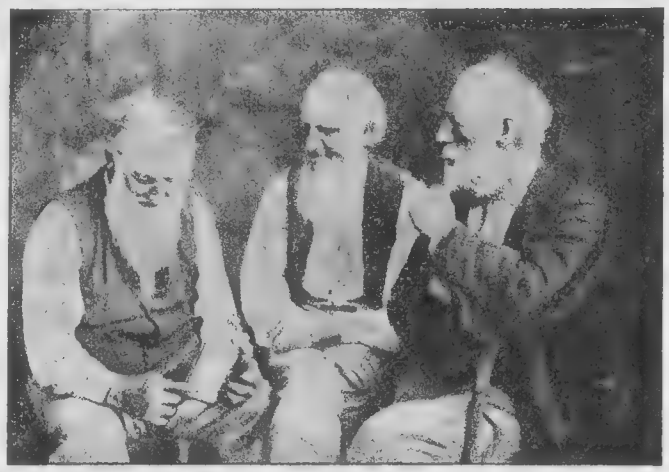

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They tone up the liver, move the bowels gently but freely, cleanse the system and clear the brain. A new, pleasant and reliable laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.
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like to hear from any girl or boy who cares to write, and am going to "butt in" myself. I do not smoke, chew, swear, or drink; nevertheless, I have my faults. I am 22 years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, dark hair, weight 125 lbs. Hoping I am not taking too much of your space, I will sign myself "Dick."

A Voice from the Wild.

Beaverdell. B.C.

Sir,—"One of the Boys" received a package of reading matter for Christmas, and it contained the Christmas number of your journal. We appreciated it very much, and especially the letters. One reason may be that we are far from "civilization," for we are engaged in locating the line of the K.R.V. Railway, and we are now 45 miles from the nearest railroad, and are connected with the outside world by only a once-a-week stage. We live in tents with poles for springs, and fir boughs in place of an ostermoor. Although disagreeable at times on account of weather conditions, such as a foot of snow, for instance, we are a jolly bunch, and make the best of the pure air and outdoor exercise, with beautiful and varied scenery thrown in. But no doubt the boys will welcome "civilization" in the spring, when we shall have reached our destination (Penticton). As for myself, I am a typical young westerner, 21 years of age, 6 ft. 1 in. in height, weigh 187 lb., dark brown hair and brown eyes, a lover of nature and music, a jolly fellow, etc., fond of outdoor life and sports. I believe correspondence to be an educating as well as a cheerful pastime, and you are to be thanked for the part you play in it. Best wishes to the journal and its readers from "A Voice from the Wild."

Only 20 and Feels 16.

Burgoyne, Ont.

Sir,—It seems odd that I should write to the W.H.M. I never saw the magazine until about three months ago, and I have read every number since, and think it is fine.

I am going to tumble head-first into my theme. I have just finished reading a couple of letters replying to the "Doctor." I have heard people talking in the same strain as the "Doctor" before, and friends, let me warn you—but, oh no! that would be mean, wouldn't it?

I have lived in both the country and city, and I have found loving, loyal hearts in both. The past four years of my life have been spent in town and city as a student. No life to me appears so free, so independent of man, so near to God, so beautiful as the life on the farm. City life has many advantages which the country people unfortunately do not or can not have, and to my mind that is all the more reason why the city people should be kind toward their country brothers. If we are low enough, small-minded enough, and mean enough to judge a man by his outward appearance and not by the character, the real man, I can only say we are a disgrace to our country and a continual sorrow to our Creator. I say, honour a man for what he is. Respect where you find something worthy of respect, trust the true. What difference does it make if the beautiful, honest, loving heart beats under a home-made "smok" or beneath the most fantastic garment which is at that moment in vogue. I heartily, yea, reverently, lift my hat (I don't use hatpins, but a hockey cap) to the man, woman, or child who is not afraid in this world of pride, uselessness, and ungratefulness to obey God and love his fellow-man, be he an ox-driver, a well-digger, a scavenger, or a "Doctor." Now I feel better as I have worked off an extra supply of energy. I love life and all it means to us. I have never seen the glorious west. I might give you a description of myself, but will kindly save you needless pain. I am not a cross old maid, and I imagine if the sixteen young people who in fur coats and hockey caps left this evening for a party twelve miles away, on which trip I refused to accompany them, saw what I have written they would say: "The poor child must be ill or demented." I would like to hear from everybody, anybody, old and young. I don't want to get married to-day nor to-morrow, nor next week, nor for ten years, so come all, it's safe. I sound 45, I know, but I am only 20, and feel 16. Wishing you every possible success, I always am "Agnes Mack."

We Cannot Furnish Addresses.

Burdette, Alta.

Sir,—A few months ago I became fortunate enough to get hold of a copy of your famous magazine. I was assured at once that it was a good periodical, and became intensely interested in the correspondence columns. I think it is a capital idea for you to arrange a way that the readers can correspond with each other, and am sure every reader will endorse my opinion. Some of the letters are very interesting, and some are distinctly uninteresting. It amused me greatly where "Atina" gave "Archibald" a good "jacking up." He surely needed one, and our friend "Atina" could deliver the goods all right. I am 21 years of age, fair, like to dance, roller skate, fond of hunting and sports, and am passionately fond of girls and music. I think they go together. Rag-time ranks among my favorites. I should like to correspond with "Ted," of High Bluff, Man., who wrote in December's issue. She is my style, airy, jolly, full of fun and fond of a good time. Will you send me her address, also "Brown Eyes," "Blue Eyes," and "Lonesome," all from November issue? Wishing you a great success and a large circulation of your tip-top paper, I'll sign myself "The Rag-Time Kid."

More Criticism for "The Doctor."

Invernairn, Sask.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for over three years and would not be without it now. I am glad to see so many criticize "The Doctor." Surely he never heard "The Farmer Feeds Them All" or "The Farmer Pays For All," and as to never having seen a good-looking girl, well, I think he must be so interested in his own selfish self that he cannot admire or appreciate anyone or anything around him. From his letter I think he is a discontented boy who has a homestead and has been "bounced" by some pretty girl and whose latest ambition is to be a doctor. I admire "Hiawatha's" letter in the January number. I don't dance at all, but I really can't see the harm of dancing at home, where there are enough young people, or if a few friends came in, but I draw the line at public dances and card-playing. I am fond of skating, riding, driving, and outdoor games. If "Happy Wife" thinks there are no marriageable young men who do not smoke, chew, or "take a glass and leave it alone," I beg to say she is very much mistaken. I have quite a number of young men friends and the six first and most intimate do not smoke, chew, or drink. Now, do not imagine they are long-faced, know-it-all, goody boys. They are jolly, fun-loving sports, boys I am proud to know. That is the kind of boys we want in this country, for the boys are our future men, and the men make this country. As for myself, well I am 18, and rather old for my age. I would like one or two correspondents. "Martha Matilda."

Wants to Learn English.

Grass River, Ont., July, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I have several times read your excellent paper with great interest, especially the columns of correspondence, where girls and boys are corresponding with each other, and now I'll write a letter too, hoping that the editor will give room for it.

I will tell you, Mr. Editor, that I'm a Swede, who came to this country in March, 1910 (little more than a year ago). I came to a Scandinavian settlement, where everybody speaks their own language, so I have had no chance to learn English, although I like to learn it, especially to write it.

Well I have been reading many good letters from boys and girls and I'm glad to find that the girls are against drinking, smoking and chewing and other bad habits. That's right, girls. Honor for you! I have seen that several bache-

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Certain Proof Will Be Made That Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure Stomach Trouble.

A Trial Package Sent Free.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are made to give to the system, through the digestive tract and the stomach, the necessary chemicals not only to digest food, but to enrich the fluids of the body so that it may no longer suffer from dyspepsia or other stomach trouble.

We will send you a quantity of these tablets free, so that their power to cure may be proven to you.

Thousands upon thousands of people are using these tablets for the aid and cure of every known stomach disease. Know what you put into your stomach, and use discretion in doing so.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain fruit and vegetable essences, the pure concentrated tincture of Hydrastis, Golden Seal, which tone up and strengthen the mucous lining of the stomach, and increase the flow of gastric and other digestive juices; Lactose (extracted from milk); Nux, to strengthen the nerves controlling the action of the stomach and to cure nervous dyspepsia; pure aseptic Pepsin of the highest digestive power and approved by the United States Pharmacopoeia.

One of the ablest professors of the University of Michigan recently stated that this Pepsin was the only aseptic Pepsin he had found that was absolutely pure—free from all animal impurities; Bismuth, to absorb gases and prevent fermentation. They are deliciously flavored with concentrated Jamaica Ginger—in itself a well known stomach tonic.

Liquid medicines lose their strength the longer they are kept, through evaporation, fermentation and chemical changes, hence Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are recognized as the only true and logical manner of preserving the ingredients given above in their fullest strength.

If you really doubt the power of these tablets, take this advertisement to a druggist and ask his opinion of the formula.

It is due your stomach to give it the ingredients necessary to stop its trouble. It costs nothing to try. You know what you are taking, and the fame of these tablets prove their value. All druggists sell them. Price 50 cents. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address, F. A. Stuart Co., 206 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

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Do you want a quicke easier, pleasanter shave than you ever before experienced? Do you want to keep your face in the pink of condition, free from pimples, ingrowing hairs, scratches or cuts? Then hone your razor thirty days on the Perforated Razor Hone at my expense. Take your finest b'ade or your poorest, and give it six strokes, or hone all day—the result will be the same—A PERFECT SHAVE.

The Perforated Hone is the ONLY hone in the world that makes OVERHONING impossible. You don't have to be careful or experienced. The small, deftly-rounded holes in this hone absolutely dispose of that hacking, pulling, irritating edge, which no amount of old-fashioned honing could ever remove. The picture shows how. The holes make your razor edge keen, incisive and firm.

The Perforated Hone is made from a natural grit stone found only in British Columbia. It lasts a lifetime.

Pin a dollar bill to this advertisement, write your name and address on a slip of paper and mail to me. I will send you at once, all charges prepaid, a Perforated Hone packed in a neat pocket case. Try it Thirty Days FREE. Unless you find it leave a keen, smooth-cutting edge on your razor that will feel like silk on your face, return it at my expense and get your money back immediately. Send today.

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REFERENCE: BANK OF TORONTO

lors have been writing some letters in the correspondence columns, and I'm one of those bachelors, too. I'm 22 years of age, have a homestead here, but it is very lonesome, so I should like to correspond with any who care to write. There are many bachelors—about 20, I think—but only a few girls, and they leave the settlement, when the springtime is coming. It seems that the girls like to be in the towns better than on the prairie.

To be a bachelor in a new settlement is not so joyful always. The bachelors have to work hard all day, doing cleaning, cutting big and small trees, etc., besides having to fix the breakfast, dinner, and supper and all he wants to eat, too.

Well, now my letter is getting lengthy and I must bring it to a close. I do hope that Inconna, Josephus, Wincunla, and other boys and girls will write many good letters again. I would like some to write to me as I wish to learn English better, and I think a little practice in corresponding will do very much. My address is with the editor.

The Swede.

Leading all the Time.

June, 1911.

Sir.—It is with great interest I read the W.H.M., and believe it to be one of the leading magazines. I as many others, find the correspondence columns very amusing, and The Young Woman and Her Problem very helpful. I think, girls, we can get many hints from that page.

Admirer of Archibald's letter sure amused me greatly. He said women of the present day were always howling about the amount of work they had to do. Pardon me, Admirer of Archibald, there are not, I'll admit, some women are no lovers of work, but do you mean to say that all women are alike. Many a man would have been sent to the wall years ago had it not been for a careful wife. True a woman has often been the means of sending a man down. I don't mean to shield my own sex in the least, but I do not believe women are always at fault. Do you boys! Perhaps by now you'll think I am a cranky old maid, but really I'm not, and I sympathise with the boys who have left good homes and come to make homes for themselves on the western prairie. I notice considerable is said about smoking, chewing and drinking. Now I can see no harm in smoking, but detest chewing, and as for drinking, I feel sorry for the young man who has proved himself weak on that point.

Now I've spent more time with you than I really intended, so will draw my letter to a close by saying I am a dark eyed maiden of 21 summers, enjoy all kinds of sports, and should any of the readers care to write me I'll do all that is in my power to make our correspondence interesting.

Fair Play No. 1.

Wants Work.

Manitoba.

Sir,—I enclose two dollars for my subscription to your paper—it is renewal subscription.

I am a widow, 47 years of age, a lady by birth and education, compelled now to work and support myself. I find it hard, and if I could get a situation where work would not be too hard, I would be glad. I find the milking of four cows rather too much for me. I would like a situation with a bachelor or widower with no family. When one has to start in at 40 to work for their own living it comes hard, yet I am willing to do all I can. I used to help my husband in his work when he took up a homestead. I have no cash—but own other things; I am all alone out here. I have taken your paper for years. I can make bread, make butter; am good plain cook; can do plain sewing, make a good working shirt for a man.

Yours faithfully, Housekeeper.

From the Nechaco Valley.

Nechaco, B.C., June 21,. 1911.

Dear sir,—I have been a subscriber and reader of your paper for some time, and pass many a pleasant evening with

Weak Heart

Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, their heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities, and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakened blood supply to the stomach. A heart tonic and alterative should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which contains no dangerous narcotics nor alcohol.

The ingredients, as attested under oath, are Stone root (*Collinsonia Canadensis*), Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*), Golden Seal root (*Hydrastis Canadensis*), Queen's root (*Stillingia Sylvatica*), Black Cherrybark (*Prunus Virginiana*), Mandrake root (*Podophyllum Peltatum*), with triple refined glycerine, prepared in a scientific laboratory in a way that no druggist could imitate.

This tonic contains no alcohol to shrink up the red blood corpuscles; but, on the other hand, it increases their number and they become round and healthy. It helps the human system in the constant manufacture of rich, red blood. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heart-burn and many uncomfortable symptoms, stops excessive tissue waste in convalescence from fevers; for the run-down, anæmic, thin-blooded people, the "Discovery" is refreshing and vitalizing. Stick to this safe and sane remedy, and refuse all "just as good" medicines offered by the druggist who is looking for a larger profit. Nothing but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do you half as much good.

Gives Men This Vitality of Youth

Vitality is the thing which makes success; it gives men that compelling power which sends them forth eager and equipped to meet and overcome all obstacles; it is the thing which gives the young soldier courage to face death; it is the thing which inspires and holds his sweetheart's love and faith. No matter what your age, I can give you this same vital power. I can restore the vigor you lost, no matter what early or late indiscretion may have sapped your strength. I can make you "young" and keep you "young." From an intimate and studious observation of possibly 100,000 weakened men, I say to you that VITALITY or the lack of it means all the difference between a manly man and a half man. The man who bubbles with vital power will exert a pleasing influence upon all with whom he comes in contact; women are naturally attracted to him, as are men. Lack of vitality is a negative condition and it even repels. You wear my HEALTH BELT all night: it sends a great glowing, health-giving current of electro-vitality into your nerves, blood and organs; it takes all the "kink" out of your back and all the coward out of your makeup; it puts you right up in the "feeling fine" class and keeps you there. No stimulation, no false results; just a sure return to manhood and courage. Recommended also for rheumatism, pain in the back, kidney, liver, stomach and bladder disorders. It makes you feel young and keeps you feeling young forever.

Let Me Send You This Book FREE

It fully describes my Health Belt, and contains much valuable information. One part deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. The other part is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near the city, take the time to drop in at my office, that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for advice, either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free book by return mail. It is better than a fortune for anyone needing new vigor.

DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

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Fox Creek, N.B.—"I have always had pains in the loins and a weakness there, and often after my meals my food would distress me and cause soreness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am stronger, digestion is better, and I can walk with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it, as it is the best remedy in the world. You can publish this in the papers." — Mrs. WILLIAM BOURQUE, Fox Creek, N.B., Canada.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

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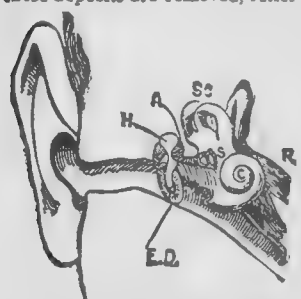
Successfully Treated by "Actina"

Ninety-five per cent. of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed, relief is impossible.



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The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a scientific treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment. The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear making them respond to the vibration of sound. Actina is also very successful in relieving head noises. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be completely relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. Actina has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headaches and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book, Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease. Address ACTINA APPLIANCE CO., Dept. 84c, 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

the W.H.M., especially the correspondence columns.

As I have not seen any letters from this part of B.C., I have ventured to write and give a short description of this part of the country. The Nechaco Valley, through which the Nechaco River flows, is a large valley in the northern interior of B.C. The land is mostly covered with small poplar, but there are numbers of large hay meadows. Oats, barley, potatoes and all kinds of vegetables have all been raised successfully. There are a number of lakes which are teeming with trout, while ducks and geese are plentiful in the fall. This valley is on the proposed line of the G.T.P., but at present being 350 miles from railroad transportation, makes progress rather slow.

I see it is usual to give a description of oneself. Well, I am 25 years of age, stand 5 ft. 8½ in. high, weigh 160 lbs.; have dark hair and grey eyes. I am fond of dancing, skating and football; also of horses. I would like to hear from Lily of the Valley, Melfort, Sask., and An Eastern Girl, Newark, N.J., also any others that care to write.

Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself, Pickings.

Another From The Doctor.

Meridian, Sask., July 7, 1911.

To the correspondence columns,—Have listened quietly to the many arguments put forward against my letters of recent issues, and, if Mr. Editor will allow the space, I will make one more strike for liberty. Many of the arguments were very strong, while others were of small concern.

I will confess that for the moneyless man the farm is the spot, but, could any of our readers tell me why the men of means nearly always go to the cities. He has lived on the farm for a great while, and has been that length of time in clearing himself of debts; then, when his pocket book is running over he goes to the city to live a life of luxury. There is no use anyone telling me that a person can make more money in the country than on the farm, because I have proved that it is not so.

How many men who are deeply sunken in debt secure a business in town, and from its proceeds turn off the mortgages on their farms, and in a few years you find them running for M.P.P.'s or justice of the peace—all because they had a little business in town to influence the people in their direction. Please bear in mind that I am speaking from a financial basis.

In this letter I am not going to argue my own cause very much, because it is a well known fact that "you can lead a mule to water, but you cannot make him drink." This is a free country, and we can always believe what we like, and, I for one, like the city better than the country. I wonder if those who criticised my letter did so merely because they were farmers, or because they had not enough business abilities in them to get on in the crowded city? Alas! let's stop this quarreling. Let's change the subject and speak of something more interesting to all. Would it interest your readers if I gave them a description of the community in which I live. It is in the pioneer district; some of the residents having arrived here as early as 1882. The buildings mark the progress which the people have made. The land is very heavy and produces very good crops, but being so far from a market it is a long tedious job to dispose of the produce. We are very close to "yankee town," but never infringe upon the laws of the land by smuggling. One side of the district is bordered by the Souris River.

A visitor to Meridian has to be careful how he speaks about the people, because we're all related. The school has an average attendance of about 25 pupils. This shows the attention which the parents pay to the education of their children. They have turned out some mighty smart ones, too! Most of the residents have the phone installed, but, of course, some who did not wish to become entangled with the worldly things have not got so far advanced.

Last, but not least, come the religious sentiments of the people. They nearly all belong to a religious denomination known as the "Brethren." They are not of a sporty nature, but the Sabbath day is observed by them very closely. They do not like dancing, but feel that games and plays are essential to draw forth the qualities of the younger generation. The people are generally too busy to assist one another. The district is supported by a troop of red coats—officers and privates. So we rest assured that before we're bothered, the red coats will strike a hard blow. If you knew them you would be proud, because they are such noble looking chaps. They'll do wonders some day!

Well, Mr. Editor, is my letter growing too long? Could you allow me a little space later to give my opinions on another fact which has come to my notice? Hoping so, I remain, as ever,

The Doctor.

Great Friends.

Francis, Sask., Aug. 18, '11.

Dear Sir,—In case you may be able to find space in your correspondence column First and foremost, I must acknowledge my appreciation of the W.H.M. I just saw it a little over a year ago for the first time, and since then we have grown to be great friends. I am just repeating the rest of your correspondents when I say that it is an excellent magazine.

As to describing myself, I will leave that out. Suffice it to say that I am a young, medium-sized Canuck, and neither use tobacco, play cards, dance or use profane language, but don't mistake me for a model.

Would be pleased to answer all letters from either boys or girls.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, and hoping to see this in print, I am

Westernized.

A Real Scotchman.

Plumbridge, Sask., Aug., 27, '11.

Dear Editor,—Would like to fall in line with the rest of the bunch of your correspondents. I am a Scotchman, and a real one at that. Good looking, especially when I am sleeping and dreaming of the sweet lassies (correspondents of the W.H.M). I am a bachelor; been baching for two years. I am fair; age 26; weight about 170 pounds. I have got a nice little mare, weight about 1900 pounds—she's a real racer. I wish one of the lassie correspondents could come here so that I could give her a very fast ride.

I'm interested in Bud from Melfort, Sask.

Wishing you all the best of luck, I will sign, Happy Holligan.

Town Girl Admires Bachelor's Pluck

Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.,
August, 1911.

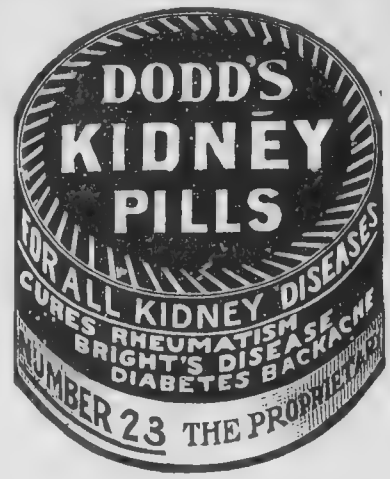
Dear Editor,—Although not a regular subscriber of your very wide-awake and instructive periodical, I obtain access to its pages through my sister, who receives it from a friend in Canada. I have read and heard so much about Canada, and especially the great north-west, that it would be most interesting to correspond with someone up there, so if some of those "poor lonely bachelors" want to while away some of their lonely moments by telling me their troubles I shall reward them with an early reply. I sympathize with them greatly, but am nevertheless a staunch admirer of their energy and determination in braving the hardships of a new country, and working out their own "salvation."

I live in a lively Ohio town of about 100,000, and, although a city girl, am exceedingly fond of outdoor sports and exercise. Once upon a time, a good many years back, I was a country girl myself.

As to personal appearance, that, I find, is a matter of individual taste; but, if my mirror doesn't flatter me, there are others worse to look upon.

If this isn't consigned to a much worse fate, I should be pleased to see it in print. Meanwhile I am wishing you and your paper the best success. Leaving my address with you, I am, yours respectfully,

A Buckeye Girl.



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a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

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Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother son daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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Skating and Dancing.

Sask., Aug. 11, '11.

Dear Sir,—In the July number of your valuable paper is a letter from Josephus, in which he remarks that "the line of morality and religion must be drawn somewhere; and there is a difference betwen skating and dancing." This reminds me of a skating party I attended last winter. It was given by the Young People's Society of one of our prominent Canadian city churches. The rink was rented for the evening, and the band engaged. As the object of the party was to give the young people a sociable time and, incidentally, to make a little money, tickets were offered for sale to the general public. The usual crowd who attend the rink were there, and a formal introduction was all that was necessary to secure a partner to "skate a band." The price of the entrance ticket put all on a par, so far as skating was concerned. As I do not attend public balls nor skate in the rink, perhaps Josephus would be kind enough to tell me why the Young People's Society might not have given a dancing party instead of a skating party.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space, and wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I remain, A Prairie Visitor.

Motoring or Broncho Busting?

Mount Royal, Man., Aug. 18, '11.

Sir,—Have read your valuable paper for several years, enjoying the stories, and sympathising with the lonely bachelors out in the wilderness. I am a Western girl, only I live in a thickly settled village where there is no danger of one getting lonely. I am a lover of all kinds of outside amusements, especially motoring or broncho busting, the latter being preferred. My height is five feet seven and one-half inches; weight between two and three hundred pounds; as for looks, it would have to be a pretty dark night before I would pass, as I am as homely as a hedge fence. I see by most of the letters that all the bachelors are in their twenties; if that is the case I don't see much chance for me as I am nearing fifty, but am young in feeling if old in age. Would like some nice jolly correspondents. My address is with the editor. Wishing the W.H.M. every available success and lonely bachelors a livelier time, I will sign,

A Shy 'Un.

Will Soon Come To Canada.

Bradford, Yorkshire
July 28, '11.

Dear Sir,—We have received the W.H.M. for February; thanks very much for same. We have now received July number. This is our first year of our ever knowing your valuable paper. We are now very much interested with the customs and the life generally in Canada. My brother went out a year last September to Saskatchewan, and he sends us plenty of news and never wearies of praising the new country, and says he will never wish to settle again in Old England, and although he was a clerk here, he has taken to farming there, and it is his desire now to purchase a farm of his own and to send for us—mother and two sisters. We have, of course, been amused and interested at the various letters in the correspondence column. In some parts of your vast country I suppose there is not the possibility of getting into touch with people other than by correspondence as my brother has written to say that he has not yet met a young lady about his own age (26), so I think it is a very helpful page to many of its readers, providing it is used rightly. When the time comes for us to come out to Canada, we should like to make a few friends, through the aid of your correspondence pages. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, yours sincerely, Old England.

Fascinated by the W.H.M.

Edmonton, Alta., Aug. 9, '11.

Dear Editor,—Please open your gates for another lonely Westerner, who has become fascinated by the possibilities of spending some of his time in other than reading novels. I must congratulate the W.H.M very much on the excellent page for young people, which, I am sure, we all appreciate, especially out here in the West, where amusements are scarce and expensive. Well, here goes for a description of myself. I am five feet nine inches tall, weight one hundred and fifty pounds, and am nineteen years old. My hair is very dark brown, and my eyes are blue. I think that is about all I can say for myself, except that I smoke a pipe. I would very much like to correspond with Dimples of Toronto, whose letter appeared in August number of the W.H.M., the only stipulation being that she writes first, as I am a very poor letter writer. Well, I will close with best wishes to the W.H.M. and its work. I may say that my address is with the editor, and that I will answer promptly all letters.

Olympic.

A Contented Bachelor.

Sask., Aug. 26, 1911.

Sir,—Having been an interested reader and subscriber of your valuable paper for some time, I would wish to be permitted to join the merry circle. I am another one of those Western bachelors, but not the lonesome kind. I don't think there is any reason for it. If the bachelors get so sick of baching as they make out, why do they not give up farming, and work at some trade or profession where they might see more people to talk to. This is my third summer on the homestead. The longer I bach the better I like it. Of course I do not stay on the homestead the year round. I am an engineer and electrician, and have either run an engine or dynamo through the winter months for the last four years. As most of the boys of these columns give a description of themselves, I will fall in line. I am 5 feet 10 inches in height, weight 180 pounds, rather dark complexion, brown hair and eyes. As to my looks, I will leave that to some one else to decide. I have almost forgotten my age, but it is somewhere between twenty and thirty. I should like to correspond with young ladies between 18 and 26. Will answer all letters. Wishing the W.H.M. continued success, I will sign myself, An Orangeman.

Five Merry Bachelors.

Brock, Sask., Aug. 13, '11.

Dear Editor,—We have been readers of your valuable paper for the past five years, and enjoy reading the correspondence column very much; also think the magazine is one of the best published. Would you allow five bachelors to join your merry columns, and would be pleased to hear from any of the fair sex, anywhere from the ages of 18 to 28, looks good to the boys at Brock. We don't want to take up too much space in your valuable paper, so we will now endeavor to give descriptions of ourselves. First comes Happy Willie: age 24, height 5 feet 5 inches, dark complexion with blue eyes, weight 150 pounds. Second, Timothy Teck: age 27, height 5 feet 6 inches, dark complexion with brown eyes and curly hair, weight 160 pounds. Third, Nightingale: age 23, height 5 feet 7 inches, fair complexion, blue eyes and dark hair, weight 155 pounds. Fourth, Slocum: age 26, height 5 feet 8 inches, fair complexion, brown eyes, auburn hair, weight 162 pounds. Fifth, comes Texas Turk: age 21, height 5 feet 7½ inches, dark complexion, brown eyes and dark hair, weight 170 pounds. We are homesteaders in the best part of Saskatchewan, all living close to each other with all the comforts anyone could wish for, only the ladies are very scarce in this vicinity. Anyone wishing to correspond will find each of our addresses with the editor.

The Five Bachelors.

An Always Ready Pill.—To those of regular habit medicine is of little concern, but the great majority of men are not of regular habit. The worry and cares of business prevent it, and out of the irregularity of life comes dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles as a protest. The run-down system demands a corrective and there is none better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple in their composition and can be taken by the most delicately constituted.

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The Choice.

By H. G. Fernald.

All the folks in our house had to tell one day
In which one of all the rooms they like best to stay.
Mother chose the living room, where we mostly sit;
Sister likes the parlor nights, with the big lamp lit;
Grammy said her ownty room's better'n all the rest;
Jack (he's always studying) likes the lib'ry best;
I just love the attic where there's room to swing,
Or roller-skate, or spin a top, or play 'most anything;
But when I asked my father, he laughed and said that he
Guessed he'd choose what ever place Mother chanced to be!

Trekking Homewards.—Scenes on Berens River, Lake Winnipeg. Going up, sixty odd portages are made; returning, half the rapids are run.

Household Suggestions.

The Fudge Party. By K. E. M.

One of the jolliest entertainments the young people of our village had last winter was a fudge party, which is really but the modern rendition of the once popular taffy pull of former times, the twentieth century sweet being substituted for the toothsome taffy, with the result that some of the stickiness is eliminated but none of the fun.

The invitations, written on chocolate-tinted paper, which in color was suggestive of the motive of the entertainment, were sent out a few days in advance, and read as follows:

"Miss Mary Coyner requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday evening at seven o'clock. Fudge."

Promptly at the appointed hour the young people arrived, each of the girls carrying a mysterious looking bundle which she deposited on a table in the hall. When the usual greetings had been exchanged, slips of paper, each containing the recipe for some particular variety of fudge, were distributed among all the girls, save three, who were told that they were reserved for other work than candy-making. The next general distribution was of boys, who were assigned as helpers (?) to the girls. As the hostess was in a position to recognize kindred spirits, this pairing off gave universal satisfaction.

At this juncture the mysterious looking bundles were brought in by the maid, claimed by the owners, then opened. Each contained two gingham aprons of generous dimensions. As no girl wants to wear two aprons at the same time, a generous division was made with the helpers, who donned the garments awkwardly enough and amidst much merriment.

Mary then ordered all to fall into line and led the way to the kitchen, which gave evidence of having been made ready for their visit, for in addition to the range and the "blue flame" oil stove, several chafing-dishes had been provided, and on a table in the pantry was a row of buttered cooking-pans.

Each couple was assigned to a position, the hostess taking possession of the cabinet table and constituting herself distributor of stores and necessary cooking utensils.

"I think it better," said Mary, when she could make herself heard above the chatter "that I should give you a few general directions for fudge making before you set to work, for some of you I know are about to make your first attempt." This last sentence was directed at the helpers, but they looked very wise, and in looks if not in words disclaimed their ignorance.

Then Mary went on to say that the foundation for all kinds of fudge is prepared in the same manner. Variety is obtained by the addition of nuts, fruit, flavoring and the like in proportions to suit the taste. To make plain fudge, which is the basis of all other sorts, two cups granulated sugar, one-half cup sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of an English walnut and two teaspoons flavoring, preferably vanilla, are required. The milk, sugar and butter, so Mary said, should be put over the fire in a clean granite or other lined saucepan and cooked briskly until the mixture "balls" between the fingers when a little of it is dropped into ice-cold water. "It is better," continued Mary, "to stir slowly all the time the syrup is cooking. When it comes off the fire, let it stand a moment, then add the flavoring and beat steadily with a spoon until firm grained, though still soft enough to pour into the cooking pan. Before it hardens, mark off into lengths."

Mary further explained that some fudge-makers preferred working the mixture with the hands to beating it with a spoon. In such case, as soon as the flavoring is added, the mixture must be poured out on a marble slab and the kneading be begun at once. This method results in a more creamy product than is obtained by the one commonly employed, but Mary very sensibly advised those who were not adepts to stick to the spoon.

Following this harangue, the ingredients called for in the various recipes were distributed, also spoons, saucepans and other necessary utensils. Then the work and fun began, and that it was genuine fun goes without saying.

Meanwhile, the girls and their partners who had been detailed for other work were taken into the dining room by Mary's sister and stationed at a table which contained, besides a well-stocked work basket, a goodly supply of cardboard, tissue and crepe paper, baby ribbon, several bottles of mucilage and a box of water colors. They were than informed that they were to turn the cleverness they were known to possess to useful account, and manufacture boxes in which to pack the output of the "candy factory" newly established in the kitchen.

When the fudge making had progressed as far as the cooling pan stage and all was poured, each pan was labeled with the names of the makers, aprons laid aside, and the workers adjourned to the parlor, where various games were indulged in for an hour or so, when dainty refreshments were served.

Meantime, an impartial committee, specially invited for the purpose passed judgment upon the candy, then packed it in assorted lots in the boxes, taking the precaution to first line the latter with oiled paper.

To the couple whose candy, in the judgment of the committee, was the most savory and the most inviting in appearance, a prize was awarded. The maker of the prettiest box also received a prize.

The boxes of candy were distributed at the door by the maid as the guests said their good-byes.

Cream or White Sauce.—One tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, one cup hot milk or cream, one-third teaspoon of salt. Melt the butter; when it bubbles put in the flour and rub till smooth; then put in the hot milk, a little at a time, and stir and cook without boiling till the sauce is perfectly smooth and free from lumps. For what is called thick white sauce use two tablespoons of flour and two of butter and a cup of milk.

Creamed Oysters.—One pint oysters, one large cup cream sauce. Make a cup of cream sauce and keep it hot. Drain off the oyster liquor and wash each one. Then put them on the fire in the juice and let them just simmer till they grow plump and the edges curl; then drain them and drop them into the sauce, with a little more salt and a very little pepper. You can serve them on nice squares of buttered toast, or put them into a large dish with bread crumbs over the top and bits of butter and brown in the oven. Or you can serve them just as they are in small dishes.

Creamed Lobster.—One lobster, or the meat from one can, one large cup cream sauce, one pinch red pepper, one-half teaspoon salt, one squeeze of lemon. Take the lobster out of the shell and clean it; Bridget will prepare it for you and show you how for the next time; or, if you are using the canned lobster, pour away all the juice and pick out the bits of shell and black string from the meat; cut it in pieces as large as the end of your finger and heat it in the sauce till it steams. Put in the seasoning and serve at once. Do not put this in a large dish and do not put crumbs on it, but use in small dishes, and stand a little claw up in each one.

Creamed Chicken or Turkey.—Two cups of cold chicken, one large cup cream sauce, one-half teaspoon chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper. Pick the chicken off the bones and cut it in even bits before you measure it. Heat it in the sauce till very hot, but do not let it cook. Put in the seasoning and serve in a large dish or in small ones as you wish, and either with bread crumbs or without. Cold turkey may be prepared in the same way.

Scalloped Eggs.—Six hard cooked eggs, one cup cream sauce. Cook the eggs twenty minutes, and while they are cooking make the cream sauce and butter a large baking dish or six small dishes. Peel the eggs and cut them in bits as large as the end of your finger. Put a layer of bread crumbs on the bottom of your dish, then a layer of egg, with a sprinkling of salt, pepper and six tiny bits of butter and cover all with a thick layer of the sauce. Then more crumbs, eggs and seasoning, till the dish is full, with the crumbs on top. Put bits of butter over all and brown in the oven.

Creamed Eggs.—Six hard cooked eggs, one cup thick, sweet cream, paprika. Heat the cup of cream, and cut the eggs up as before. Mix together gently and add salt and a teaspoon of paprika, which is sweet red pepper. Serve on thin triangles of buttered toast, with parsley around. It makes the dish prettier if you cook an extra egg and put it through the potato ricer and cover the dish with this. Or you can keep out the yolk of one of the six eggs for this finishing touch. Do not put crumbs on these eggs or put them in the oven, but put them in small dishes if you like.

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